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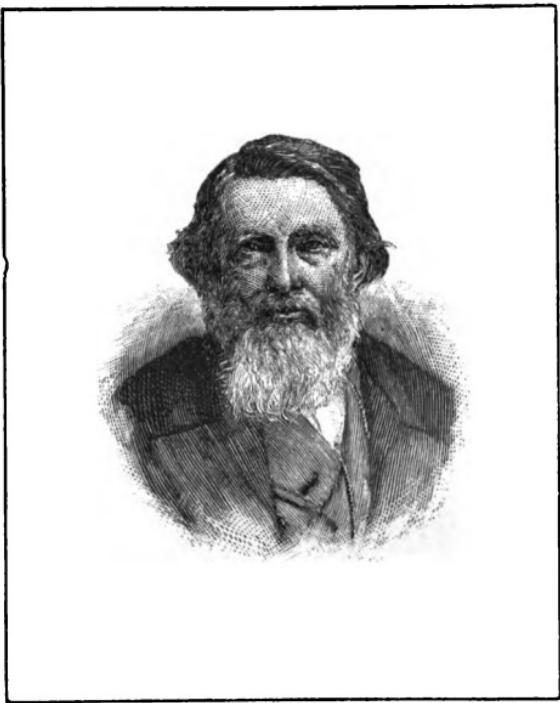
SELECTED
ESSAYS &
AND LETTERS



J. RUSKIN

D36410

C. D. Snyder.



JOHN RUSKIN

From a photograph

ESSAYS AND LETTERS

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF

JOHN RUSKIN

WITH
INTRODUCTORY INTERPRETATIONS AND
ANNOTATIONS

*This fair tree Igdrasil of Human Art can only flourish
when its dew is Affection; its air, Devotion; the rock of its
roots, Patience; and its sunshine, God.—LAWS OF FÉSOLÉ.*

EDITED BY

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PREFACE.

If it be true that "Literature is a criticism of life," then the writings of John Ruskin deserve to rank high.

The papers included in this volume are characteristic expressions of Mr. Ruskin's views on social questions and ethics as applied to all life. His searching examination of conduct and the motives that control the average man in private and public life tends to awaken dissatisfaction with low ideals, and to elevate the standards of personal and social virtue.

The main introduction is intended to give briefly (1) Mr. Ruskin's theory of life and art; (2) a sketch of his own life showing what influences contributed to the formation of his character; and (3) the characteristics of his literary style.

The special introductions are intended as a concise summary of the individual essays and letters.

The text used is that of Mr. Ruskin's authorized English edition.

It is hoped that this introduction to one of the most stimulating writers of the present century will prove so helpful and inspiring as to lead to a more intimate acquaintance.

L. G. H.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,

May 22, 1894.

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Ruskin's Life Purpose as Stated by Himself.

"All my work is to help those who *have* eyes and see not."

"I had no thought but of learning more, and teaching what truth I knew—for the student's sake, not my own fame's."

"My purpose is to insist on the necessity as well as the dignity of an earnest, faithful, loving study of nature as she is."

"The end of my whole professorship" (at Oxford) "would be accomplished,— if only the English nation could be made to understand that the beauty which is to be a joy forever, must be a joy for all."

INTRODUCTION.

I.

A HALF-CENTURY has elapsed since the first volume of *Modern Painters* challenged the thoughtful attention of the public by its bold questioning of accepted standards in taste and art.

The appeal to the artist (Turner) with which the volume closes reveals the spirit in which Ruskin's own work has always been done: "We desire that he should follow out his own thoughts and intents of heart, without reference to any human authority. But we suggest that those thoughts may be seriously and loftily given. We pray him to utter nothing lightly—to do nothing regardlessly. He stands upon an eminence, from which he looks back over the universe of God, and forward over the generations of men. Let every work of his hand be a history of the one, and a lesson to the other. Let each exertion of his mighty mind be both hymn and prophecy,—adoration to the deity,—revelation to mankind."

In all his criticisms of art and life, Mr. Ruskin's attitude has been that of reverent love for truth as revealed in nature and in the human heart; his purpose has been to open men's eyes to that truth, and so to lead them to bring their own lives into harmony through obedience to the eternal laws of righteousness.

At five years of age, the child John Ruskin is said to have preached to an imaginary congregation a sermon, the

burden of which was, "People, be dood ! Dod will love you if you are dood. People, be dood!"

In his later years, it is reported that a Yorkshire countryman once talked with him and tried to tell him how much he had enjoyed his works. Mr. Ruskin's reply was : "I don't care whether you enjoyed them ; did they do you any good?"

It is this unwavering perception of the beauty of goodness that has made Ruskin one of the great ethical teachers of this age. The prayer of Plato, "May the gods make me beautiful within," has been his ; but not for himself alone. With all the fervor of the Hebrew prophet, he has cried to all men,— "Cleanse that which is within!"

Religion, with him, is not a creed, nor a system of observances, but an animating, controlling spirit. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," he verily believes should not be banished from thought as unattainable, but should become the lodestar of conduct as well as of aspiration.

The entire life of John Ruskin has been one of consecration. He was devoted to the service of God by his mother, but her hope of seeing him a clergyman was never realized ; yet no man in this century has more faithfully performed the office of bishop and pastor according to the ideal as presented by him in "Kings' Treasuries." His ministry has been to those who have ears for the truth, and he has, indeed, been eyes to the blind. A chronological review of his works, accompanied by a study of his life, discovers a single-hearted devotion to the cause of truth and beauty, and unwearied activity in its service.

Reformers and philanthropists on the one hand, artists and art-critics on the other, have usually been regarded as two distinct types of men, with entirely different aims. It is for this reason that the publication of a series of

papers on Political Economy, under the title *Unto This Last*, in the same year (1860) in which the concluding volume of *Modern Painters* was published, was looked upon as an unaccountable phenomenon in authorship. And to this day, many, even of Mr. Ruskin's admirers, still consider the work of his later years as contradictory to that of the earlier period.

In that fifth volume of *Modern Painters*, however, Ruskin, in reviewing the seventeen years of study during which his works on art and architecture had been written, says: "All true opinions are living and show their life by being capable of nourishment; therefore of change. But their change is that of a tree, not of a cloud." Ruskin's criticisms of art had always been grounded on moral principles. He had tested all the work of man by its concurrence with the perfectness and beauty of the work of God,—so that "as the work changed like a tree, it was also rooted like a tree."

In nature, Ruskin saw beauty; in human society, he found deformity. Therefore it was natural that he should turn from a criticism of art to a criticism of life. It is because "he sees life steadily and sees it whole," that his efforts have been directed to secure moral wholeness, or health. His burning desire has been to bring man's life,—personal, social, political,—into harmony with the laws of God as impressed upon his being; for he believes that the chief end of man is to glorify God by expressing in his own life the true image of the divine nature.

John Ruskin sees nothing in isolation. He does not think of the artist, the mechanic, the merchant, the statesman, as concerned with unrelated interests. In all these accidental occupations of mankind, he beholds *man* striving by their means to realize himself, to fulfill his God-appointed destiny.

Virtue, not vice ; justice, not indifference or cruelty ; helpful service, not crushing competition, seem to him the stepping-stones to truth expressed in life. He does not believe that any form of government or any legal enactment can make men better : they must reform their own lives — then alone will they attain true freedom. Hence he builds no Utopias. Duties, not rights, are his watchword. So, although he is a conservative, he demands the most radical reform.

In a letter to Emerson, Carlyle wrote : "No man in England has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have."

It is because Ruskin's grasp of principles has been so firm and constant, his feelings so keen, and his speech so impetuous, that he has seemed to the world a harsh censor, when he has wished to be a helpful mentor.

He does not reproach this age as being worse than others, but he judges all periods by the standards of clear honor, just dealing, sincerity of purpose. Artists of daily life he has sought above all things to develop.

"He aimed," says Collingwood, "at the general introduction of higher aims into ordinary life ; at giving true refinement to the lower classes ; true simplicity to the upper."

This aim is thus forcibly expressed by himself in the concluding volume of *Modern Painters* : "All effort in social improvement is paralyzed, because no one has been bold or clear-sighted enough to put and press home this radical question : 'What is, indeed, the noblest tone and reach of life for men ; and how can the possibility of it be extended to the greatest numbers ?' It is answered, broadly and rashly, that wealth is good ; that knowledge is good ; that art is good ; that luxury is good. Whereas, none of them are good in the abstract, but good only if rightly

received. . . . This we know, shown clearly by the history of all time, that the arts and sciences, ministering to the pride of nations, have invariably hastened their ruin ; and this also, I firmly believe, that the same arts and sciences will tend as distinctly to exalt the strength and quicken the soul of every nation which employs them to increase the comfort of lowly life, and grace with happy intelligence the unambitious courses of honorable toil."

However opinions may differ as to John Ruskin's theories in art and economics, it cannot be denied that he has been one of the great motive forces of this age.

II.

IN the volume entitled "Praeterita, or Scenes from My Past Life," John Ruskin has taken the reader into his confidence, and has revealed not merely the main incidents in his seventy-five years of life, but the inner controlling forces that have shaped his character. To the thoughtful student of humanity these formative influences are of absorbing interest, and especially in the case of those whom the world recognizes as leaders.

The quiet life of the London home into which John Ruskin was born, February 8, 1819, was calculated to develop the love of order and the sense of peace which he counts as a rich part of his inheritance from those early years.

Not only did the affection of his parents center in this, their only child, but to the day of their deaths (which occurred after Ruskin was past middle life) both his father and his mother seem to have lived only to promote his welfare.

The almost Puritanic strictness of his mother early developed in the boy habits of obedience and self-control. "Being always summarily whipped," he says, "if I cried,

did not do as I was bid, or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion."

Love of truth, which is the watchword throughout his writings, seems to have been inborn, and to have been fostered by the home atmosphere. An incident related of his mother's own childhood reveals much. She had, on one occasion, told her father a lie ; whereupon he sent his servant for a bundle of broom twigs with which to whip her. The impression left upon her character is evident from her words : "They did not hurt as much as one would have done, but I *thought* a great deal of it."

The perfect truthfulness to which John Ruskin was accustomed, begot in him perfect faith, for as he says : "Nothing was ever promised me that was not given ; nothing ever threatened me that was not inflicted ; and nothing ever told me that was not true." It is his opinion that, "Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice ; it is less a matter of will than of habit," and he doubts if any occasion can be trivial, which permits the practice and formation of such a habit.

In his babyhood, little was done to amuse him ; and being left to his own resources chiefly, this naturally serious minded child early accustomed himself to studiously observing whatever came under his eye, within doors and without. The pattern of the carpet and the wall-paper divided his attention with the counting of bricks in the neighboring houses ; and the most exciting event in his day was watching the process of filling the water-cart from an iron post on the pavement edge. To the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind thus formed, Mr. Ruskin attributes a large part of his power of looking into the very heart of things in later life.

In his fifth year, his daily horizon was expanded by removal to Herne Hill, four miles distant from the heart of

London. The new home had a garden and an orchard, which so far satisfied the nature-loving boy that to him it seemed an Eden, especially since the climate then allowed him to pass a great part of his time in it. Yet he observed a difference between this Paradise and that of our first parents, viz., that whereas, in Eden, but one tree was forbidden, at Herne Hill all the fruit was denied him. He also lamented that he had "no companionable beasts" to cheer his solitude.

In his boyhood, his mother was his only teacher. He read aloud with her every week-day morning from Pope's translation of Homer and the novels of Sir Walter Scott; and, on Sundays, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress." He was also required to read regularly from the Bible, and to commit certain portions to memory. Of this habit he says : "My mother forced me by steady, patient, daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read every syllable through aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once every year. She read alternate verses with me, watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach. It might be beyond me altogether,—that she did not care about ; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it all, I should get hold of it by the right end. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation ; if a chapter was tiresome, the better the lesson in patience ; if a chapter was loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken."

The effect of this training was to "make every word of the scriptures familiar to my ear in habitual music,— yet in that familiarity, reverenced as transcending all thought and ordaining all conduct." And of all the knowledge which he afterwards acquired, Ruskin counts this intimate acquaint-

ance with the Bible as, on the whole, the *essential* part of his education.

Strict though she was, John Ruskin's mother seems never to have required him to commit more than he could easily learn by twelve o'clock, if he studied diligently. For the afternoon, he was free to employ himself as he chose.

The father of John Ruskin must have been an ideal merchant, not only in the intelligence and exactitude of his business habits, which made him prosperous, and in the integrity which led his son to have written on the granite slab over his grave,— “He was an entirely honest merchant”; — but because he was never enslaved by his business. He was a man of cultivated tastes, both in art and literature.

It was his habit to go home to dinner at half-past four; and he spent the evening in reading aloud, while the mother knitted, and the boy sat in a recess in the drawing-room, a cup of milk and a slice of bread and butter before him on a small table, listening or not, as he chose. He seems to have found these readings interesting, for the authors whose acquaintance he made in that way, Scott, Shakespeare, Byron, and Cervantes, always continued to be favorites.

Salutary as were these influences, Ruskin does not fail to recognize the narrowing tendency of his isolated childhood. He says: “My verdict on the general tenor of my education at this time must be that it was at once too formal and too luxurious; leaving my character cramped indeed, but not disciplined; and only by protection innocent, instead of by practice virtuous.”

While his intellectual taste was thus being cultivated, and the principles established which were to become the guiding motives of all his later work, his æsthetic and moral nature was yearly becoming enriched by leisurely travel through the picturesque scenes of England, or of Scotland, the native home of his parents.

These summer tours, which his father took for orders, were made a delightful two-months holiday to mother and son as well. In a post-chaise, with a seat specially arranged for the boy John, they traveled forty or fifty miles a day. Whenever they passed near a castle or a country gentleman's house, they would visit it to inspect its collection of pictures, or to glean some interesting facts concerning its history. These glimpses of the life of the great seem never to have excited in them any envy or revolt. Instead, they were grateful for life in a country so rich in inherited treasures and traditions. Thus Ruskin early saw, as he tells us, nearly all the noblemen's houses in England "in reverent and healthy delight of uncovetous admiration,—perceiving, as soon as I could perceive any political truth at all, that it was probably much happier to live in a small house and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at; but that, at all events, it would not make Brunswick Square¹ more pleasantly habitable to pull Warwick Castle down."

Ruskin's susceptibility to the influences of nature was derived from his father. It is a pleasant picture,—that of the father and son, hand in hand, strolling along some by-path or hedgerow, "looking into the beauty of a flower, or gazing in rapture at some lovely nook where Nature had lavished her richest gifts of fern and foliage," for the elder Ruskin never failed to call the boy's attention to the beauties of any attractive scene. The result is, that, as he says, "I possess the gift of taking pleasure in landscape in a greater degree than most men."

The discriminating taste in art, for which Ruskin has been remarkable, finds its roots likewise in his father's intelligent love of true art. In his infallible judgment the son trusts

¹ His early childhood's home was in Brunswick Square, London.

implicitly. By never allowing the boy to look at a bad picture after he was old enough to judge, and by critical examination of the pictures in the great houses they visited, his father formed in him a pure artistic taste.

Very early also he became interested in stones and minerals. In later life, his collection of minerals was very extensive, and he made many and wide observations of geological strata in different countries, so that he thinks he might easily have distinguished himself as a geologist. Many of his writings have for their themes the sermons which he found in stones and running brooks, in leaves and flowers.

We must not overlook the early practice in composition which made the written expression of thought natural to him. Close observation of details and accuracy in reporting what he saw, were developed by the habit of spending the evenings on their travels in recording in a journal the observations and experiences of the day. When at home, he accustomed himself to writing abstracts of books read, and to retelling stories with changed names and situations. Family birthdays were always festival occasions ; and, after he was old enough, he generally prepared as a delightful surprise for his father's birthday some original piece of composition which he often illustrated with his own drawings.

In his case, it is easy to trace the influences which tended to make the child the father of the man. By all his early training and experiences he was being fitted for his calling as a teacher of ethics in art and life. These tendencies may almost be said to have been crystallized by a gift made to him on his fourteenth birthday by one of his father's partners. This gift was a copy of Rogers's "Italy," a work illustrated by the artist Turner.

So enraptured was he by these pictures of Italian scenery that his mother proposed that their summer's tour should be

made in those scenes, instead of following their usual route. It was a decision trembling with destiny. The mother could not have foreseen that the “Continental Journey” so joyful to them all was to make of her son a writer of books, instead of a preacher of pulpit sermons.

Love of mountains has always been a passion with Ruskin. To the artist who painted his portrait at the age of three, he had said, when asked what he would like for a background,—“Blue hills.” In “Praeterita,” he has described his first sight of the Alps, which was to him a consecration: “It was drawing towards sunset when we got up to some sort of garden promenade—high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country. At which open country of low undulations far into blue,—suddenly—behold—beyond.” “There was no thought in any of us of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the horizon sky; and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred death.”

“It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life for a child of such a temperament as mine. I went down that evening with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace.”

In 1836, at the age of seventeen, Ruskin entered Christ Church College at the University of Oxford. The associations of the place impressed his sensitive nature, and the years spent there were fruitful in friendships, if not especially influential in developing his abilities. His desire to gratify his parents’ ambitious hopes impelled him to compete

successfully for the Newdigate Prize Poem. But for college honors, which must be won by memory-cramming and competitive examinations, he had no ambition ; and when, in his third year at Oxford, a hemorrhage of the lungs led his physicians to recommend a winter in Italy, he hailed the permission to leave off his scholastic studies as a happy reprieve, saying that the delight of resuming his sketching gave a healthy stimulus to all the faculties which had been latently progressive in him.

Oxford afterwards honored herself by conferring upon him degrees in acknowledgment of his invaluable services to literature and art ; and, when the Slade Art Professorship was established (1869), Mr. Ruskin willingly accepted its duties that he might arouse in the youth of the higher classes an intelligent interest in art. The lectures that he delivered while holding this professorship are among the most instructive and inspiring of his writings.

On his twenty-first birthday, his father made him a present of a drawing by Turner, and also settled upon him about \$1000 a year for spending-money, \$350 of which the young man immediately spent for one of Turner's water-colors.

The real work of Ruskin's life may be said to have begun when, at the age of twenty-four, he published a defense of Turner's methods in painting, which had been bitterly attacked by the critics. Whatever might be thought of Turner, the English reading public detected in this volume, entitled "Modern Painters," and signed "By an Oxford Graduate," the voice of a new master of English prose.

All the works that issued from his pen until he was forty years old combined to give him the reputation of being an Apostle of the Beautiful ; but Ruskin never had believed in the doctrine of "Art for Art's sake" : he had always held that its reason for being was to give expression to the diviner perceptions and feelings in man, and thereby to

purify and elevate all life. "The main business of art," he says, "is its service in the actual uses of daily life." "The giving brightness to pictures, is much, but the giving brightness to life, more."

Since 1860, the work of Mr. Ruskin, which has been mainly exerted to bring brightness and beauty into the lives of men and women of all classes, may be considered under two aspects: first, as a writer and lecturer; second, as a practical philanthropist.

Feeling that the mechanical grind of machine-labor had taken from the common workman all the joy in work; that the cruel oppression of Competition had led many men to find their happiness at the expense of others' loss, Mr. Ruskin lifted up his voice in protest against what he considers the false notions of social economics which are at the root of much of the misery in the modern world. He says that he could not go on painting or doing anything else that he liked because he was made wretched by the knowledge of the undeserved suffering all about him. "Therefore," he says, "I will endure it no longer quietly; but, henceforward, with any few or many who will help me, I will do my poor best to abate this misery."

To that end, he has lectured to Oxford students and to the citizens of many towns in England; he has written numerous letters to workingmen, and published articles on questions of political economy; he has tried to teach young and old of all ranks through papers on art and science and nature; the burden of his message being always: Let the love of the true, the beautiful, and the good mould your individual and your national life, so that purity and wholesome living may be possible to all.

By teaching its classes and in other ways, the Working-men's College and the University Extension Courses have received Mr. Ruskin's active personal support.

As of Chaucer's parson, so it may be justly said of Mr. Ruskin that —

“ Cristes lore and his apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himself.”

Of the large fortune of nearly \$800,000 left him by his father, he has kept less than one-twelfth for himself, having used the rest in establishing museums, art-schools and libraries ; in erecting comfortable dwelling-houses for the poor ; in aiding needy young men and women to get an education, etc. He has not simply been the almoner, entrusting the distribution of his gifts to others, but has himself, in most cases, attended personally to the carrying out of his benevolent schemes. He gave altogether \$70,000 to establish St. George's Guild near Sheffield, where the effort was made to put into practical operation a community of industries conducted on the principle of coöperation instead of competition. Those who joined this Guild were asked to subscribe to the following statement of faith and practice :

1. I trust in the living God, Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and of all things and creatures, visible and invisible. I trust in the kindness of His law and the goodness of His work. And I will strive to love Him and to keep His law, and to see His work while I live.
2. I trust in the nobleness of human nature — in the majesty of its faculties, the fullness of its mercy, and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and even when I cannot, I will act as if I did.
3. I will labor with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread ; and all that my hand finds to do, I will do it with my might.
4. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure ; nor hurt, nor cause to be

hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor rob, nor cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

5. I will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing; but will strive to save and to comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth.

6. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

7. I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully; and the order of its monarch, so far as such laws and commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God; and when they are not so, or seem in any wise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately—not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

8. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience, which I render to the laws of my country, and the commands of its rulers, I will obey the laws of the society called of St. George . . . so long as I remain a companion called of St. George.

The land which the Guild worked was to be brought under perfect cultivation; the laborers were to be paid unchanging, sufficient wages; and their children were to be educated in industrial schools that would develop their special powers; the girls were to be taught domestic arts. Gentleness, courtesy, truth, and obedience were to be strictly inculcated. By hearing of brave and beautiful deeds, reverence was to be cultivated, and all were to be taught music as an expression of true feeling.

Experimentally, the plan has not been a success, because it was undertaken by people who did not understand or sympathize fully with Mr. Ruskin's ideas. His efforts to

induce manufacturers to produce honest goods, and tradesmen to offer for sale unadulterated articles were not without effect, however, and the leaven of the principles of the Guild of St. George is still working.

Mr. Ruskin is no cold speculative spinner of theories which are foreign to his own practice. The motto which he adopted for his crest—"To-day!"—is the keynote of his entire life. Whenever he has felt that a word must be spoken to awaken the ignorant or the indifferent, he has said it. Wherever he has seen an opportunity for bettering conditions, he has, at once, done all in his power for their improvement. On one occasion, finding a crop of thistles growing as the result of a farmer's carelessness, he eradicated them with his own hands. While he was lecturing at Oxford, he said to the students: "Will none of you of your own strength and leisure do anything for the poor—drain a single cottage, repair a single village by-way? Then, you yourselves will be more strong, and your hearts more light, than had your leisure been spent in costly games or more hurtful amusements." There was an active response to this noble appeal, resulting in the mending of a neglected piece of road. His own sincerity and earnestness were demonstrated by his taking lessons in stone-breaking himself. Indeed, he has consistently upheld the dignity of all honest labor. He tells us that the happiest bit of manual labor that he ever did was for his mother once when they were traveling in Switzerland. She had complained that the stone staircase in the little inn where they were stopping was unbearably dirty. Nobody belonging to the house seeming to think it possible to wash it, Ruskin says he brought the necessary buckets of water from the yard, "poured them into a beautiful image of Versailles water-works" down the fifteen or twenty steps, and, with the strongest broom he could find, cleaned every step into its

corner. "It was quite lovely work to dash the water and drive the mud from each with accumulating splash down to the next one."

No wonder that he held that "A true lady should be a princess, a washerwoman,—yes, a washerwoman! To see that all is fair and clean, to wash with water, to cleanse and purify wherever she goes, to set disordered things in orderly array."

Ruskin has said that the creation of the world for him dates from a day in his fifth year when his nurse took him to Friar's Crag on Derwentwater. "The intense joy mingled with awe that I had in looking through the mossy roots over the crag into the dark lake has associated itself more or less with all twining roots of trees ever since."

In his sixtieth year, suffering from illness and exhaustion induced by excessive labors and anxiety, he "wearied for the heights that look down upon the dale," and felt that if he could only lie down there, he should get well again. He was glad, therefore, to avail himself of an opportunity that offered to purchase a house and land overlooking Lake Coniston, near the spot so dear in his memory.

Brantwood, as he calls the place, has ever since been to him a refuge of peace and joy. For although he still retains the old home at Herne Hill, yet he loves to work and rest with congenial friends in this beautiful retreat among the hills and lakes.

Those who have been associated with him the longest and most intimately, love him ardently. The feeling which thrabs in every page he has written expresses itself in thoughtful kindness to all who come within the charmed circle of his friendship. He is a perfect host, a considerate neighbor, a lover of children and of animals,—a teacher whose own life has been a consistent expression of the ideal knighthood of which he has been the fearless advocate.

III.

MR. RUSKIN has always recognized and accepted his own limitations. While he has used the pencil and the brush with great delicacy and skill, in the illustration of his works, he early discovered that nature had not gifted him with the creative faculty necessary to the successful artist. In his youth, he wrote poems which the affectionate admiration of his friends afterwards induced him to publish, but he himself knew that he was lacking in the constructive imagination essential to the production of great poems, so he never wrote poetry after he was thirty years of age. But those who have been thrilled by the melody and the picturing power of his rhythmical imaginative prose find in this nothing to regret. For, under his touch, English prose has revealed a capability of sensuous, lyrical expression before unknown.

A recent writer has said : " Poetry is the expression, in beautiful form and melodious language, of the best thoughts and noblest emotions, which the spectacle of life awakens in the finest souls ; hence, it is clear that this may be effected by prose as truly as by verse, if only the language be rhythmical and beautiful."

Words are to Ruskin not merely mechanical devices for convenience in the communication of ideas. The sense of rightness, which dominates all his thinking, leads him to be perfectly accurate and precise in the use of words ; the reverence with which he views all of life gives to his language an impassioned, persuasive character ; the penetrating vision, which reveals to him everywhere in nature the presence of the beautiful, imparts to his prose a rich ornamentation and a chaste imagery.

Ruskin's style had really been formed by his childhood's habit of daily repetition of the poetic language of the Bible.

The fervor of feeling, the sublime simplicity of diction, the glow of imaginative vision characteristic of the Hebrew poets and prophets had become his own mode of thinking, and, consequently, of expression. So much was said of the beauty of his style in his earlier works that he was seriously disturbed, and complained that, "People do not think at all about *what* I am saying, but only about *how* I say it."

It is acknowledged by a critic not altogether friendly that, if we compare anything which is familiar to us with Ruskin's description of it, we shall find that, not only are his words pleasing in their appeal to the ear and the eye, but also that he has given an exhaustive enumeration of attributes, and the most discriminating selection of the features that give distinctive essence to the thing described.

Ruskin himself says that he left no passage until he had put into it as much as it could be made to carry, and that he had chosen the words with the utmost precision and tune he could give them. Much as he loves words for their rightness and their beauty, in his dealing with every question, he avoids, as far as possible, technical terms. Scholastic verbal quiddities are hateful to him because he goes to the heart of life in the endeavor to penetrate its secret.

Ruskin's writings everywhere give evidence that "The style is the man." The same unity and harmony are in his language as in his view of art and life; the same principles control his style as his thought. "All the virtues of language," he says, "are in their roots, moral; it becomes accurate if the speaker desires to be true; clear, if he speaks with sympathy and a desire to be intelligible; powerful, if he has earnestness; pleasant, if he has sense of rhythm and order."

Writing to young students, Mr. Ruskin admonished them to fix in their minds as the guiding principle of all right labor and the source of all healthful energy the idea that

their art should be in praise of something that they loved. It might be the praise of a shell or a stone ; it might be the praise of a hero ; it might be the praise of God ; but it must be the expression of true delight in some real thing. This is the secret of the moving quality, the impressiveness of Ruskin's writings. He loved nature as the expression of the loving thought of God. He studied plants and clouds and mountains, not as an artist, to paint pictures ; not as a scientist, to class and analyze them ; but to discover their aspects, to read in them the revelation of God to man. Like Wordsworth, he had felt, —

“ A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things ; all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”

It is because of this consciousness of the Indwelling God that Ruskin has been the interpreter of the mystical meanings in the various voices of nature. That he speaks to the common heart of man is shown by the fact that “his works have found their way among all classes.”

Ruskin is unsurpassed as a painter with words ; but he is more than a word-painter : his power to touch imagination with emotion, to stir the deeper feelings, and to rouse the whole moral nature will continue to make his a life-giving influence over generations to come.

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ESSAYS AND LETTERS
OF
JOHN RUSKIN.

The intellect becomes noble and ignoble according to the food we give it, and the kind of subjects with which it is conversant.—*Stones of Venice.*

In the cloud of the human soul there is a fire stronger than the lightning, and a grace more precious than the rain; and though of the good and evil it shall one day be said alike, that the place that knew them knows them no more, there is an infinite separation between those whose brief presence had been there a blessing, like the mist of Eden that went up from the earth to water the garden, and those whose place knew them only as a drifting and changeful shade, of whom the heavenly sentence is, that they are “wells without water; clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever.”—*Mystery of Life.*

SESAME AND LILIES.

INTRODUCTORY.

RUSKIN certainly has a right to demand that those who read his writings shall obey the rule which he says should govern all reading : "Be sure that you go to an author to find out *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first."

He has himself said, in a preface to these lectures, that their entire gist is to be found in the concluding paragraphs of the third lecture, "The Mystery of Life and its Arts." Therein we find an emphatic statement of his view of what constitutes right living.

Instead of thinking what we are to *get*, he would have us think what we ought to do to make this world a good place for all God's children to live their lives in.

"Those of us who mean to fulfill our duty ought, first," he says, "to live on as little as we can; and, secondly, to do all the wholesome work we can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can."

As is his custom, Ruskin would make the scriptural teaching a rule of practice, as well as of faith. To every man, whatever his station in life, who is doing nothing for the good of the world, he would say: "If any man will not work, neither should he eat."

Helpful action in coöperation with others should be made the rule of life. For this, immediate opportunity

may always be found in mending evil material conditions. Every one should learn to do some useful thing thoroughly.

When we educate our youths to "make it the effort of their lives to be chaste, knightly, faithful, holy in thought, lovely in word and deed," we shall have put into their hands the keys of the kingdom of heaven which is within us.

"Sesame and Lilies" deals primarily with motives; in these we shall find the *sesame*, the talisman, by which we may open all doors of feeling and understanding; these hold the keys of Life, or—it may be—of Death. Mr. Ruskin's poetic nature appears in his love of symbolic names. The "Kings' Treasuries" of which he writes, are those which contain the precious thoughts of kingly minds in all ages—the great, true books of the world.

What to read, and how to read might be the title of this lecture. Because of "our daily enlarging means of education" the choice of books is becoming of vital importance, not only to the individual, but to the national health. In Mr. Ruskin's opinion, there is a fundamental error in the common idea of the purpose of education. Most people are seeking an education for their children in order that it may secure to them some worldly advantage; whereas, they do not seem to realize that there may be an education which is in itself an advancement in that higher life which does not consist in the abundance of things which a man possesses.

With keen penetration, Mr. Ruskin analyzes the popular idea of "advancement in life," and finds that it practically means becoming conspicuous; *i.e.*, being recognized as having attained to something respectable or honorable. In making money, not the having wealth, but what Bacon calls "the fame of riches"; in acquiring a position of authority,

not the consciousness of superior ability to discharge its duties, but to hear himself addressed as "Captain," or "My Lord," — this it is which stimulates ambitious effort. Love of praise he believes to be the powerful incentive to human action, especially in our day. We want to get into what the world calls "good society," that we may be seen in it.

Although Mr. Ruskin may seem to set a low estimate upon the motives of men in general, yet he does not deny that the desire of being useful, of duty to fellow-men, does have a share in the motives of most.

In associating with the true and the wise, we are most likely to be happy and useful. How are we to secure such association? Few of us can be admitted to the higher circles of human intelligence among the living men and women of our own day; but, while we vainly covet an audience with queens and princes, with men of science and great poets, we sometimes overlook the fact that the best thought of the princely minds of all ages is offered to us, and is waiting patiently for our listening ear. Hidden behind the covers of books we may find the best expression of the deepest thought of the wise. But there are books *and* books : it is essential to distinguish.

The inherently bad books, it is needless to say, should never be opened ; but, if we would so use books as to advance ourselves in the true sense, we must follow Mr. Ruskin's suggestion : give some time to the "good books for the hour," which acquaint us with the life of our own age ; but give our chief attention to the masterpieces in literature,— the "good books for all time." These Books of the Kings are the treasures whose gems may be won by all who learn the *sesame*, or magic pass-word.

The remainder of the lecture is devoted chiefly to showing how such knowledge may be acquired ; for this noble society will open its doors only to those who make themselves

worthy. Worthiness is to be attained through love alone, and this love must be shown in two ways: *First*, by patient attention and laborious study whereby we may enter understandingly into their thoughts; *second*, by sharing their mighty passion, through which we may rise to a knowledge of their hearts.

A reader of many books, according to Mr. Ruskin, is not necessarily an educated person. The superficial study of several languages may even be attended by a kind of illiteracy, *i.e.*, a lack of real understanding of the words of any language. On the other hand, the accurate knowledge which manifests itself in correct pronunciation, precision in the use of words, and a clear understanding of the pedigree and history of his own language, marks a truly educated man. To acquire this knowledge entails severe study, but "the general gain to character in power and precision will be quite incalculable."

To illustrate his idea of the kind of study necessary for acquiring this exact knowledge, Mr. Ruskin examines closely a passage from Milton's "Lycidas." His analysis, or "word-by-word examination," not only makes the sense of this passage intelligible, but also shows just how he would have us get the author's meaning in reading any piece of literature; by banishing from our thoughts, for the time, all preconceived notions of our own, and entering into the mind of the writer so as to see what he saw.

To make our minds good ground for the growth of the seeds which these Kings of Thought have to sow, we must clear them of all weeds of prejudice, and root up and utterly destroy whatever evil may have begun to grow therein. By this means, since "moral judgments are based on intellectual," we shall be able to take the second step towards worthiness to be admitted to friendly companionship with the great. By habits of precise thinking, we enter into their minds; but it is only by feeling truly that we can

enter into their hearts. Sensitive sympathy with whatsoever is pure, just, and noble gives the talismanic sesame which opens the doors to the treasures of living truth.

As with the individual, so with the nation. "For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation better to be discerned from a mob, than in this,—that their feelings are constant and just, results of due contemplation, and of equal thought."

By citing actual examples drawn from (then) recent occurrences, Ruskin shows how England falls short of real greatness,—that greatness which secures to every man, woman, and child healthful conditions for the development of sound bodies, intelligent minds, pure morals.

His own justness in judging is made evident by his acknowledging that the public heart still beats true in response to an appeal to its higher feelings. "Instinctive, reckless virtue," however, cannot save a nation; its passions must be disciplined by reason, and controlled by love of justice and righteousness.

That the "insanity of avarice" is so seriously affecting the mind of England as to cause a loss of hearty appreciation of nature's beauties, of art, literature, and science, and a blunting of human sympathy, is proved by the evidence of striking facts.

It is negative virtue revealed by callous indifference to remediable evils that leads Mr. Ruskin to accuse the public of "childish illiterateness." It is this want of right education which prevents our reading aright the lessons hidden in the Kings' Treasuries of Wisdom. The seeing eye and the understanding heart lead to the true advancement in life. "He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living Peace."

In the men who have this life resides the true kingship. They are the men of power. The ideal state will be realized when these men, putting themselves under the guidance of the "Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought," and so becoming "magnanimous — mighty of heart, mighty of mind," — shall sit in the seats of kings and bring forth treasures of wisdom for their people.

In public education, directed to make men thoughtful, merciful, and just, is the only talisman of public health and public safety.

LECTURE I.—SESAME.

OF KINGS' TREASURIES.¹

"You shall each have a cake of sesame,— and ten pound."

LUCIAN : *The Fisherman.*

I. My first duty this evening is to ask your pardon for the ambiguity of title under which the subject of this lecture has been announced : for indeed I am not going to talk of kings, known as regnant, nor of treasures, understood to contain wealth ; but of quite another order of royalty, and another material of riches, than those usually acknowledged. I had even intended to ask your attention for a little while on trust, and (as sometimes one contrives, in taking a friend to see a favorite piece of scenery) to hide what I wanted most to show, with such imperfect cunning as I might, until we unexpectedly reached the best point of view by winding paths. But — and as also I have heard it said, by men practiced in public address, that hearers are never so much fatigued as by the endeavor to follow a speaker who gives

¹ This lecture was given December 6, 1864, at Rusholme Town Hall, Manchester, in aid of a library fund for the Rusholme Institute.

them no clue to his purposes,— I will take the slight mask off at once, and tell you plainly that I want to speak to you about the treasures hidden in books ; and about the way we find them, and the way we lose them. A grave subject, you will say ; and a wide one ! Yes ; so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring before you a few simple thoughts about reading, which press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the course of the public mind with respect to our daily enlarging means of education ; and the amazingly wider spreading on the levels, of the irrigation of literature.

2. It happens that I have practically some connection with schools for different classes of youth ; and I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. In the mass of these letters I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a “position in life” takes above all other thoughts in the parents’—more especially in the mothers’—minds. “The education befitting such and such a *station in life*”—this is the phrase, this the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself ; even the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But, an education “which shall keep a good coat on my son’s back ;—which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors’ bell at doubled-belled doors ; which shall result ultimately in establishment of a doubled-belled door to his own house ;—in a word, which shall lead to ‘advancement in life’ ;—*this* we pray for on bent knees—and this is *all* we pray for.” It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which, in itself, *is* advancement in Life ;—that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death ; and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way ; while it is for

no price, and by no favor, to be got, if they set about it in the wrong.

3. Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of this busiest of countries, I suppose the first — at least that which is confessed with the greatest frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to youthful exertion — is this of “Advancement in life.” May I ask you to consider with me what this idea practically includes, and what it should include.

Practically, then, at present, “advancement in life” means, becoming conspicuous in life ; — obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honorable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it ; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones ; and, on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity : the greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

4. I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies at the root of effort ; especially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us, the stimulus of toil, and balm of repose ; so closely does it touch the very springs of life that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure *mortal*; we call it “mortification,” using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although few of us may be physicians enough to recognize the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know, and would at once acknowledge, its lead-

ing power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be *called* captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "My Lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom, because he believes that no one else can as well serve the State, upon its throne ; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "Your Majesty," by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

5. This, then, being the main idea of "advancement in life," the force of it applies, for all of us, according to our station, particularly to that secondary result of such advancement which we call "getting into good society." We want to get into good society, not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it ; and our notion of its goodness depends primarily on its conspicuousness.

Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent question ? I never can go on with an address unless I feel, or know, that my audience are either with me or against me : I do not much care which, in beginning ; but I must know where they are ; and I would fain find out, at this instant, whether you think I am putting the motives of popular action too low. I am resolved, to-night, to state them low enough to be admitted as probable ; for whenever, in my writings on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity—or what used to be called "virtue"—may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people always answer me, saying, "You must not calculate on that : that is not in human

nature : you must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy ; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business." I begin, accordingly, to-night low in the scale of motives ; but I must know if you think me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men's minds in seeking advancement, and the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (*About a dozen of hands held up — the audience, partly, not being sure the lecturer is serious, and, partly, shy of expressing opinion.*) I am quite serious — I really do want to know what you think ; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question. Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second, motive, hold up their hands ? (*One hand reported to have been held up, behind the lecturer.*) Very good ; I see you are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now, without teasing you by putting farther question, I venture to assume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive. You think that the desire of doing something useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire of advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure, for the sake of beneficent power ; and would wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally, without being troubled by repetition of any common truisms about the preciousness of friends, and the influence of companions, you will admit, doubtless, that according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions

wise, -- and in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both, will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

6. But, granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power ! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice ! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity ; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would ; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice ; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive ; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet ; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these ; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation ;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long,—kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it !—in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long !

7. You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the

noble, who are praying us to listen to them ; and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces ;—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men ;—this station of audience, and honorable privy council, you despise !

8. But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay ; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings, — books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction — it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time ; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

9. The good book of the hour, then, — I do' not speak of the bad ones, — is simply the useful or pleasant talk of

some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know ; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels ; good-humored and witty discussions of question ; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel ; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history ;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age ; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst, possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books : for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day : whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing ; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once ; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India ; if you could, you would ; you write instead : that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to

perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it ; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may ; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him ; — this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever ; engrave it on rock, if he could ; saying, "This is the best of me ; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another ; my life was as the vapor, and is not ; but this I saw and knew : this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing" ; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

10. Perhaps you think no books were ever so written.

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness ? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people ? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art.¹ It is mixed always with evil fragments — ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

11. Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men : — by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice ; and Life is short. You have heard as much before ; — yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities ? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot

¹ Note this sentence carefully, and compare the *Queen of the Air*, § 106.

read that — that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings ; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always ; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault ; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

12. "The place you desire," and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say ; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this : — it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms? — no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain ; but here we neither feign nor interpret ; you must rise to the level of

our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognize our presence."

13. This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways :

I.—First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe ; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it ; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is — that's exactly what I think !" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is ! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true ; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so ; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once ; — nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too ; but he cannot say it all ; and what is more strange, *will* not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyze that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it to you by way of help, but of reward ; and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no

reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there ; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where : you may dig long and find none ; you must dig painfully to find any.

14. And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would ? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning ; your smelting-furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire ; often you will need sharpest, finest chiseling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

15. And therefore, first of all, I tell you, earnestly and authoritatively (I *know* I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable — nay letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in the function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you

may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real fact ; — that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly “illiterate,” uneducated person ; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter, — that is to say, with real accuracy, — you are forevermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, — may not be able to speak any but his own, — may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words ; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood at a glance, from words of modern canaille ; remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any, — not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports ; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person : so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing forever.

16. And this is right ; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile

in the House of Commons ; but it is wrong that a false English *meaning* should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched ; and closely : let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen and distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes ; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now, — (there never were so many, owing to the spread of a shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious “information,” or rather deformation, everywhere, and to the teaching of catechisms and phrases at schools instead of human meanings) — there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this or that, or the other, of things dear to them : for such words wear chameleon cloaks — “groundlion” cloaks, of the color of the ground of any man’s fancy : on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There never were creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words ; they are the unjust stewards of all men’s ideas : whatever fancy or favorite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favorite masked word to take care of for him ; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him, — you cannot get at him but by its ministry.

17. And in languages so mongrel in breed as the English, there is a fatal power of equivocation put into men’s hands, almost whether they will or no, in being able to use Greek or Latin words for an idea when they want it to be awful ; and Saxon or otherwise common words when they want it to be vulgar. What a singular and salutary effect, for

instance, would be produced on the minds of people who are in the habit of taking the Form of the "Word" they live by, for the Power of which that Word tells them, if we always either retained, or refused, the Greek form "biblos," or "biblion," as the right expression for "book" — instead of employing it only in the one instance in which we wish to give dignity to the idea, and translating it into English everywhere else. How wholesome it would be for many simple persons, if, in such places (for instance) as Acts xix. 19, we retained the Greek expression, instead of translating it, and they had to read — "Many of them also which used curious arts, brought their bibles together, and burnt them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver!" Or if, on the other hand, we translated where we retain it, and always spoke of "The Holy Book," instead of "Holy Bible," it might come into more heads than it does at present, that the Word of God, by which the heavens were, of old, and by which they are now kept in store,¹ cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding; nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam plough or steam press; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and sown in us daily, and by us, as instantly as may be, choked.

18. So, again, consider what effect has been produced on the English vulgar mind by the use of the sonorous Latin form "damno," in translating the Greek *κατακρίνω*, when people charitably wish to make it forcible; and the substitution of the temperate "condemn" for it, when they choose to keep it gentle; and what notable sermons have been preached by illiterate clergymen on — "He that believeth not shall be damned"; though they would shrink with horror from translating Heb. xi. 7, "The saving of his

¹ 2 Peter, iii. 5-7.

house, by which he damned the world"; or John viii. 10, 11, "Woman, hath no man damned thee? She saith, No man, Lord. Jesus answered her, Neither do I damn thee; go and sin no more." And divisions in the mind of Europe, which have cost seas of blood and in the defense of which the noblest souls of men have been cast away in frantic desolation, countless as forest leaves — though, in the heart of them, founded on deeper causes — have nevertheless been rendered practicably possible, namely, by the European adoption of the Greek word for a public meeting, "ecclesia," to give peculiar respectability to such meetings, when held for religious purposes; and other collateral equivocations, such as the vulgar English one of using the word "priest" as a contraction for "presbyter."

19. Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language — of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek (not to speak of eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these; — that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last: undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but retaining a deep vital meaning, which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it; young or old — girl or boy — whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller's lectures thoroughly, to begin with; and, after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain

to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know, Greek or Latin, or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed ; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

✓ 20. And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you, carefully ; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all. No English words are more familiar to us, yet few perhaps have been read with less sincerity. I will take these few following lines of Lycidas :

“ Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespeak,
 ‘ How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else, the least
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs !
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scannel pipes of wretched straw ;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.”

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words.

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to St. Peter, not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately? His "mitred" locks! Milton was no Bishop-lover; how comes St. Peter to be "mitred?" "Two massy keys he bore." Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical license, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect? Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with doctrines of life and death: only little men do that. Milton means what he says; and means it with his might too—is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven" quite honestly. Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops; nay, in order to understand *him*, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. . It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For clearly this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy; they who, "for their bellies' sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold."

21. Never think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three; specially those three, and no more than those—"creep," and "intrude," and "climb"; no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who "*creep*" into the fold; who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who "*intrude*" (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who "*climb*," who by labor and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become "*lords over the heritage*," though not "*ensamples to the flock*."

22. Now go on :—

"Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast.
Blind mouths—"

I pause again, for this is a strange expression; a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

Not so: its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church—those of bishop and pastor.

A "Bishop" means a "person who sees." .

A "Pastor" means a "person who feeds."

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed,—to be a Mouth.

Take the two reverses together, and you have "blind mouths." We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office it not to rule; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke; it is the king's office to rule; the bishop's office is to *oversee* the flock; to number it, sheep by sheep; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies of his flock. The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history, from childhood, of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out!—Does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple; he is no bishop,—he has sought to be at the helm instead of the masthead; he has no sight of things. "Nay," you say, "it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street." What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces—you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) "the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw" (bishops knowing nothing about it) "daily devours apace, and nothing said"?

"But that's not our idea of a bishop."¹ Perhaps not ; but it was St. Paul's ; and it was Milton's. They may be right, or we may be ; but we must not think we are reading either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

23. I go on.

"But, swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw."

This is to meet the vulgar answer that "if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls ; they have spiritual food."

And Milton says, "They have no such thing as spiritual food ; they are only swollen with wind." At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of "Spirit." It is only a contraction of the Latin word "breath," and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for "wind." The same word is used in writing, "The wind bloweth where it listeth"; and in writing, "So is every one that is born of the Spirit"; born of the *breath*, that is ; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words "inspiration" and "expire." Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled ; God's breath, and man's. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills ; but man's breath—the word which *he* calls spiritual,—is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it ; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapors of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching ; the first and last, and fatalest sign of it

¹ Compare the 13th Letter in *Time and Tide*.

is that “puffing up.” Your converted children, who teach their parents ; your converted convicts, who teach honest men ; your converted dunces, who, having lived in cretinous stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awakening to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore His peculiar people and messengers ; your sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong ; and preëminently, in every sect, those who hold that men can be saved by thinking rightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work :—these are the true fog children—clouds, these, without water ; bodies, these, of putrescent vapor and skin, without blood or flesh : blown bag-pipes for the fiends ‘to pipe with’—corrupt, and corrupting,—“Swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw.”

24. Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante in their interpretation of this power : for once, the latter is weaker in thought ; he supposes *both* the keys to be of the gate of heaven ; one is of gold, the other of silver : they are given by St. Peter to the sentinel angel ; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven ; the other, of iron, the key of the prison in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who “have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves.”

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see and feed ; and, of all who do so it is said, “He that watereth, shall be watered also himself.” But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be *withered* himself, and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of

sight,—shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here, as well as hereafter: he who is to be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle is the image, “Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out,” issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for every truth refused, and for every falsehood enforced; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast, as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close upon him, and as “the golden opes, the iron shuts amain.”

25. We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called “reading”; watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author’s place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, “Thus Milton thought,” not “Thus *I* thought, in mis-reading Milton.” And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own “Thus *I* thought” at other times. You will begin to perceive that what *you* thought was a matter of no serious importance;—that your thoughts on any subject are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon:—in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to have any “thoughts” at all; that you have no materials for them, in any serious matters;¹—no right to “think,” but only to try to learn more of the facts. Nay, most probably all your life (unless, as I said, you are a

¹ Modern “Education” for the most part signifies giving people the faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable subject of importance to them.

singular person) you will have no legitimate right to an "opinion" on any business, except that instantly under your hand. What must of necessity be done, you can always find out, beyond question, how to do. Have you a house to keep in order, a commodity to sell, a field to plough, a ditch to cleanse? There need be no two opinions about these proceedings ; it is at your peril if you have not much more than an "opinion" on the way to manage such matters. And also, outside of your own business, there are one or two subjects on which you are bound to have but one opinion. That roguery and lying are objectionable, and are instantly to be flogged out of the way whenever discovered ; — that covetousness and love of quarreling are dangerous dispositions, even in children, and deadly dispositions in men and nations ; — that in the end, the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest, and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones ; — on these general facts you are bound to have but one and that a very strong, opinion. For the rest, respecting religions, governments, sciences, arts, you will find that, on the whole, you can know **NOTHING**, — judge nothing ; that the best you can do, even though you may be a well-educated person, is to be silent, and strive to be wiser every day, and to understand a little more of the thoughts of others, which so soon as you try to do honestly, you will discover that the thoughts even of the wisest are very little more than pertinent questions. To put the difficulty into a clear shape, and exhibit to you the grounds for *indecision*, that is all they can generally do for you ! — and well for them and for us, if indeed they are able "to mix the music with our thoughts, and sadden us with heavenly doubts." This writer, from whom I have been reading to you, is not among the first or wisest : he sees shrewdly as far as he sees, and therefore it is easy to find out his full meaning ; but with the greater

men, you cannot fathom their meaning ; they do not even wholly measure it themselves,—it is so wide. Suppose I had asked you, for instance, to seek for Shakespeare's opinion, instead of Milton's, on this matter of Church authority?—or for Dante's? Have any of you, at this instant, the least idea what either thought about it? Have you ever balanced the scene with the bishops in Richard III. against the character of Cranmer? the description of St. Francis and St. Dominic against that of him who made Virgil wonder to gaze upon him,—“disteso, tanto vilmente, nell' eterno esilio”; or of him whom Dante stood beside, “come 'l frate che confessa lo perfido assassin?”¹ Shakespeare and Alighieri knew men better than most of us, I presume! They were both in the midst of the main struggle between the temporal and spiritual powers. They had an opinion, we may guess. But where is it? Bring it into court! Put Shakespeare's or Dante's creed into articles, and send *it* up for trial by the Ecclesiastical Courts!

26. You will not be able, I tell you again, for many and many a day, to come at the real purposes and teaching of these great men ; but a very little honest study of them will enable you to perceive that what you took for your own “judgment” was mere chance prejudice, and drifted, helpless, entangled weed of castaway thought : nay, you will see that most men's minds are indeed little better than rough heath wilderness, neglected and stubborn, partly barren, partly overgrown with pestilent brakes, and venomous, wind-sown herbage of evil surmise ; that the first thing you have to do for them, and yourself, is eagerly and scornfully to set fire to *this* ; burn all the jungle into wholesome ash heaps, and then plough and sow. All the true literary work before you, for life, must begin with obedience to that order, “Break up your fallow ground, and sow not among thorns.”

¹ Inf. xxiii. 125, 126; xix. 49, 50.

27. II.¹— Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make ; — you have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them, that you may share at last their just and mighty Passion. Passion, or “sensation.” I am not afraid of the word ; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately ; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another,—between one animal and another,—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us ; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But, being human creatures, *it is* good for us ; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honor is precisely in proportion to our passion.

28. You know I said of that great and pure society of the dead, that it would allow “no vain or vulgar person to enter there.” What do you think I meant by a “vulgar” person ? What do you yourselves mean by “vulgarity”? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought ; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind ; but in true inbred vulgarity, there is a deathful callousness, which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar ; they are forever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy,—of quick

¹ Compare ¶ 13 above.

understanding, — of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the “tact” or “touch-faculty” of body and soul ; that tact which the Mimosa has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures ; — fineness and fullness of sensation beyond reason ; — the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true : — it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognize what God has made good.

29. We come then to the great concourse of the Dead, not merely to know from them what is True, but chiefly to feel with them what is just. Now, to feel with them, we must be like them ; and none of us can become that without pains. As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge, — not the first thought that comes, — so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion, — not the first passion that comes. The first that come are the vain, the false, the treacherous ; if you yield to them they will lead you wildly and far in vain pursuit, in hollow enthusiasm, till you have no true purpose and no true passion left. Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice ; it is wrong when it is weak, and felt for paltry cause. There is a mean wonder, as of a child who sees a juggler tossing golden balls, and this is base, if you will. But do you think that the wonder is ignoble, or the sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that made them ? There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into her master’s business ; — and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand, — the place of the great continents beyond the sea ; — a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of

the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven,—things which “the angels desire to look into.” So the anxiety is ignoble, with which you linger over the course and catastrophe of an idle tale; but do you think the anxiety is less, or greater, with which you watch, or *ought* to watch, the dealings of fate and destiny with the life of an agonized nation? Alas! it is the narrowness, selfishness, minuteness, of your sensation that you have to deplore in England at this day;—sensation which spends itself in bouquets and speeches; in revelings and junketings; in sham fights and gay puppet shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, without an effort or a tear.

30. I said “minuteness” and “selfishness” of sensation, but in a word, I ought to have said “injustice” or “unrighteousness” of sensation. For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation (such nations have been) better to be discerned from a mob, than in this,—that their feelings are constant and just, results of due contemplation, and of equal thought. You can talk a mob into anything; its feelings may be—usually are—on the whole, generous and right; but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them; you may tease or tickle it into any, at your pleasure; it thinks by infection, for the most part, catching an opinion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about, when the fit is on;—nothing so great but it will forget in an hour, when the fit is past. But a gentleman’s or a gentle nation’s, passions are just, measured and continuous. A great nation, for instance, does not spend its entire national wits for a couple of months in weighing evidence of a single ruffian’s having done a single murder; and for a couple of years see its own children murder each other by their thousands or tens

of thousands a day, considering only what the effect is likely to be on the price of cotton, and caring nowise to determine which side of battle is in the wrong. Neither does a great nation send its poor little boys to jail for stealing six walnuts; and allow its bankrupts to steal their hundreds or thousands with a bow, and its bankers, rich with poor men's savings, to close their doors "under circumstances over which they have no control," with a "by your leave"; and large landed estates to be bought by men who have made their money by going with armed steamers up and down the China Seas, selling opium at the cannon's mouth, and altering, for the benefit of the foreign nation, the common highwayman's demand of "your money *or* your life," into that of "your money *and* your life." Neither does a great nation allow the lives of its innocent poor to be parched out of them by fog fever, and rotted out of them by dunghill plague, for the sake of sixpence a life extra per week to its landlords;¹ and then debate, with driveling tears, and diabolical sympathies, whether it ought not piously to save, and nursingly cherish, the lives of its murderers. Also, a great nation having made up its mind that hanging is quite the wholesomest process for its homicides in general, can yet with mercy distinguish between the degrees of guilt in homicides; and does not yelp like a pack of frost-pinched wolf-cubs on the blood-track of an unhappy crazed boy, or gray-haired clodpate Othello, "perplexed i' the extreme," at the very moment that it is sending a Minister of the Crown to make polite speeches to a man who is bayoneting young girls in their father's sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a country butcher kills lambs in

¹ See note at end of lecture. I have put it in large type, because the course of matters since it was written has made it perhaps better worth attention.

spring. And, lastly, a great nation does not mock Heaven and its Powers, by pretending belief in a revelation which asserts the love of money to be the root of *all* evil, and declaring, at the same time, that it is actuated, and intends to be actuated, in all chief national deeds and measures, by no other love.

31. My friends, I do not know why any of us should talk about reading. We want some sharper discipline than that of reading; but, at all events, be assured, we cannot read. No reading is possible for a people with its mind in this state. No sentence of any great writer is intelligible to them. It is simply and sternly impossible for the English public, at this moment, to understand any thoughtful writing,—so incapable of thought has it become in its insanity of avarice. Happily, our disease is, as yet, little worse than this incapacity of thought; it is not corruption of the inner nature; we ring true still, when anything strikes home to us; and though the idea that everything should “pay” has infected our every purpose so deeply, that even when we would play the good Samaritan, we never take out our twopence and give them to the host, without saying, “When I come again, thou shalt give me fourpence,” there is a capacity of noble passion left in our hearts’ core. We show it in our work,—in our war,—even in those unjust domestic affections which make us furious at a small private wrong, while we are polite to a boundless public one: we are still industrious to the last hour of the day, though we add the gambler’s fury to the laborer’s patience; we are still brave to the death, though incapable of discerning true cause for battle; and are still true in affection to our own flesh, to the death, as the sea-monsters are, and the rock-eagles. And there is hope for a nation while this can be still said of it. As long as it holds its life in its hand, ready to give it for its honor

(though a foolish honor), for its love (though a selfish love), and for its business (though a base business), there is hope for it. But hope only; for this instinctive, reckless virtue cannot last. No nation can last, which has made a mob of itself, however generous at heart. It must discipline its passions, and direct them, or they will discipline *it*, one day, with scorpion whips. Above all, a nation cannot last as a money-making mob : it cannot with impunity,— it cannot with existence,— go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence. Do you think these are harsh or wild words? Have patience with me but a little longer. I will prove their truth to you, clause by clause.

32. I.— I say first we have despised literature. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a bibliomaniac. But you never call any one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take, as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body; now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it!— though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs, to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than

most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and reread, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good: but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!

33. II.—I say we have despised science. "What!" you exclaim, "are we not foremost in all discovery,¹ and is not the whole world giddy by reason, or unreason, of our inventions?" Yes; but do you suppose that is national work? That work is all done *in spite of* the nation; by private people's zeal and money. We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science; we snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough; but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to *us*, that is another story. What have we publicly

¹ Since this was written, the answer has become definitely—No; we have surrendered the field of Arctic discovery to the Continental nations, as being ourselves too poor to pay for ships.

done for science? We are obliged to know what o'clock it is, for the safety of our ships, and therefore we pay for an observatory; and we allow ourselves, in the person of our Parliament, to be annually tormented into doing something, in a slovenly way, for the British Museum; sullenly apprehending that to be a place for keeping stuffed birds in, to amuse our children. If anybody will pay for his own telescope, and resolve another nebula, we cackle over the discernment as if it were our own; if one in ten thousand of our hunting squires suddenly perceives that the earth was indeed made to be something else than a portion for foxes, and burrows in it himself, and tells us where the gold is, and where the coals, we understand that there is some use in that; and very properly knight him: but is the accident of his having found out how to employ himself usefully any credit to *us*? (The negation of such discovery among his brother squires may perhaps be some *discredit* to us, if we would consider of it.) But if you doubt these generalities, here is one fact for us all to meditate upon, illustrative of our love of science. Two years ago there was a collection of the fossils of Solenhofen to be sold in Bavaria; the best in existence, containing many specimens unique for perfectness, and one, unique as an example of a species (a whole kingdom of unknown living creatures being announced by that fossil). This collection, of which the mere market worth, among private buyers, would probably have been some thousand or twelve hundred pounds, was offered to the English nation for seven hundred: but we would not give seven hundred, and the whole series would have been in the Munich Museum at this moment, if Professor Owen¹

¹ I state this fact without Professor Owen's permission: which of course he could not with propriety have granted, had I asked it; but I consider it so important that the public should be aware of the fact that I do what seems to be right though rude.

had not, with loss of his own time, and patient tormenting of the British public in person of its representatives, got leave to give four hundred pounds at once, and himself become answerable for the other three! which the said public will doubtless pay him eventually, but sulkily, and caring nothing about the matter all the while; only always ready to cackle if any credit comes of it. Consider, I beg of you, arithmetically, what this fact means. Your annual expenditure for public purposes (a third of it for military apparatus), is at least fifty millions. Now 700*l.* is to 50,000,000*l.* roughly, as seven pence to two thousand pounds. Suppose then, a gentleman of unknown income, but whose wealth was to be conjectured from the fact that he spent two thousand a year on his park-walls and footmen only, professes himself fond of science; and that one of his servants comes eagerly to tell him that an unique collection of fossils, giving clue to a new era of creation, is to be had for the sum of seven pence sterling; and that the gentleman, who is fond of science, and spends two thousand a year on his park, answers, after keeping his servant waiting several months, "Well! I'll give you four pence for them, if you will be answerable for the extra three pence yourself, till next year!"

34. III.—I say you have despised Art! "What!" you again answer, "have we not Art exhibitions, miles long? and do we not pay thousands of pounds for single pictures? and have we not Art schools and institutions, more than ever nation had before?" Yes, truly, but all that is for the sake of the shop. You would fain sell canvas as well as coals, and crockery as well as iron; you would take every other nation's bread out of its mouth if you could;¹ not

¹ That was our real idea of "Free Trade"—"All the trade to myself." You find now that by "competition" other people can manage to sell something as well as you—and now we call for Protection again. Wretches!

being able to do that, your ideal of life is to stand in the thoroughfares of the world, like Ludgate apprentices, screaming to every passer-by, "What d'ye lack?" You know nothing of your own faculties or circumstances ; you fancy that, among your damp, flat fields of clay, you can have as quick art-fancy as the Frenchman among his bronzed vines, or the Italian under his volcanic cliffs ;— that art may be learned as book-keeping is, and when learned, will give you more books to keep. You care for pictures, absolutely, no more than you do for the bills pasted on your dead walls. There is always room on the walls for the bills to be read,—never for the pictures to be seen. You do not know what pictures you have (by repute) in the country, nor whether they are false or true, nor whether they are taken care of or not ; in foreign countries, you calmly see the noblest existing pictures in the world rotting in abandoned wreck — (in Venice you saw the Austrian guns deliberately pointed at the palaces containing them), and if you heard that all the fine pictures in Europe were made into sand-bags to-morrow on the Austrian forts, it would not trouble you so much as the chance of a brace or two of game less in your own bags, in a day's shooting. That is your national love of Art.

35. IV.— You have despised Nature ; that is to say, all the deep and sacred sensations of natural scenery. The French revolutionists made stables of the cathedrals of France ; you have made race-courses of the cathedrals of the earth. Your *one* conception of pleasure is to drive in railroad carriages round their aisles, and eat off their altars.¹ You have put a railroad bridge over the fall of Schaffhausen.

¹ I meant that the beautiful places of the world — Switzerland, Italy, South Germany, and so on — are, indeed, the truest cathedrals — places to be reverent in, and to worship in ; and that we only care to drive through them ; and to eat and drink at their most sacred places.

You have tunneled the cliffs of Lucerne by Tell's chapel; you have destroyed the Clarens shore of the Lake of Geneva; there is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fire; there is no particle left of English land which you have not trampled coal ashes into¹—nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumers' shops: the Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear-garden, which you set yourselves to climb, and slide down again, with “shrieks of delight.” When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude of their valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home, red with cutaneous eruption of conceit, and voluble with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction. I think nearly the two sorrowfullest spectacles I have ever seen in humanity, taking the deep inner significance of them, are the English mobs in the valley of Chamouni, amusing themselves with firing rusty howitzers; and the Swiss vintagers of Zurich expressing their Christian thanks for the gift of the vine, by assembling in knots in the “towers of the vineyards,” and slowly loading and firing horse-pistols from morning till evening. It is pitiful to have dim conceptions of beauty; more pitiful, it seems to me, to have conceptions like these, of mirth.

36. Lastly. You despise compassion. There is no need of words of mine for proof of this. I will merely print one of the newspaper paragraphs which I am in the habit of cutting out and throwing into my store-drawer; here is one

¹ I was singularly struck, some years ago, by finding all the river shore at Richmond, in Yorkshire, black in its earth, from the mere drift of soot-laden air from places many miles away.

from a *Daily Telegraph* of an early date this year (1867) (date which, though by me carelessly left unmarked, is easily discoverable; for on the back of the slip, there is the announcement that "yesterday the seventh of the special services of this year was performed by the Bishop of Ripon in St. Paul's"); it relates only one of such facts as happen now daily; this, by chance, having taken a form in which it came before the coroner. I will print the paragraph in red. Be sure, the facts themselves are written in that color in a book which we shall all of us, literate or illiterate, have to read our page of, some day.

"An inquiry was held on Friday by Mr. Richards, deputy coroner, at the White Horse Tavern, Christ Church, Spital-fields, respecting the death of Michael Collins, aged 58 years. Mary Collins, a miserable-looking woman, said that she lived with the deceased and his son in a room at 2, Cobb's court, Christ Church. Deceased was a 'translator' of boots. Witness went out and bought old boots; deceased and his son made them into good ones, and then witness sold them for what she could get at the shops, which was very little indeed. Deceased and his son used to work night and day to try and get a little bread and tea, and pay for the room (2s. a week), so as to keep the home together. On Friday night week, deceased got up from his bench and began to shiver. He threw down the boots, saying, 'Somebody else must finish them when I am gone, for I can do no more.' There was no fire, and he said, 'I would be better if I was warm.' Witness therefore took two pairs of translated boots¹ to sell at the shop, but she could only get 14d. for the two pairs, for the people at the shop said, 'We must have our profit.' Witness got 14lbs. of coal and a little

¹ One of the things which we must very resolutely enforce, for the good of all classes, in our future arrangements, must be that they wear no "translated" articles of dress.

tea and bread. Her son sat up the whole night to make the ‘translations,’ to get money, but deceased died on Saturday morning. The family never had enough to eat.—Coroner: ‘It seems to me deplorable that you did not go into the workhouse.’ Witness: ‘We wanted the comforts of our little home.’ A juror asked what the comforts were, for he only saw a little straw in the corner of the room, the windows of which were broken. The witness began to cry, and said that they had a quilt and other little things. The deceased said he never would go into the workhouse. In summer, when the season was good, they sometimes made as much as 10s. profit in the week. They then always saved towards the next week, which was generally a bad one. In winter they made not half so much. For three years they had been getting from bad to worse.—Cornelius Collins said that he had assisted his father since 1847. They used to work so far into the night that both nearly lost their eyesight. Witness now had a film over his eyes. Five years ago deceased applied to the parish for aid. The relieving officer gave him a 4-lb. loaf, and told him if he came again he should ‘get the stones.’¹ That disgusted

¹ This abbreviation of the penalty of useless labor is curiously coincident in verbal form with a certain passage which some of us may remember. It may, perhaps, be well to preserve beside this paragraph another cutting out of my store-drawer, from the *Morning Post*, of about a parallel date, Friday, March 10th, 1865:—“The salons of Mme. C—, who did the honors with clever imitative grace and elegance, were crowded with princes, dukes, marquises, and counts—in fact, with the same *male* company as one meets at the parties of the Princess Metternich and Madame Drouyn de Lhuys. Some English peers and members of Parliament were present, and appeared to enjoy the animated and dazzlingly improper scene. On the second floor the supper-tables were loaded with every delicacy of the season. That your readers may form some idea of the dainty fare of the Parisian demi-monde, I copy the menu of the supper, which was served to all the guests (about 200) seated at four o'clock. Choice Yquem, Johannisberg, Laf-

deceased, and he would have nothing to do with them since. They got worse and worse until last Friday week, when they had not even a halfpenny to buy a candle. Deceased then lay down on the straw, and said he could not live till morning.—A juror: ‘You are dying of starvation yourself, and you ought to go into the house until the summer.’ Witness: ‘If we went in we should die. When we come out in the summer we should be like people dropped from the sky. No one would know us, and we would not have even a room. I could work now if I had food, for my sight would get better.’ Dr. G. P. Walker said deceased died from syncope, from exhaustion, from want of food. The deceased had had no bed-clothes. For four months he had had nothing but bread to eat. There was not a particle of fat in the body. There was no disease, but if there had been medical attendance, he might have survived the syncope or fainting. The coroner having remarked upon the painful nature of the case, the jury returned the following verdict: ‘That deceased died from exhaustion, from want of food and the common necessities of life; also through want of medical aid.’ ”

37. “Why would witness not go into the workhouse?” you ask. Well, the poor seem to have a prejudice against the workhouse which the rich have not; for, of course, every

fitte, Tokay, and Champagne of the finest vintages were served most lavishly throughout the morning. After supper dancing was resumed with increased animation, and the ball terminated with a *chatne diabolique* and a *cancan d'enfer* at seven in the morning. (Morning-service—‘Ere the fresh lawns appeared, under the opening eyelids of the Morn.—’) Here is the menu:—‘Consommé de volaille à la Bagration; 16 hors-d’œuvre variés. Bouchées à la Talleyrand. Saumons froids, sauce Ravigote. Filets de bœuf en Bellevue, timbales milanaises chaudfroid de gibier. Dindes truffées. Pâtés de foies gras, buissons d’écrevisses, salades vénitiennes, gelées blanches aux fruits, gateaux mancini, parisiens et parisienne. Fromages glacés, Ananas. Dessert.”

one who takes a pension from Government goes into the workhouse on a grand scale ;¹ only the workhouses for the rich do not involve the idea of work, and should be called play-houses. But the poor like to die independently, it appears ; perhaps if we made the play-houses for them pretty and pleasant enough, or gave them their pensions at home, and allowed them a little introductory peculation with the public money, their minds might be reconciled to the conditions. Meantime, here are the facts : we make our relief either so insulting to them, or so painful, that they rather die than take it at our hands ; or, for third alternative, we leave them so untaught and foolish that they starve like brute creatures, wild and dumb, not knowing what to do, or what to ask. I say, you despise compassion ; if you did not, such a newspaper paragraph would be as impossible in a Christian country as a deliberate assassination permitted in its public streets.² "Christian" did I say ? Alas,

¹ Please observe this statement, and think of it, and consider how it happens that a poor old woman will be ashamed to take a shilling a week from the country — but no one is ashamed to take a pension of a thousand a year.

² I am heartily glad to see such a paper as the *Pall Mall Gazette* established ; for the power of the press in the hands of highly-educated men, in independent position, and of honest purpose, may, indeed, become all that it has been hitherto vainly vaunted to be. Its editor will, therefore, I doubt not, pardon me, in that, by very reason of my respect for the journal, I do not let pass unnoticed an article in its third number, page 5, which was wrong in every word of it, with the intense wrongness which only an honest man can achieve who has taken a false turn of thought in the outset, and is following it, regardless of consequences. It contained at the end this notable passage :—

"The bread of affliction, and the water of affliction — aye, and the bedsteads and blankets of affliction, are the very utmost that the law ought to give to *outcasts merely as outcasts*." I merely put beside this expression of the gentlemanly mind of England in 1865, a part of the message which Isaiah was ordered to "lift up his voice like a trumpet" in

if we were but wholesomely *un*-Christian, it would be impossible ; it is our imaginary Christianity that helps us to commit these crimes, for we revel and luxuriate in our faith, for the lewd sensation of it ; dressing *it* up, like everything else, in fiction. The dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, of dawn-service and twilight-revival — the Christianity which we do not fear to mix the mockery of, pictorially, with our play about the devil, in our *Satanellas*, — Roberts, — Fausts ; chanting hymns through traceried windows for back-ground effect, and artistically modulating the “Dio” through variation on variation of mimicked prayer (while we distribute tracts, next day, for the benefit of uncultivated swearers, upon what we suppose to be the signification of the Third Commandment) ;—this gas-lighted, and gas-inspired, Christianity, we are triumphant in, and draw back the hem of our robes from the touch of the heretics who dispute it. But to do a piece of common Christian righteousness in a plain English word or deed ; to make Christian

declaring to the gentlemen of his day : “Ye fast for strife, and to smite with the fist of wickedness. Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor *that are cast out* (margin ‘afflicted’) to *thy house*.” The falsehood on which the writer had mentally founded himself, as previously stated by him, was this : “To confound the functions of the dispensers of the poor-rates with those of the dispensers of a charitable institution is a great and pernicious error.” This sentence is so accurately and exquisitely wrong, that its substance must be thus reversed in our minds before we can deal with any existing problem of national distress. “To understand that the dispensers of the poor-rates are the almoners of the nation, and should distribute its alms with a gentleness and freedom of hand as much greater and franker than that possible to individual charity, as the collective national wisdom and power may be supposed greater than those of any single person, is the foundation of all law respecting pauperism.” (Since this was written the *Pall Mall Gazette* has become a mere party paper — like the rest ; but it writes well, and does more good than mischief on the whole.)

law any rule of life, and found one National act or hope thereon,—we know too well what our faith comes to for that! You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke, and the organ-pipes, both; leave them, and the Gothic windows, and the painted glass, to the property-man; give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the door-step. For there is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be.

38. All these pleasures, then, and all these virtues, I repeat, you nationally despise. You have, indeed, men among you who do not; by whose work, by whose strength, by whose life, by whose death, you live, and never thank them. Your wealth, your amusement, your pride, would all be alike impossible, but for those whom you scorn or forget. The policeman, who is walking up and down the black lane all night to watch the guilt you have created there, and may have his brains beaten out, and be maimed for life, at any moment, and never be thanked; the sailor wrestling with the sea's rage; the quiet student poring over his book or his vial; the common worker, without praise, and nearly without bread, fulfilling his task as your horses drag your carts, hopeless, and spurned of all; these are the men by whom England lives; but they are not the nation; they are only the body and nervous force of it, acting still from old habit in a convulsive perseverance, while the mind is gone. Our National wish and purpose are to be amused; our National religion is the performance of church ceremonies, and preaching of soporific truths (or untruths) to keep the mob quietly at work, while we amuse ourselves; and the necessity for this amusement is fastening on us as a feverous

disease of parched throat and wandering eyes—senseless, dissolute, merciless.¹

39. When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower ;—when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse of the body. But now, having no true business, we pour our whole masculine energy into the false business of money-making ; and having no true emotion, we must have false emotions dressed up for us to play with, not innocently, as children with dolls, but guiltily and darkly, as the idolatrous Jews with their pictures on cavern walls, which men had to dig to detect. The justice we do not execute, we mimic in the novel and on the stage ; for the beauty we destroy in nature, we substitute the metamorphosis of the pantomime, and (the human nature of us imperatively requiring awe and sorrow of *some* kind) for the noble grief we should have borne with our fellows, and the pure tears we should have wept with them, we gloat over the pathos of the police court, and gather the night-dew of the grave.

40. It is difficult to estimate the true significance of these things ; the facts are frightful enough ;—the measure of national fault involved in them is, perhaps, not as great as it would at first seem. We permit, or cause, thousands of deaths daily, but we mean no harm ; we set fire to houses, and ravage peasants' fields ; yet we should be sorry to find we had injured anybody. We are still kind at heart ; still capable of virtue, but only as children are. Chalmers, at the end of his long life, having had much power with the public, being plagued in some serious matter by a reference

¹ How literally that word *Dis-Ease* ; the Negation and impossibility of Ease, expresses the entire moral state of our English Industry and its Amusements.

to "public opinion," uttered the impatient exclamation, "The public is just a great baby!" And the reason that I have allowed all these graver subjects of thought to mix themselves up with an inquiry into methods of reading, is that, the more I see of our national faults and miseries, the more they resolve themselves into conditions of childish illiterateness, and want of education in the most ordinary habits of thought. It is, I repeat, not vice, not selfishness, not dullness of brain, which we have to lament; but an unreachable schoolboy's recklessness, only differing from the true schoolboy's in its incapacity of being helped, because it acknowledges no master.

41. There is a curious type of us given in one of the lovely, neglected works of the last of our great painters. It is a drawing of Kirkby Lonsdale churchyard, and of its brook, and valley, and hills, and folded morning sky beyond. And unmindful alike of these, and of the dead who have left these for other valleys and for other skies, a group of schoolboys have piled their little books upon a grave, to strike them off with stones. So, also, we play with the words of the dead that would teach us, and strike them far from us with our bitter, reckless will; little thinking that those leaves which the wind scatters had been piled, not only upon a gravestone, but upon the seal of an enchanted vault—nay, the gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who would awake for us, and walk with us, if we knew but how to call them by their names. How often, even if we lift the marble entrance gate, do we but wander among those old kings in their repose, and finger the robes they lie in, and stir the crowns on their foreheads; and still they are silent to us, and seem but a dusty imagery; because we know not the incantation of the heart that would wake them;—which, if they once heard, they would start up to meet us in their power of long ago, narrowly to look upon us, and consider

us; and, as the fallen kings of Hades meet the newly fallen, saying, "Art thou also become weak as we—art thou also become one of us?" so would these kings, with their undimmed, unshaken diadems, meet us, saying, "Art thou also become pure and mighty of heart as we? art thou also become one of us?"

42. Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—"magnanimous"—to be this, is, indeed, to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, to "advance in life,"—in life itself—not in the trappings of it. My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom, when the head of a house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you, in plain words, as it *is* offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honor, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusted group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of Caina; but, day by day, your body shall be dressed more gaily, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast—crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout round it, crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables' heads all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown-edge on the skull;—no more. Would you take the offer, verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you? Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in

its fullness of horror. Every man accepts it, who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is ; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honor, and — *not* more personal soul. He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth — they, and they only. All other kingships, so far as they are true, are only the practical issue and expression of theirs; if less than this, they are either dramatic royalties,— costly shows, set off, indeed, with real jewels instead of tinsel,— but still only the toys of nations ; or else, they are no royalties at all, but tyrannies, or the mere active and practical issue of national folly ; for which reason I have said of them elsewhere, “Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more.”

43. But I have no words for the wonder with which I hear Kinghood still spoken of, even among thoughtful men, as if governed nations were a personal property, and might be bought and sold, or otherwise acquired, as sheep, of whose flesh their king was to feed, and whose fleece he was to gather ; as if Achilles' indignant epithet of base kings, “people-eating,” were the constant and proper title of all monarchs; and enlargement of a king's dominion meant the same thing as the increase of a private man's estate ! Kings who think so, however powerful, can no more be the true kings of the nation than gad-flies are the kings of a horse ; they suck it, and may drive it wild, but do not guide it. They, and their courts, and their armies are, if one could see clearly, only a large species of marsh mosquito, with bayonet proboscis and melodious, band-mastered, trumpeting in the summer air ; the twilight being, perhaps, some-

times fairer, but hardly more wholesome, for its glittering mists of midge companies. The true kings, meanwhile, rule quietly, if at all, and hate ruling ; too many of them make “il gran refiúto”¹; and if they do not, the mob, as soon as they are likely to become useful to it, is pretty sure to make its “gran rifiúto” of *them*.

44. Yet the visible king may also be a true one, some day, if ever day comes when he will estimate his dominion by the *force* of it,—not the geographical boundaries. It matters very little whether Trent cuts you a cantel out here, or Rhine rounds you a castle less there. But it does matter to you, king of men, whether you can verily say to this man, “Go,” and he goeth ; and to another, “Come,” and he cometh. Whether you can turn your people, as you can Trent—and where it is that you bid them come, and where go. It matters to you, king of men, whether your people hate you, and die by you, or love you, and live by you. You may measure your dominion by multitudes better than by miles ; and count degrees of love latitude, not from, but to, a wonderfully warm and infinite equator.

45. Measure ! nay, you cannot measure. Who shall measure the difference between the power of those who “do and teach,” and who are greatest in the kingdoms of earth, as of heaven—and the power of those who undo, and consume—whose power, at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust? Strange ! to think how the Moth-kings lay up treasures for the moth ; and the Rust-kings, who are to their peoples’ strength as rust to armor, lay up treasures for the rust; and the Robber-kings, treasures for the robber; but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding—treasures of which, the more thieves there were, the better ! Broidered robe, only to be rent ; helm and sword, only to be dimmed ; jewel and gold, only to be

¹ The great renunciation.

scattered ;— there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these. Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read, in some obscure writing of long ago, that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel and gold could not equal, neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web made fair in the weaving, by Athena's shuttle ; an armor, forged in divine fire by Vulcanian force—a gold to be mined in the sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs ;—deep-pictured tissue, impenetrable armor, potable gold !— the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, to lead us, with their winged power, and guide us, with their unerring eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen ! Suppose kings should ever arise, who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of — Wisdom — for their people ?

46. Think what an amazing business *that* would be ! How inconceivable, in the state of our present national wisdom ! That we should bring up our peasants to a book exercise instead of a bayonet exercise!—organize, drill, maintain with pay, and good generalship, armies of thinkers, instead of armies of stabbers!—find national amusement in reading-rooms as well as rifle-grounds; give prizes for a fair shot at a fact, as well as for a leaden splash on a target. What an absurd idea it seems, put fairly in words, that the wealth of the capitalists of civilized nations should ever come to support literature instead of war!

47. Have yet patience with me, while I read you a single sentence out of the only book, properly to be called a book, that I have yet written myself, the one that will stand (if anything stand) surest and longest of all work of mine.

“ It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth which supports

unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them ; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis ; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both to be bought ; and the best tools of war for them besides, which makes such war costly to the maximum ; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour's peace of mind with ; as, at present, France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions' sterling worth of consternation, annually (a remarkably light crop, half thorns and half aspen leaves, sown, reaped, and granaried by the 'science' of the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And, all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war ; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person."

48. France and England literally, observe, buy *panic* of each other ; they pay, each of them, for ten thousand thousand pounds' worth of terror, a year. Now suppose, instead of buying these ten millions' worth of panic annually, they made up their minds to be at peace with each other, and buy ten millions' worth of knowledge annually ; and that each nation spent its ten thousand thousand pounds a year in founding royal libraries, royal art galleries, royal museums, royal gardens, and places of rest. Might it not be better somewhat for both French and English ?

49. It will be long, yet, before that comes to pass. Nevertheless, I hope it will not be long before royal or national libraries will be founded in every considerable city,

with a royal series of books in them ; the same series in every one of them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible ; their text printed all on leaves of equal size, broad of margin, and divided into pleasant volumes, light in the hand, beautiful, and strong, and thorough as examples of binders' work ; and that these great libraries will be accessible to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening ; strict law being enforced for this cleanliness and quietness.

I could shape for you other plans, for art galleries, and for natural history galleries, and for many precious—many, it seems to me, needful—things ; but this book plan is the easiest and needfullest, and would prove a considerable tonic to what we call our British constitution, which has fallen dropsical of late, and has an evil thirst, and evil hunger, and wants healthier feeding. You have got its corn laws repealed for it ; try if you cannot get corn laws established for it, dealing in a better bread ;—bread made of that old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors ;—doors, not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries.

50. Note to ¶ 30.—Respecting the increase of rent by the deaths of the poor, for evidence of which, see the preface to the Medical officer's report to the Privy Council, just published, there are suggestions in its preface which will make some stir among us, I fancy, respecting which let me note these points following :—

There are two theories on the subject of land now abroad, and in contention ; both false.

The first is that, by Heavenly law, there have always existed, and must continue to exist, a certain number of hereditarily sacred persons to whom the earth, air, and water of the world belong, as personal property ; of which

earth, air, and water, these persons may, at their pleasure, permit, or forbid, the rest of the human race to eat, breathe, or to drink. This theory is not for many years longer tenable. The adverse theory is that a division of the land of the world among the mob of the world would immediately elevate the said mob into sacred personages ; that houses would then build themselves, and corn grow of itself ; and that everybody would be able to live, without doing any work for his living. This theory would also be found highly untenable in practice.

It will, however, require some rough experiments, and rougher catastrophes, before the generality of persons will be convinced that no law concerning anything, least of all concerning land, for either holding or dividing it, or renting it high, or renting it low — would be of the smallest ultimate use to the people — so long as the general contest for life, and for the means of life, remains one of mere brutal competition. That contest, in an unprincipled nation, will take one deadly form or another, whatever laws you make against it. For instance, it would be an entirely wholesome law for England, if it could be carried, that maximum limits should be assigned to incomes according to classes ; and that every nobleman's income should be paid to him as a fixed salary or pension by the nation ; and not squeezed by him in variable sums, at discretion, out of the tenants of his land. But if you could get such a law passed to-morrow, and if, which would be farther necessary, you could fix the value of the assigned incomes by making a given weight of pure bread for a given sum, a twelve-month would not pass before another currency would have been tacitly established, and the power of accumulative wealth would have reasserted itself in some other article, or some other imaginary sign. There is only one cure for public distress — and that is public education, directed to make men thoughtful, merciful,

and just. There are, indeed, many laws conceivable which would gradually better and strengthen the national temper ; but, for the most part, they are such as the national temper must be much bettered before it would bear. A nation in its youth may be helped by laws, as a weak child by backboards, but when it is old, it cannot that way straighten its crooked spine.

And besides ; the problem of land, at its worst, is a by one ; distribute the earth as you will, the principal question remains inexorable, — Who is to dig it? Which of us, in brief words, is to do the hard and dirty work for the rest — and for what pay? Who is to do the pleasant and clean work, and for what pay? Who is to do no work, and for what pay? And there are curious moral and religious questions connected with these. How far is it lawful to suck a portion of the soul out of a great many persons, in order to put the abstracted psychical quantities together and make one very beautiful or ideal soul? If we had to deal with mere blood, instead of spirit (and the thing might literally be done — as it has been done with infants before now) — so that it were possible by taking a certain quantity of blood from the arms of a given number of the mob, and putting it all into one person, to make a more azure-blooded gentleman of him, the thing would of course be managed ; but secretly, I should conceive. But now, because it is brain and soul that we abstract, not visible blood, it can be done quite openly, and we live, we gentlemen, on delicatest prey, after the manner of weasels ; that is to say, we keep a certain number of clowns digging and ditching, and generally stupefied, in order that we, being fed gratis, may have all the thinking and feeling to ourselves. Yet there is a great deal to be said for this. A highly-bred and trained English, French, Austrian, or Italian gentleman (much more a lady) is a great production, — a better production than

most statues ; being beautifully colored as well as shaped, and plus all the brains ; a glorious thing to look at, a wonderful thing to talk to ; and you cannot have it, any more than a pyramid or a church, but by sacrifice of much contributed life. And it is, perhaps, better to build a beautiful human creature than a beautiful dome or steeple — and more delightful to look up reverently to a creature far above us, than to a wall ; only the beautiful human creature will have some duties to do in return — duties of living belfry and rampart — of which presently.

ANNOTATIONS.

1. **Sesame**: originally, a plant yielding an oily grain used by Eastern nations for food. The reference here is to its use as a talismanic word : the cave of the forty thieves in a tale of the "Arabian Nights" is opened and closed by the magic words, "Open, Sesame!" — "Shut Sesame!" Mr. Ruskin uses it to denote the key by which the treasures of book-lore may be unlocked.

2. **Double-belled doors**: many houses of the rich in London have two bells ; one for visitors, the other for those who call on business.

3. *The last infirmity of noble minds* : these words are borrowed from Milton's "*Lycidas*" :—

"Fame, the spur which the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

4. **My Lord**: three archbishops of the Established Church of England, together with twenty-seven bishops, constitute the "Lords Spiritual" of the Upper House in Parliament ; and are, consequently, addressed as "My Lord."

11. **Entrée** (Ang-trā') : entrance, admission.

12. **Elysian gates**: the gates of Elysium, the name used by the Greeks to describe the home of the blessed dead ; those whose good deeds while in life had exceeded the sum of their evil deeds.

Portières (Por-ti-air') : door-screens ; here, doors or gates to the houses of the great.

Faubourg St. Germain (Fo-boor San Zhar-mang') : a portion of Paris in which the nobility formerly resided.

15. **Canaille** (Can-a'yuh) : the rabble.

Noblesse : Fr. nobility. By "the national noblesse of words" Ruskin means those words which, in any country, are pure in their origin ; i.e., are neither derived from nor compounded with words belonging to another language.

16. **Chameleon-cloaks, — groundlion cloaks** : the chameleon, or ground-lion, is a kind of lizard whose color is said to change so as to harmonize with the color of its surroundings.

18. **Ecclēs'ia** : from this Greek word, which originally meant any public meeting, has been derived the English word *ecclesiastical*, which is limited to affairs of the Church.

Presbyter : originally, simply an *elder*.

19. **Max Müller** (Mil'ler) : a distinguished German scholar, formerly professor of modern languages at Oxford. The lectures referred to are those on "The Science of Language."

20. **The pilot of the Galilean lake** : St. Peter.— See Matt. iv. 18–22.

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain : See Matt. xvi. 18, 19. The idea that the keys are of iron and gold is Milton's own. The iron symbolizes harsh punishment ; the gold symbolizes love, the key to heavenly joy.

Mitred locks : a figurative expression which, expanded, means *his head upon which is worn a mitre or tall bishop's cap*, symbol of authority in the Church.

Enow (Old Eng.) : enough.

Worthy bidden guest : See Matt. xxii. 3, 8, 9.

Recks (Old Eng.) : cares. This is an old idiom, meaning, *What care is it to them?*

Sped : provided for.

List (Old Eng.) : please, choose.

Scrannel pipes of wretched straw: the word *scrannel* is thought to have been invented by Milton, and may mean either *thin* or *screeching*. The entire phrase forcibly characterizes the worthlessness of these false bishops' teaching.

Rank mist: unwholesome and corrupting doctrines.

Episcopal function: the duty belonging to the office of bishop.

22. The word *office* as it occurs in this section is used in its original Latin sense ; viz., *duty*.

Salisbury steeple: the highest spire in England ; 404 feet high.

23. **Crēt'inous**: idiotic ; — so-called from *cretin*, a Swiss name for a deformed and helpless idiot.

24. **The rock-apostle**: Peter,—literally, a rock. See Matt. xvi. 18.

25. **Cranmer**: an English statesman, divine, and reformer, made archbishop of Canterbury and prime minister by Henry VIII. Under Queen Mary, he was burned at the stake (1556) on a charge of heresy.

St. Francis: founder of the Franciscan order of mendicant friars, about 1210 A.D.

St. Dominic: founder of the order of Dominicans, or Preaching Friars, 1215 A.D.

Him who made Virgil wonder to gaze upon him: Caiaphas—(see John xi. 49, 50). Dante (*Inferno* xxiii. 3) represents him as punished by being crucified and transfixed to the ground by three stakes driven through his body.

“Disteso, tanto vilmente, nell’ eterno esilio”: “distended so ignominiously in the eternal exile.” — *Inferno* xxiii. 126.

Hi'm whom Dante stood beside: Nicholas III, whom Dante represents as punished for fraud by being buried head downward with his feet protruding from the earth.

“Come l’ frate che confessa lo perfido assassin”: “like the friar who is hearing the confession of a treacherous assassin.” — *Inferno* xix. 49.

Alighieri (Al-e-ge-ä'-ree) : Dante's family-name.

28. **Mimosa**: a species of leguminous plants. The one here referred to is the *sensitive plant*, so called because the leaves shrink and fold when touched.

29. Junketings: private feastings.

Puppet-shows: mock dramas performed by little images moved by wires.

30. Othello: the Moor of Venice in Shakespeare's play of the same name.

32. Biblio-maniac: one who is insane on the subject of books.

34. Ludgate apprentices: the apprentices of the Ludgate Hill District in London cried "What d'ye lack?" when advertising their masters' wares on the street.

35. Schaffhausen: capital of a Swiss canton of the same name. Three miles below the town are the beautiful falls of the Rhine, of which Ruskin has given an eloquent description in "Modern Painters."

Lucerne: a Swiss lake on whose shores the patriotic deeds of Tell are said to have taken place.

Tell's Chapel: a chapel dedicated to the virtues of William Tell, a legendary hero of Switzerland.

Chamouni (Sha-mou-nee') : a picturesque Alpine valley of France, 2000 feet above Lake Geneva. Its sublime beauty has inspired some noble poems, one of the finest being that by Coleridge.

Zurich (Zoo'rik) : a lake and canton of Switzerland.

36. Spitalfields: a section of London, seat of an important silk manufacture.

Translator: literally, one who *carries across*; i.e., one who changes something into another form. In this case, one who makes new boots of old ones.

37. Satanellas, — Roberts, — Fausts: titles of dramas in which the Devil is introduced as one of the characters.

Dio (De'-o) : Italian word for God.

Lazarus: see Luke xvi. 20.

40. Chalmers: the most eminent Scottish divine of the present century.

41. Kirkby Lonsdale: a market town of England, County of Westmoreland. Its location is picturesque.

Hades: the name given by the Greeks to the kingdom of Pluto, or the realm of the dead.

42. **Scythian**: pertaining to Scythia, a name given in ancient times to the country north and east of the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Sea of Aral.

Living peace: see Romans vi. 8.

Harness: here, armor or defense.

43. **Achilles (A-kil'les)**: the hero of Homer's "Iliad."

44. **Can'tel**: a piece shaped like a half-moon.

45. **Athēn'a**: the Greek goddess of wisdom and of arts. Her Roman name is Minerva.

Vulcanian: pertaining to Vulcan, the Greek god of fire and the forge, who presided over the working of metals: the word is also used to signify volcanic force.

Delphian: pertaining to Delphi in Greece, the seat of a renowned oracle of Apollo, the sun-god.

Deep pictured tissue: a fabric so interwoven with gold and colors as to form pictures.

Potable: drinkable.

47. **Taxation**: about seventy-five cents out of every dollar of taxes levied in England is spent either in paying the interest on old war debts, or in making preparation for future wars.

48. **Panic**: extreme fright affecting a number of persons at once: so named because, according to Herodotus, the Greek god *Pan* struck such a sudden terror into the Persians at the battle of Marathon.

49. **Corn-laws**: laws that imposed a heavy duty on all grain (corn) imported into England, thus making bread dear, and causing great distress among the laboring classes. These laws were repealed in 1849.

OF QUEENS' GARDENS.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN this lecture, which is a further exposition of the thought of "Kings' Treasuries," Mr. Ruskin gives with great force his views concerning the education and duties of woman.

The purpose of education is the same for both men and women, viz., the acquiring of power which shall be used in blessing and redeeming society; in converting the desert places of human life into gardens of fragrant beauty. For the only true kingship and queenship is that "which consists in a stronger moral state and a truer thoughtful state, than that of others."

Since education, then, fits for duty, it is important to consider what are the duties of woman. It is Mr. Ruskin's opinion that to speak of the mission and the rights of woman is to assume that the nature and the interests of men and women are antagonistic. Not less erroneous is the idea that woman is inferior to man, and therefore to yield him servile obedience.

The intention in all life is harmony. To produce this harmony in human life, the right understanding and acceptance of the relations of the womanly and the manly mind, and their duty each to each are essential.

Since to use books rightly is "to be led by them into wider sight" when our own knowledge is insufficient, Ruskin seeks to discover the opinion of "the wisest, the

purest-hearted of all ages" concerning the "true dignity of woman and her mode of help to man." Shakespeare, that master-interpreter of man to himself, represents women as "infallibly faithful and wise counselors," — distinguished by heroic action and fortitude — "strong to sanctify even when they cannot save." Walter Scott, who "has given the broadest view of modern society," pictures woman as combining intellectual strength with feminine grace and tenderness, as moved by a high sense of justice; as actuated by fearless, self-sacrificing devotion to duty; as animated by such wisdom and self-controlled affection as exalts not only her own character, but that of her lover. This exalted portraiture of womanly dignity and virtue and power finds its counterpart in the great poems of all ages. But this view of the character and power of woman is contrary to the commonly accepted idea of the marriage relation which assumes that the woman is inferior, and, therefore, properly subject to her husband.

The appeal is next made to the human heart. In chivalry, the embodiment of the Christian ideal, the knight voluntarily submits to be directed by the lady of his choice, whose commands, dictated by love and wise foresight, he feels himself honored in obeying. Mr. Ruskin deprecates the fact that, among us, marriage so often puts an end to this knightly, reverent devotion. The noble picture which he paints of harmonious family life, — the home that is the "place of Peace" — had been daily realized for him from his earliest recollection. The "guiding, determining function," which he assigns to woman, was that of his mother, whose serene, self-centred dignity made her home a sacred shrine of order and holy peace.

Happy all who can give such testimony to a harmonious home-life as this of Ruskin's: — "I had never heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with

each other ; nor seen an angry, or even slightly hurt or offended glance, in the eye of either. I had never heard a servant scolded ; nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter ; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry, or undone (not done) in due time."

Woman's true place and honor, then, is to be the guide, the counselor, the director of man. But to be capable of this guidance, she must be good, wise, and always ready to serve.

The lecture considers, in the second place, what kind of education will fit the girl for this high dignity of gracious womanhood.

First, that perfection of womanly beauty may be attained, she must have such physical training as will secure harmonious bodily development. Second, she should be trained in habits of accurate thinking ; she should become acquainted with the beauty and the laws of nature ; humility should be bred as the result of such a view of the vast expanse of desirable knowledge as to cause her to feel how limited is hers by comparison ; her imagination should be so cultivated as to develop such an active sympathy with human suffering, as will express itself in helpful deeds.

Theology, as mere intellectual speculation, Mr. Ruskin would have women avoid ; but the higher science of practical religion they should realize in every-day life.

All superficial study is weakening ; but while the course pursued should, in Mr. Ruskin's opinion, be the same for girls as for boys, he would have the former apply their knowledge in the daily home life and in social service.

"Let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's." Frivolity in women is the logical result of false, superficial education. The virtues which we call manly should also be developed to be the strength of woman.

A well-chosen course of reading in history, poetry, and fiction, together with the influence of the best models in art, will give true standards of elevated thought and life. Above all, see that her teachers have a personality fitted to inspire reverence and that such respect shall be aroused by parental example. Lastly, the quiet, loving companionship of nature, with her mystical influences, upon the sensitive soul of the child, is a powerful agency in the development of the finer qualities.

Mr. Ruskin concludes this portion of his lecture with a protest against the mercenary spirit of the age, which has led to the defacing of the natural beauty of England by digging in mines, building manufa^ctories, and constructing lines of railroads. The Greek imagination peopled Parnassus with the Muses, but the equally beautiful Mount Snowdon awakens in the minds of Englishmen no thrill of reverent awe; the national mind is insensible to the holy beauty of nature.

Mr. Ruskin believes that the true expansion of woman's duty, equally with that of man, leads to service to the state. Among the inextinguishable instincts deeply implanted in the soul of man is the love of power, "which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty and law of life."

What shall be the purpose and scope of this power? To redeem, not to destroy,—the sweetening and purifying of human lives.

The noble title of Lady is not to be assumed for the sake of selfish distinction, but to represent the true "loaf-giver" who ministers to all the wants of the Master's little ones,—his representatives on earth. Then shall women become truly queens whose reign is one of duty, whose ambition is to bless with kindly helpfulness.

Mr. Ruskin charges upon woman's indifference the responsibility of much of the warfare, the injustice, and the

misery in the world. With eloquent force, he appeals to the educated women of England to renounce self-indulgent ease and pleasure, and to devote themselves to nourishing into healthy, happy life the feeble child-flowers who are struggling with the sharp blasts of poverty and injustice. Then they shall, indeed, walk as queens in the gardens made beautiful with the lilies of joyous lives tended by their care.

LECTURE II.—LILIES.¹

OF QUEENS' GARDENS.

“Be thou glad, oh thirsting Desert; let the desert be made cheerful, and bloom as the lily; and the barren places of Jordan shall run wild with wood.”—ISAIAH xxxv, 1. (Septuagint.)

51. It will, perhaps, be well, as this Lecture is the sequel of one previously given, that I should shortly state to you my general intention in both. The questions specially proposed to you in the first, namely, How and What to Read, rose out of a far deeper one, which it was my endeavor to make you propose earnestly to yourselves, namely, *Why* to Read. I want you to feel, with me, that whatever advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach. I wish you to see that both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided and illiterate, which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense, *kingly*; conferring indeed the purest king-

¹ This lecture was given December 14, 1861, at the Town Hall, Manchester, in aid of the St. Andrews' Schools.

ship that can exist among men: too many other kingships (however distinguished by visible insignia or material power) being either spectral, or tyrannous;—Spectral—that is to say, aspects and shows only of royalty, hollow as death, and which only the “Likeness of a kingly crown have on”; or else tyrannous—that is to say, substituting their own will for the law of justice and love by which all true kings rule.

52. There is, then, I repeat—and as I want to leave this idea with you, I begin with it, and shall end with it—only one pure kind of kingship; an inevitable and external kind, crowned or not: the kingship, namely, which consists in a stronger moral state, and a truer thoughtful state, than that of others; enabling you, therefore, to guide, or to raise them. Observe that word “State”; we have got into a loose way of using it. It means literally the standing and stability of a thing; and you have the full force of it in the derived word “statue”—“the immovable thing.” A king’s majesty or “state,” then, and the right of his kingdom to be called a state, depends on the movelessness of both:—without tremor, without quiver of balance; established and enthroned upon a foundation of eternal law which nothing can alter, nor overthrow.

53. Believing that all literature and all education are only useful so far as they tend to confirm this calm, beneficent, and *therefore* kingly, power—first, over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over all around us, I am now going to ask you to consider with me farther, what special portion or kind of this royal authority, arising out of noble education, may rightly be possessed by women; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power. Not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere. And in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the order and beauty induced by such benignant power would justify us in speaking of the

territories over which each of them reigned, as "Queens' Gardens."

54. And here, in the very outset, we are met by a far deeper question, which—strange though this may seem—remains among many of us yet quite undecided, in spite of its infinite importance.

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet estimated with entire consent. We hear of the "mission" and of the "rights" of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man;—as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind, and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness, by the preëminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!

55. I.—Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their relations rightly accepted, aid, and increase, the vigor, and honor, and authority of both.

And now I must repeat one thing I said in the last lecture: namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help: to appeal to them, when our own knowledge and power of thought failed: to be led by them into wider sight—purer conception—than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point: let us hear the testimony they have left respecting what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

56. And first let us take Shakespeare.

Note broadly in the outset, Shakespeare has no heroes; —he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage: and the still slighter Valentine in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In his labored and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice round him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus—Cæsar—Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities;—Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in *King Lear*, is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved, by Rosalind. Whereas there is

hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose: Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Silvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless: conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

57. Then observe, secondly,

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of King Lear is owing to his own want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him; as it is, she all but saves him.

Of Othello I need not trace the tale; — nor the one weakness of his so mighty love; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the Emilia who dies in wild testimony against his error: — “Oh, murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool Do with so good a wife?”

In Romeo and Juliet, the wise and brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. In Winter's Tale and in Cymbeline, the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperiled to the death by the folly and obstinacy of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In Measure for Measure, the foul injustice of the judge, and the foul cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamantine purity of a woman. In Coriolanus, the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it

is his ruin ; her prayer at last granted, saves him—not, indeed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child?—of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth?—of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the “unlessoned girl,” who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, bringing courage and safety by her presence, and defeating the worst malignities of crime by what women are fancied most to fail in,—precision and accuracy of thought.

58. Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakespeare’s plays, there is only one weak woman—Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare’s testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counselors,—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.

59. Not as in any wise comparable in knowledge of the nature of man,—still less in his understanding of the causes and courses of fate,—but only as the writer who has given us the broadest view of the conditions and modes of ordinary thought in modern society, I ask you next to receive the witness of Walter Scott.

I put aside his merely romantic prose writings as of no value ; and though the early romantic poetry is very beautiful, its testimony is of no weight, other than that of a boy's ideal. But his true works, studied from Scottish life, bear a true witness ; and, in the whole range of these, there are but three men who reach the heroic type¹—Dandie Dinmont, Rob Roy, and Claverhouse ; of these, one is a border farmer ; another a freebooter ; the third a soldier in a bad cause. And these touch the ideal of heroism only in their courage and faith, together with a strong, but uncultivated, or mistakenly applied, intellectual power ; while his younger men are the gentlemanly playthings of fantastic fortune, and only by aid (or accident) of that fortune, survive, not vanquish, the trials they involuntarily sustain. Of any disciplined, or consistent character, earnest in a purpose wisely conceived, or dealing with forms of hostile evil, definitely challenged, and resolutely subdued, there is no trace in his conceptions of young men. Whereas in his imaginations of women,—in the characters of Ellen Douglas, of Flora MacIvor, Rose Bradwardine, Catherine Seyton, Diana Vernon, Lilius Redgauntlet, Alice Bridgenorth, Alice Lee, and Jeanie Deans,—with endless varieties of grace, tenderness, and intellectual power we find in all a quite infallible and inevitable sense of dignity and justice ; a fearless, instant, and untiring self-sacrifice to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims ; and,

¹ I ought, in order to make this assertion fully understood, to have noted the various weaknesses which lower the ideal of other great characters of men in the Waverley novels—the selfishness and narrowness of thought in Redgauntlet, the weak religious enthusiasm in Edward Glendinning, and the like ; and I ought to have noticed that there are several quite perfect characters sketched sometimes in the backgrounds; three—let us accept joyously this courtesy to England and her soldiers—are English officers: Colonel Gardiner, Colonel Talbot, and Colonel Mannerings.

finally, a patient wisdom of deeply restrained affection, which does infinitely more than protect its objects from a momentary error ; it gradually forms, animates, and exalts the characters of the unworthy lovers, until, at the close of the tale, we are just able, and no more, to take patience in hearing of their unmerited success.

So that, in all cases, with Scott as with Shakespeare, it is the woman who watches over, teaches, and guides the youth ; it is never, by any chance, the youth who watches over, or educates his mistress.

60. Next, take, though more briefly, graver testimony—that of the great Italians and Greeks. You know well the plan of Dante's great poem—that it is a love poem to his dead lady ; a song of praise for her watch over his soul. Stooping only to pity; never to love, she yet saves him from destruction—saves him from hell. He is going eternally astray in despair ; she comes down from heaven to his help, and throughout the ascents of Paradise is his teacher, interpreting for him the most difficult truths, divine and human, and leading him, with rebuke upon rebuke, from star to star.

I do not insist upon Dante's conception ; if I began I could not cease ; besides, you might think this a wild imagination of one poet's heart. So I will rather read to you a few verses of the deliberate writing of a knight of Pisa to his living lady, wholly characteristic of the feeling of all the noblest men of the thirteenth, or early fourteenth century, preserved among many other such records of knightly honor and love, which Dante Rossetti has gathered for us from among the early Italian poets.

“ For lo ! thy law is passed
That this my love should manifestly be
To serve and honor thee ;
And so I do ; and my delight is full,
Accepted for the servant of thy rule.

“Without almost, I am all rapturous,
 Since thus my will was set
 To serve, thou flower of joy, thine excellence ;
 Nor ever seems it anything could rouse
 A pain or regret,
 But on thee dwells mine every thought and sense ;
 Considering that from thee all virtues spread
 As from a fountain head,—
That in thy gift is wisdom's best avail,
And honor without fail ;
 With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,
 Fulfilling the perfection of thy state.

“Lady, since I conceived
 That pleasurable aspect in my heart,
My life has been apart
In shining brightness and the place of truth ;
 Which till that time, good sooth,
 Groped among shadows in a darken'd place,
 Where many hours and days
 It hardly ever had remember'd good.
 But now my servitude
 Is thine, and I am full of joy and rest.
 A man from a wild beast
 Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived.”

61. You may think, perhaps, a Greek knight would have had a lower estimate of women than this Christian lover. His spiritual subjection to them was, indeed, not so absolute ; but as regards their own personal character, it was only because you could not have followed me so easily, that I did not take the Greek women instead of Shakespeare's ; and instance, for chief ideal types of human beauty and faith, the simple mother's and wife's heart of Andromache ; the divine, yet rejected wisdom of Cassandra ; the playful kindness and simple princess-life of happy Nausicaä ; the housewifely calm of that of Penelope, with its watch upon

the sea ; the ever patient, fearless, hopelessly devoted piety of the sister and daughter, in Antigone ; the bowing down of Iphigenia, lamb-like and silent ; and, finally, the expectation of the resurrection, made clear to the soul of the Greeks in the return from her grave of that Alcestis, who, to save her husband, had passed calmly through the bitterness of death.

62. Now, I could multiply witness upon witness of this kind upon you if I had time. I would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women ; but no Legend of Good Men. I would take Spenser, and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished ; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, I could go back into the mythical teaching of the most ancient times, and show you how the great people,—by one of whose princesses it was appointed that the Lawgiver of all the earth should be educated, rather than by his own kindred ;—how that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave' to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman ; and into her hand, for a symbol, the weaver's shuttle ; and how the name and the form of that spirit, adopted, believed, and obeyed by the Greeks, became that Athena of the olive-helm, and cloudy shield, to faith in whom you owe, down to this date, whatever you hold most precious in art, in literature, or in types of national virtue.

63. But I will not wander into this distant and mythical element ; I will only ask you to give its legitimate value to the testimony of these great poets and men of the world,—consistent, as you see it is, on this head. I will ask you whether it can be supposed that these men, in the main work of their lives, are amusing themselves with a fictitious and idle view of the relations between man and woman ;—nay, worse than fictitious or idle ; for a thing may be

imaginary, yet desirable, if it were possible ; but this, their ideal of woman, is, according to our common idea of the marriage relation, wholly undesirable. The woman, we say, is not to guide, nor even to think for herself. The man is always to be the wiser ; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discretion, as in power.

64. Is it not somewhat important to make up our minds on this matter ? Are all these great men mistaken, or are we ? Are Shakespeare and Aeschylus, Dante and Homer, merely dressing dolls for us ; or, worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the realization of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy into all households and ruin into all affections ? Nay, if you could suppose this, take lastly the evidence of facts, given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress, there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion, by the lover, to his mistress. I say *obedient* ;—not merely enthusiastic and worshiping in imagination, but entirely subject, receiving from the beloved woman, however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all toil, but so far as any choice is open, or any question difficult of decision, the *direction* of all toil. That chivalry, to the abuse and dishonor of which are attributable primarily whatever is cruel in war, unjust in peace, or corrupt and ignoble in domestic relations ; and to the original purity and power of which we owe the defense alike of faith, of law, and of love ;—that chivalry, I say, in its very first conception of honorable life, assumes the subjection of the young knight to the command—should it even be the command in caprice—of his lady. It assumes this, because its masters knew that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady ; that where that true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passions must be ;

and that in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe, or honorable, were it ever rendered to the unworthy; but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it *is* impossible for every one rightly trained—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

65. I do not insist by any farther argument on this, for I think it should commend itself at once to your knowledge of what has been and to your feelings of what should be. You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails. Know you not those lovely lines—I would they were learned by all youthful ladies of England:—

“ Ah, wasteful woman! — she who may
 On her sweet self set her own price,
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay —
 How has she cheapen'd Paradise!
 How given for nought her priceless gift,
 How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,
 Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
 Had made brutes men, and men divine ! ”¹

66. Thus much, then, respecting the relations of lovers I believe you will accept. But what we too often doubt is the

¹ Coventry Patmore. You cannot read him too often or too carefully; as far as I know he is the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies; the others sometimes darken, and nearly always depress and discourage, the imagination they deeply seize.

fitness of the continuance of such a relation throughout the whole of human life. We think it right in the lover and mistress, not in the husband and wife. That is to say, we think that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affection we still doubt, and whose character we as yet do but partially and distantly discern ; and that this reverence and duty are to be withdrawn, when the affection has become wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been so sifted and tried that we fear not to entrust it with the happiness of our lives. Do you not see how ignoble this is, as well as how unreasonable? Do you not feel that marriage,—when it is marriage at all,—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

67. But how, you will ask, is the idea of this guiding function of the woman reconcilable with a true wifely subjection? Simply in that it is a *guiding*, not a determining, function. Let me try to show you briefly how these powers seem to be rightly distinguishable.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the “superiority” of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

68. Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement.

and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial: to him, therefore, must be the failure, the offense, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued; often misled; and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offense. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home: so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea,—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfills the praise, of home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot: but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her; better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

69. This, then, I believe to be,—will you not admit it to be,—the woman's true place and power? But do not you see that to fulfill this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation: wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side: wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense—"La donna è mobile," not "Qual piúm' al vento"; no, nor yet "Variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made"; but variable as the *light*, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the color of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

70. II.—I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power of woman. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of education is to fit her for these?

And if you indeed think this is a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace the course of education which would fit her for the one, and raise her to the other.

The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful persons now doubt this—is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty, the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendor of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far: only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart.

There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite *rightness*—which point you to the source, and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. I will read the introductory stanzas, but the last is the one I wish you specially to notice:—

“ Three years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, ‘ A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown.
 This child I to myself will take ;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

“ Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse ; and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle, or restrain.

“ The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her ; for her the willow bend ;
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motions of the storm
 Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
 By silent sympathy.

“ And *vital feelings of delight*
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell.
 Such *thoughts* to Lucy I will give,
 While she and I together live,
 Here in this happy dell.”¹

¹ Observe, it is “ Nature ” who is speaking throughout, and who says,
 “ While she and I together live.”

"Vital feelings of delight," observe. There are deadly feelings of delight ; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to very life.

And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature — there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort — which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue.

71. This for the means : now note the end. Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty —

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years, — full of sweet records ; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise ; — opening always — modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise.

72. Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men : and yet it should be given, not as knowledge, — not as if it

were, or could be, for her an object to know ; but only to feel, and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one ; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that ; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought ; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws ; and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment, as far as to the threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves forever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or names of celebrated persons — it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary ; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads ; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination ; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement : it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fatal threads of woven fire that connect error with its retribution. But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being for her determined as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath : and to the contemporary calamity, which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imagining what would be the effects upon

her mind and conduct, if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves ;—and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them,—and is, “for all who are desolate and oppressed.”

73. Thus far, I think, I have had your concurrence ; perhaps you will not be with me in what I believe is most needful for me to say. There *is* one dangerous science for women — one which they must indeed beware how they profanely touch — that of theology. Strange, and miserably strange, that while they are modest enough to doubt their powers, and pause at the threshold of sciences where every step is demonstrable and sure, they will plunge headlong, and without one thought of incompetency, into that science in which the greatest men have trembled, and the wisest erred. Strange, that they will complacently and pridefully bind up whatever vice or folly there is in them, whatever arrogance, petulance, or blind incomprehensiveness, into one bitter bundle of consecrated myrrh. Strange, in creatures born to be Love visible, that where they can know least, they will condemn first, and think to recommend themselves to their Master, by scrambling up the steps of His judgment throne, to divide it with Him. Strangest of all, that they should think they were led by the Spirit of the Comforter into habits of mind which have become in them the unmixed elements of home discomfort ; and that they dare to turn the Household Gods of Christianity into ugly

idols of their own ;—spiritual dolls, for them to dress according to their caprice ; and from which their husbands must turn away in grieved contempt, lest they should be shrieked at for breaking them.

74. I believe then, with this exception, that a girl's education should be nearly, in its course and material of study, the same as a boy's ; but quite differently directed. A woman, in any rank of life, ought to know whatever her husband is likely to know, but to know it in a different way. His command of it should be foundational and progressive ; hers, general and accomplished for daily and helpful use. Not but that it would often be wiser in men to learn things in a womanly sort of way, for present use, and to seek for the discipline and training of their mental powers in such branches of study as will be afterwards fittest for social service ; but, speaking broadly, a man ought to know any language or science he learns, thoroughly — while a woman ought to know the same language, or science, only so far as may enable her to sympathize in her husband's pleasures, and in those of his best friends.

75. Yet, observe, with exquisite accuracy as far as she reaches. There is a wide difference between elementary knowledge and superficial knowledge — between a firm beginning, and an infirm attempt at compassing. A woman may always help her husband by what she knows, however little ; by what she half-knows, or mis-knows, she will only tease him.

And indeed, if there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects : and that her range of literature should be, not more, but less frivolous ; calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit ; and

also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought. I enter not now into any question of choice of books ; only let us be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly.

76. Or even of the fountain of wit ; for with respect to that sore temptation of novel-reading, it is not the badness of a novel that we should dread, so much as its overwrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of religious exciting literature, and the worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays. But the best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.

77. I speak therefore of good novels only ; and our modern literature is particularly rich in types of such. Well read, indeed, these books have serious use, being nothing less than treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry ; studies of human nature in the elements of it. But I attach little weight to this function : they are hardly ever read with earnestness enough to permit them to fulfill it. The utmost they usually do is to enlarge somewhat the charity of a kind reader, or the bitterness of a malicious one ; for each will gather, from the novel, food for her own disposition. Those who are naturally proud and envious will learn from Thackeray to despise humanity ; those who are naturally gentle, to pity it ; those who are naturally shallow, to laugh at it. So, also, there might be a serviceable power in novels to bring before us, in vividness, a human truth which we had before dimly conceived ; but the temptation to picturesqueness of statement is so great,

that often the best writers of fiction cannot resist it ; and our views are rendered so violent and one-sided, that their vitality is rather a harm than good.

78. Without, however, venturing here on any attempt at decision of how much novel-reading should be allowed, let me at least clearly assert this, that whether novels, or poetry, or history be read, they should be chosen, not for their freedom from evil, but for their possession of good. The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a powerful book, never does any harm to a noble girl ; but the emptiness of an author oppresses her, and his amiable folly degrades her. And if she can have access to a good library of old and classical books, there need be no choosing at all. Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way ; turn her loose into the old library every wet day, and let her alone. She will find what is good for her ; you cannot ; for there is just this difference between the making of a girl's character and a boy's — you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does, — she will wither without sun ; she will decay in her sheath, as the narcissus will, if you do not give her air enough ; she may fall, and defile her head in dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life ; but you cannot fetter her ; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always —

“ Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty.”

Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you ; and the good ones, too, and will eat some bitter and

prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought would have been so.

79. Then, in art, keep the finest models before her, and let her practice in all accomplishments to be accurate and thorough, so as to enable her to understand more than she accomplishes. I say the finest models—that is to say, the truest, simplest, usefulness. Note those epithets; they will range through all the arts. Try them in music, where you might think them the least applicable. I say the truest, that in which the notes most closely and faithfully express the meaning of the words, or the character of intended emotion; again, the simplest, that in which the meaning and melody are attained with the fewest and most significant notes possible; and, finally, the usefulness, that music which makes the best words most beautiful, which enchant them in our memories each with its own glory of sound, and which applies them closest to the heart at the moment we need them.

80. And not only in the material and in the course, but yet more earnestly in the spirit of it, let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's. You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornament, and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers—appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach *them*, also, that courage and truth are the pillars of their being;—do you think that they would not answer that appeal, brave and true as they are even now, when you know that there is hardly a girl's school in this Christian kingdom where the children's courage or sincerity would be thought of half so much importance as their way of coming in at a door; and when the whole system of society, as respects the mode of establishing them in life, is one rotten plague of cowardice and imposture—cowardice, in not daring to let them live, or love, except as

their neighbors choose ; and imposture, in bringing, for the purpose of our own pride, the full glow of the world's worst vanity upon a girl's eyes, at the very period when the whole happiness of her future existence depends upon her remaining undazzled ?

81. And give them, lastly, not only noble teachings, but noble teachers. You consider somewhat, before you send your boy to school, what kind of a man the master is ;— whatsoever kind of a man he is, you at least give him full authority over your son, and show some respect for him yourself ;— if he comes to dine with you, you do not put him at a side table ; you know, also, that at his college, your child's immediate tutor will be under the direction of some still higher tutor, for whom you have absolute reverence. You do not treat the Dean of Christ Church or the Master of Trinity as your inferiors.

But what teachers do you give your girls, and what reverence do you show to the teachers you have chosen ? Is a girl likely to think her own conduct, or her own intellect, of much importance, when you trust the entire formation of her character, moral and intellectual, to a person whom you let your servants treat with less respect than they do your housekeeper (as if the soul of your child were a less charge than jams and groceries), and whom you yourself think you confer an honor upon by letting her sometimes sit in the drawing-room in the evening ?

82. Thus, then, of literature as her help, and thus of art. There is one more help which we cannot do without— one which, alone, has sometimes done more than all other influences besides,— the help of wild and fair nature. Hear this of the education of Joan of Arc :—

“ The education of this poor girl was mean according to the present standard ; was ineffably grand, according to a

purer philosophic standard ; and only not good for our age, because for us it would be unattainable. . . .

"Next after her spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domrémy was on the brink of a boundless forest ; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies, that the parish priest (*curé*) was obliged to read mass there once a year, in order to keep them in any decent bounds. . . .

"But the forests of Domrémy — those were the glories of the land ; for in them abode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered into tragic strength. 'Abbeys there were, and abbey windows,' — 'like Moorish temples of the Hindoos,' that exercised even princely power both in Touraine and in the German Diets. These had their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers, and each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, so as in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; yet many enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness."¹

Now, you cannot, indeed, have here in England, woods eighteen miles deep to the centre ; but you can, perhaps, keep a fairy or two for your children yet, if you wish to keep them. But *do* you wish it? Suppose you had each, at the back of your houses, a garden large enough for your children to play in, with just as much lawn as would give them room to run,—no more—and that you could not change your abode; but that, if you chose, you could double your income, or quadruple it, by digging a coal-shaft in the middle of the lawn, and turning the flower-beds into heaps of coke. Would you do it? I hope not. I can tell you,

¹ "Joan of Arc : in reference to M. Michelet's History of France." De Quincey's Works, Vol. III, page 217.

you would be wrong if you did, though it gave you income sixty-fold instead of four-fold.

83. Yet this is what you are doing with all England. The whole country is but a little garden, not more than enough for your children to run on the lawns of, if you would let them *all* run there. And this little garden you will turn into furnace-ground, and fill with heaps of cinders, if you can ; and those children of yours, not you, will suffer for it. For the fairies will not be all banished ; there are fairies of the furnace as of the wood, and their first gifts seem to be “sharp arrows of the mighty” ; but their last gifts are “coals of juniper.”

84. And yet I cannot — though there is no part of my subject that I feel more — press this upon you ; for we made so little use of the power of nature while we had it, that we shall hardly feel what we have lost. Just on the other side of the Mersey you have your Snowdon, and your Menai Straits, and that mighty granite rock beyond the moors of Anglesea, splendid in its heatherly crest, and foot planted in the deep sea, once thought of as sacred — a divine promontory, looking westward ; the Holy Head or Headland, still not without awe when its red light glares first through storm. These are the hills, and these the bays and blue inlets, which, among the Greeks, would have been always loved, always fateful in influence on the national mind. That Snowdon is your Parnassus ; but where are its Muses ? That Holyhead mountain is your Island of Ægina, but where is its Temple to Minerva ?

85. Shall I read you what the Christian Minerva had achieved under the shadow of our Parnassus, up to the year 1848 ? — Here is a little account of a Welsh school, from page 261 of the report on Wales, published by the Committee of Council on Education. This is a school close to a town containing 5,000 persons : —

“I then called up a larger class, most of whom had recently come to the school. Three girls repeatedly declared that they had never heard of Christ, and two that they had never heard of God. Two out of six thought Christ was on earth now (‘they might have had a worse thought, perhaps’); three knew nothing about the crucifixion. Four out of seven did not know the names of the months, nor the number of days in a year. They had no notion of addition beyond two and two, or three and three ; their minds were perfect blanks.”

Oh, ye women of England ! from the Princess of that Wales to the simplest of you, do not think your own children can be brought into their true fold of rest while these are scattered on the hills, as sheep having no shepherd. And do not think your daughters can be trained to the truth of their own human beauty, while the pleasant places, which God made at once for their school-room and their playground, lie desolate and defiled. You cannot baptize them rightly in those inch-deep fonts of yours, unless you baptize them also in the sweet waters which the great Lawgiver strikes forth forever from the rocks of your native land — waters which a Pagan would have worshiped in their purity, and you only worship with pollution. You cannot lead your children faithfully to those narrow axe-hewn church altars of yours, while the dark azure altars in heaven — the mountains that sustain your island throne, — mountains on which a Pagan would have seen the powers of heaven rest in every wreathed cloud — remain for you without inscription ; altars built, not to, but by, an Unknown God.

86. III.— Thus far, then, of the nature, thus far of the teaching, of woman, and thus of her household office, and queenliness. We come now to our last, our widest question, — What is her queenly office with respect to the state ?

Generally we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty, relating to his own home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work and duty, relating to her own home, and a public work and duty, which is also the expansion of that.

Now the man's work for his own home is, as has been said, to secure its maintenance, progress, and defense ; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness.

Expand both these functions. The man's duty, as a member of a commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defense of the state. The woman's duty, as a member of the commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the state.

When the man is at his own gate, defending it, if need be, against insult and spoil, that also, not in a less, but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country, leaving his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there.

And, in like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the center of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty ; that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.

And as within the human heart there is always set an instinct for all its real duties, — an instinct which you cannot quench, but only warp and corrupt if you withdraw it from its true purpose ; — as there is the intense instinct of love, which, rightly disciplined, maintains all the sanctities of life, and, misdirected, undermines them ; and *must* do either the one or the other ; — so there is in

the human heart an inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life, and misdirected, wrecks them.

87. Deep rooted in the innermost life of the heart of man, and of the heart of woman, God set it there, and God keeps it there. Vainly, as falsely, you blame or rebuke the desire of power! — For Heaven's sake, and for Man's sake, desire it all you can. But *what* power? That is all the question. Power to destroy? the lion's limb, and the dragon's breath? Not so. Power to heal, to redeem, to guide, and to guard. Power of the scepter and shield; the power of the royal hand that heals in touching,—that binds the fiend and looses the captive; the throne that is founded on the rock of Justice, and descended from only by steps of mercy. Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more housewives, but queens?

88. It is now long since the women of England arrogated, universally, a title which once belonged to nobility only, and, having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of gentlewoman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted on the privilege of assuming the title of "Lady,"¹ which properly corresponds only to the title of "Lord."

I do not blame them for this; but only for their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim, not merely the title, but

¹ I wish there were a true order of chivalry instituted for our English youth of certain ranks, in which both boy and girl should receive, at a given age, their knighthood and ladyhood by true title; attainable only by certain probation and trial both of character and accomplishment; and to be forfeited, on conviction, by their peers, of any dishonorable act. Such an institution would be entirely, and with all noble results, possible, in a nation which loved honor. That it would not be possible among us is not to the discredit of the scheme.

the office and duty signified by it. Lady means "bread-giver" or "loaf-giver," and Lord means "maintainer of laws," and both titles have reference, not to the law which is maintained in the house, nor to the bread which is given to the household, but to law maintained for the multitude, and to bread broken among the multitude. So that a Lord has legal claim only to his title in so far as he is the maintainer of the justice of the Lord of Lords ; and a Lady has legal claim to her title only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to Him of their substance, were permitted to extend to that Master Himself ; and when she is known, as He Himself once was, in breaking of bread.

89. And this beneficent and legal dominion, this power of the Dominus, or House Lord, and of the Domina, or House-Lady, is great and venerable, not in the number of those through whom it has lineally descended, but in the number of those whom it grasps within its sway ; it is always regarded with reverent worship wherever its dynasty is founded on its duty, and its ambition co-relative with its beneficence. Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies, with a train of vassals. Be it so : you cannot be too noble, and your train cannot be too great ; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves who serve and feed *you* ; and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted, not oppressed, — whom you have redeemed, not led into captivity.

90. And this, which is true of the lower or household dominion, is equally true of the queenly dominion ; — that highest dignity is opened to you, if you will also accept that highest duty. *Rex et Regina* — *Roi et Reine* — "*Right-doers*" ; they differ but from the Lady and Lord, in that their power is supreme over the mind as over the person —

that they not only feed and clothe, but direct and teach. And whether consciously or not, you must be, in many a heart, enthroned : there is no putting by that crown ; queens you must always be ; queens to your lovers ; queens to your husbands and your sons ; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself, and will forever bow, before the myrtle crown, and the stainless scepter, of womanhood. But, alas ! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest ; and leaving misrule and violence to work their will among men, in defiance of the power, which, holding straight in gift from the Prince of all Peace, the wicked among you betray, and the good forget.

91. "Prince of Peace." Note that name. When kings rule in that name, and nobles, and the judges of the earth, they also, in their narrow place, and mortal measure, receive the power of it. There are no other rulers than they : other rule than theirs is but *misrule* ; they who govern verily "*Dei gratiâ*" are all princes, yes, or princesses, of peace. There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it ; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. Men, by their nature, are prone to fight ; they will fight for any cause, or for none. It is for you to choose their cause for them, and to forbid them when there is no cause. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy in their own struggle ; but men are feeble in sympathy, and contracted in hope ; it is you only who can feel the depths of pain ; and conceive the way of its healing. Instead of trying to do this, you turn away from it ; you shut yourselves within your park walls and garden

gates ; and you are content to know that there is beyond them a whole world in wilderness—a world of secrets which you dare not penetrate ; and of suffering which you dare not conceive.

92. I tell you that this is to me quite the most amazing among the phenomena of humanity. I am surprised at no depths to which, when once warped from its honor, that humanity can be degraded. I do not wonder at the miser's death, with his hands, as they relax, dropping gold. I do not wonder at the sensualist's life, with the shroud wrapped about his feet. I do not wonder at the single-handed murder of a single victim, done by the assassin in the darkness of the railway, or reed-shadow of the marsh. I do not even wonder at the myriad-handed murder of multitudes, done boastfully in the daylight, by the frenzy of nations, and the immeasurable, unimaginable guilt, heaped up from hell to heaven, of their priests, and kings. But this is wonderful to me—oh, how wonderful!—to see the tender and delicate woman among you, with her child at her breast, and a power, if she would wield it, over it, and over its father, purer than the air of heaven, and stronger than the seas of earth—nay, a magnitude of blessing which her husband would not part with for all that earth itself, though it were made of one entire and perfect chrysolite :—to see her abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next-door neighbor ! This is wonderful—oh, wonderful!—to see her, with every innocent feeling fresh within her, go out in the morning into her garden to play with the fringes of its guarded flowers, and lift their heads when they are drooping, with her happy smile upon her face, and no cloud upon her brow, because there is a little wall around her place of peace : and yet she knows, in her heart, if she would only look for its knowledge, that, outside of that little rose-covered wall, the wild grass, to the horizon, is

torn up by the agony of men, and beat level by the drift of their life blood.

93. Have you ever considered what a deep under meaning there lies, or at least may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet? — that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses? So surely as they believe that, they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers: but they rise behind her steps, not before them. “Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy.”

94. You think that only a lover’s fancy; — false and vain! How if it could be true? You think this also, perhaps, only a poet’s fancy —

“Even the light harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread.”

But it is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive; the harebells should bloom, not stoop, as she passes. You think I am rushing into wild hyperbole? Pardon me, not a whit — I mean what I say in calm English, spoken in resolute truth. You have heard it said — (and I believe there is more than fancy even in that saying, but let it pass for a fanciful one) — that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would

like that to be true ; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them : nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard them ;—if you could bid the black blight turn away, and the knotted caterpillar spare — if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say to the south wind, in frost — “Come, thou south, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out.” This you would think a great thing ? And do you think it not a greater thing, that all this (and how much more than this !) you *can* do, for fairer flowers than these — flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them ;—flowers that have thoughts like yours, and lives like yours ; which, once saved, you save forever ? Is this only a little power ? Far among the moorlands and the rocks,—far in the darkness of the terrible streets,—these feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken—will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their trembling from the fierce wind ? Shall morning follow morning, for you, but not for them ; and the dawn rise to watch, far away, those frantic Dances of Death ;¹ but no dawn rise to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet, and woodbine, and rose ; nor call to you, through your casement,—call (not giving you the name of the English poet’s lady, but the name of Dante’s great Matilda, who on the edge of happy Lethe, stood, wreathing flowers with flowers), saying :—

“ Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses blown.”

¹ See note, p. 43.

Will you not go down among them?—among those sweet living things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep color of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of goodly spire; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise;—and still they turn to you, and for you, “The Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear! And the Lily whispers—I wait.”

95. Did you notice that I missed two lines when I read you that first stanza; and think that I had forgotten them? Hear them now:—

“Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown.
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate, alone.”

Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden, alone, waiting for you? Did you ever hear, not of a Maude, but a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found one waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often;—sought Him in vain, all through the night;—sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there; but at the gate of *this* garden He is waiting always—waiting to take your hand—ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished, and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding—there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed;—more: you shall see the troops of the angel keepers, that, with their wings, wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where He has sown, and call to each other between the vineyard rows, “Take us the

foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Oh—you queens— you queens ; among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; and in your cities, shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head ?

ANNOTATIONS.

51. Spectral: merely having the appearance of ; unreal.

The likeness of a kingly crown have on: these words are borrowed from Milton's description of death.—"Paradise Lost," Book II.

56. Orlan'do and Rös'alind: characters in Shakespeare's play "As You Like It."

Cordel'ia: banished daughter of King Lear.

Desdemón'a: heroine of the drama "Othello."

Isabella: a character in "Measure for Measure."

Hermi'one: the wife, and **Perdita**, the daughter, of Leontes, King of Sicily, in "A Winter's Tale."

Im'ogen: heroine of the drama "Cymbeline."

Queen Katherine: first wife of Henry VIII, and heroine of the drama "Henry VIII."

Sil'veria: the lady beloved by Valentine in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Viō'la: heroine of the drama "Twelfth Night."

Hēl'ena: heroine of "All's Well that Ends Well."

Virgilia: wife of Coriolanus, in Shakespeare's play of that name.

Julia: a character in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Hero and Beatrice: characters in the drama "Much Ado About Nothing."

The unlessoned girl: Portia, in "Merchant of Venice." She uses these words concerning herself.

57. **Emilia**: wife of Iago, in Shakespeare's play "Othello."
58. **Ophelia**: heroine of Shakespeare's "Hamlet."
- Lady Macbeth**: wife of Macbeth, in Shakespeare's drama.
- Regan and Goneril**: sisters of Cordelia and daughters of King Lear.
59. **Dand'ie Din'mont**: an eccentric character in Scott's novel "Guy Mannering."
- Rob Roy**: hero of Scott's story of the same name.
- Clā'erhouse**: a character in "The Bride of Lammermoor."
- Ellen Douglas**: heroine of Scott's "Lady of the Lake."
- Flora MacIvor**: heroine of "Waverley."
- Rose Bradwardine**: a character in "Waverley."
- Catherine Seyton**: a character in "The Abbot."
- Dian'a Vernon**: heroine of "Rob Roy."
- Lilias Redgauntlet**: a character in Scott's story "Redgauntlet."
- Alice Bridgenorth**: heroine of "Peveril of the Peak."
- Alice Lee**: a character in "Woodstock."
- Jeanie Deans**: a character in "Heart of Midlothian."
60. *A love poem to his dead lady*: Bē'atrice, to whom the poet Dante had been deeply attached, died in her 24th year. Dante's love for her became to him a source of poetic inspiration, and he represents her as his guide in the "Paradiso."
- Dan'te Rossett'i**: a distinguished artist and poet, and a personal friend of Ruskin.
61. **Andromache** (An-drōm'-a-ke): wife of Hector, a Trojan hero in the "Iliad."
- Cassan'dra**: daughter of Priam, King of Troy. She was gifted with the power of prophecy, but Apollo, whom she had offended, cursed her so that no one would believe her predictions.
- Nausicāā**: daughter of the King of the Phœacians, whose court was visited by Ulysses in his wanderings ("Odyssey"). She is a type of maidenly purity.
- Pen'l'o-pe**: wife of Ulysses,—type of wifely constancy.
- Antig'one**: heroine of Sophocles' drama of that name,—type of filial devotion.
- Iphigenia** (If-i-gen-i'a): daughter of Agamemnon, leader of the Greeks in the Trojan war, who offered her as a sacrifice to propitiate the offended goddess Diana.

Alces'tis: wife of Admē'tus, to save whose life she offered to die. Hercules brought her to life and restored her to her husband.

62. Una: an allegorical character in Spenser's "Faery Queene." She represents Truth.

Brit'omart: a character in the same poem. She typifies Chastity.

Lawgiver of all the earth: Moses, who was adopted by an Egyptian princess, daughter of Pharoah.—See Exodus ii. 5-10.

Athē'na: see Annotations to Kings' Treasuries, 45.

The Egyptian 'Spirit of Wisdom' is the goddess *Neith*.

Aeschylus (Es'-ke-lus): a celebrated tragic dramatist of Greece.

68. A Vestal temple: a temple sacred to *Vestā*, goddess of the hearth, and therefore dedicated to purity and peace.

Pharos: a lighthouse built on an island at the entrance of the port of Alexandria in Egypt, one of the wonders of the ancient world.

69. "La donna è mobile": woman is changeable.

"Qual pi' um' al vento": like a feather in the wind.

"Variable as the shade," etc.: see Scott's "Marmion," Canto vi. Stanza 30.

70. That poet who is distinguished, etc.: Wordsworth.

71. The lines quoted are from Wordsworth's poem entitled "She was a Phantom of Delight."

81. Christ Church: one of the colleges forming the University of Oxford.

Trinity: one of the colleges belonging to the University of Cambridge.

82. Joan of Arc: the French peasant girl of Domre'my whose courage and enthusiasm enabled her to lead the French troops to victory over the English invaders (1402 A.D.).

Touraine: a province of France.

German Diets: legislative bodies in Germany are called Diets.

84. Snowdon: the highest mountain in Wales (3571 feet).

Holy Head: a seaport town on an island west of the island of Anglesea, with which it is connected by a causeway.

Parnas'sus: a mountain in Greece, believed to be a favorite haunt of Apollo and the Muses.

Island of Aegī'na: an island of Greece, sixteen miles from Athens, anciently celebrated for its magnificent temples.

Minerva: Roman name for Athena, goddess of wisdom.

87. *Power of the royal hand that heals in touching:* an allusion to the belief formerly current in England that the sovereign had the gift of healing by a touch.

90. **Rex et Regī'na** (Latin) and **Roi et Reine** (French) for king and queen. Derived from the Latin verb *regere*, to direct or guide straight; hence *right*.

91. **Dēi grā'tia:** by the grace of God.

93. "*Her feet have touched the meadows,*" etc. --from Tennyson's "Maud."

94. The lines quoted are from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Canto i. Stanza 18.

Dances of Death: pleasures of a life of dissipation.

Matil'da: an Italian countess, benefactress of the Church. Matilda (Dante) and Maud (Tennyson) are really the same name.

Lethē: in Greek mythology, a river of the underworld, a drink of whose waters caused forgetfulness of the past. Dante, however, attributed to its waters a double power:—

"Power to take away
Remembrance of offence"—and—"to bring
Remembrance back of every good deed done."

Purgatorio xxix. 134.

"*Come into the garden, Maud,*" etc.: quoted from Tennyson's poem "Maud."

95. **Madeleine:** same as *Magdalene*. See John xx. 20.

That old garden where the fiery sword is set: see Genesis iii. 24.

Sanguine seed: the seeds of the pomegranate seem to be blood-red in color. *Sanguine* is derived from the Latin *sanguis*, blood.

"*Take us the foxes,*" etc. See Song of Solomon ii. 15.

"Wealth is simply one of the greatest powers which can be entrusted to human hands; a power not, indeed, to be envied, because it seldom makes us happy; but still less to be abdicated or despised; while, in these days, and in this country, it has become a power all the more notable, in that the possessions of a rich man are not represented, as they used to be, by wedges of gold or coffers of jewels, but by masses of men variously employed, over whose bodies and minds the wealth, according to its direction, exercises harmful or helpful influence, and becomes, in that alternative, Mammon either of Unrighteousness or Righteousness." — From *Political Economy of Art*.

UNTO THIS LAST.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN the year 1860, Ruskin sent to his friend Thackeray, who was then editing the "Cornhill Magazine," some papers in which he had embodied his conception of a true social science. After the publication of the first three papers, in which the author had vehemently assailed what he deemed fallacies in the commonly accepted theories in social economics, Thackeray wrote that the outcry against them was so loud and bitter that he could admit only one more. These four papers were, in the following year, published by Mr. Ruskin under the title "Unto This Last." In the preface, he says that he believes them to be "the truest, rightest-worded, and most serviceable things" he had written.

To these he added, in 1862, six essays on fundamental questions affecting the commercial relations of men, and entitled them "Munera Pulveris." In both series, he protests, with the earnestness of Luther, against the domination of the selfish "let-alone" doctrines of the dictators in Political Economy, to the practical workings of which, he attributes, in large measure, the wide-spread distress and misery attending our mechanical civilization.

These utterances, which so offended the indolent self-satisfaction of the public mind, were neither petulant nor hasty, as they have seemed to many, but were the deliberate conclusions of several years of personal observation and practical effort among the workingmen of England.

In all his teachings on art, Mr. Ruskin truthfully says that he had brought everything to its roots in human passion or human hope. In 1857, he had delivered, at Manchester, two lectures on "The Political Economy of Art," in which he had maintained that the true economy of a state is in so regulating its forces that "the joy which is to be a joy forever" shall be "a joy for all." Mr. Collingwood says that there are very few points in these papers which were then so vigorously contested that have not since been practically conceded. The strongest evidence of their leavening influence, however, is shown in the surprise with which intelligent students of social science to-day read of the angry denunciations which forbade the publication of this "hopeless rubbish" in the magazines of thirty years ago.

In his choice of a title "*Unto This Last*," based upon the parable (Matt. xx. 1-14) in which Jesus expresses his views on work and wages, Ruskin reveals his habit of referring all questions of life to the moral principles of the Bible.

In one of his letters in "Time and Tide," he has called attention to a fact seldom thought of; namely, that Christ's main, or direct, teachings have regard largely to the use and misuse of money.

The modern state, considered as a body of men acting under a common social bond—a Commonwealth—is controlled mainly by commercial laws. Hence the "Wealth of Nations" has become the text, as well as the text-book of Political Economy. So, in his preface, Mr. Ruskin tells his readers that, "The real gist of these lectures, their central meaning and aim, is to give, as I believe, for the first time in plain English, a logical definition of Wealth."

"Their second object is to show that the acquisition of wealth is finally possible only under certain moral conditions of society of which the first is a belief in the attainability of honesty."

For the practical realization of the best conditions in the state, Mr. Ruskin advocates :—

1. Training schools for youth to be established and controlled by Government in which shall be taught, in addition to some subjects of knowledge, the laws of health; habits of gentleness and justice; the callings by which the students are to live.

2. In connection with the technical classes, the establishment of Government workshops for the production and sale of all necessaries,—not to interfere with private enterprise, but to furnish a standard of good work and honest dealing.

3. That any person out of employment should be set to work in the nearest Government workshop; the ignorant to be taught, and those objecting to be compelled to work.

4. Such work to be paid for at a sufficient fixed rate, according to the nature of the employment.

5. For the destitute aged, comfort and home to be provided; and this, not as an alms, but as a just recognition of worthy work done in days of strength; in the belief that a laborer serves his country with a spade just as honorably as he who serves with sword, pen, or lancet.

A recent magazine writer says that these propositions, which were considered dangerous doctrine when Ruskin made them, are all, either already adopted, or seriously discussed by practical economists.

The first of these papers, entitled *The Roots of Honor*, treats of the responsibilities and duties of those who hold positions of trust and service.

Mr. Ruskin takes issue with the writers on political economy in their view of the motives which should actuate men in their dealings with one another. While political economy holds that the efficient stimulus to human effort lies in the desire to advance self by taking an avaricious advantage of the necessities or the weakness of others, Mr. Ruskin maintains that society can really prosper only by a general practice of the principles of altruistic justice taught in the Golden Rule. The teachings of the former make of man a "covetous machine," and produce antagonism between those whose relations should be mutually serviceable. To the operation of the selfish laws enunciated by the economists, Mr. Ruskin attributes the frequent conflicts between labor and capital. The best work will be done when the worker works heartily; *i.e.*, when "the motive force is brought to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel; namely, by the affections."

This position is enforced by reference to the relations of master and operative as seen in domestic service and in army experience, where personal devotion may easily be secured by the sympathetic consideration, which is the secret of real justice. In the usual administration of commercial and manufacturing enterprises, however, the custom of varying the wages according to the demand for labor prevents the affections from becoming an active motive force.

To overcome the disaffection which is the natural effect of the working of this principle in economics, Mr. Ruskin suggests : First, that, in labor, as in the professions, a regular rate of wages should be established, irrespective of any consideration, except that of skill: Second, that a system should be adopted by which the workman may have a permanent interest in the success of the employer's business.

In "Time and Tide," Ruskin has explained definitely his idea of coöperation. He does not advocate the coöperation

of partnership on the communistic principle, but the proportionate division of all profits above a certain amount. "The general tendency of such a system," he thinks, "is to increase the facilities of advancement among the subordinates ; to stimulate their ambition ; to enable them to lay by, if they are provident, more ample provision for declining years ; and to form, in the end, a vast class wholly different from the existing operative — able to procure all the comforts of life, and to devote some leisure to the attainments of liberal education and to the other objects of free life."

The motive principle in commerce, no less than in other departments of public service, should be self-sacrifice ; not to get as much and to give as little as possible, but to be willing to suffer loss, if need be, to maintain integrity.

The Veins of Wealth treats of the true source of a nation's riches.

In the discussion of this part of the subject, Mr. Ruskin maintains that a science which is based upon the principle of supply and demand should be named mercantile economy,—that which relates to *pay* or *wages*,—not political economy, which, according to its original meaning, relates to citizenship or the administration of the state.

The aim of this paper is to show that the true wealth of a state consists in the largest possible number of healthy, happy, noble men and women, and to refute the fallacy that the accumulation of vast riches in the hands of a few is of real advantage to a nation. "The real science of political economy is that which teaches nations to desire and labor for the things that lead to life."

Qui Judicatis Terram relates to the just distribution of a nation's riches. In the practical wisdom of Solomon, Mr. Ruskin finds the true science of getting rich, which is simply just dealing; for riches gained by fraud and oppression—"the taking advantage of a man's necessities in order to obtain his labor or property at a reduced price"—can ultimately profit the possessor nothing.

Mr. Ruskin believes that there must always be inequalities of fortune, as well as of talents; but that if, in all dealings with one another, men would obey the law of justice in love, conflicts bred of selfish striving would cease.

The solution of the problem, in Mr. Ruskin's opinion, is to be reached by discovering what constitutes justice in laws regulating the payment of labor. Equity in wages consists in an accurate exchange of time, strength, and skill. It is sometimes difficult to determine the exact worth of work; but, none the less, it has a definite value. Justice is thwarted when wages are determined by a number of competing workers, who are under-bidding one another.

He thinks that the application of the principles of modern political economy leads to a practical denial of the principles of Christ's religion, which Christian nations profess to follow.

ESSAY I.

THE ROOTS OF HONOR.

AMONG the delusions which at different periods have possessed themselves of the minds of large masses of the human race, perhaps the most curious—certainly the least creditable—is the modern *soi-disant* science of political economy, based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection.

Of course, as in the instances of alchemy, astrology, witchcraft, and other such popular creeds, political economy has a plausible idea at the root of it. "The social affections," says the economist, "are accidental and disturbing elements in human nature; but avarice and the desire of progress are constant elements. Let us eliminate the inconstants, and, considering the human being merely as a covetous machine, examine by what laws of labor, purchase, and sale, the greatest accumulative result in wealth is attainable. Those laws once determined, it will be for each individual afterwards to introduce as much of the disturbing affectionate element as he chooses, and to determine for himself the result on the new conditions supposed."

This would be a perfectly logical and successful method of analysis, if the accidentals afterwards to be introduced were of the same nature as the powers first examined. Supposing a body in motion to be influenced by constant and inconstant forces, it is usually the simplest way of examining its course to trace it first under the persistent conditions, and afterwards introduce the causes of variation. But the disturbing elements in the social problem are not of the same nature as the constant ones; they alter the essence of the creature under examination the moment they are added; they operate, not mathematically, but chemically, introducing conditions which render all our previous knowledge unavailable. We made learned experiments upon pure nitrogen, and have convinced ourselves that it is a very manageable gas: but behold! the thing which we have practically to deal with is its chloride; and this, the moment we touch it on our established principles, sends us and our apparatus through the ceiling.

Observe, I neither impugn nor doubt the conclusions of the science, if its terms are accepted. I am simply uninterested in them, as I should be in those of a science of

gymnastics which assumed that men had no skeletons. It might be shown, on that supposition, that it would be advantageous to roll the students up into pellets, flatten them into cakes, or stretch them into cables ; and that when these results were effected, the re-insertion of the skeleton would be attended with various inconveniences to their constitution. The reasoning might be admirable, the conclusions true, and the science deficient only in applicability. Modern political economy stands on a precisely similar basis. Assuming, not that the human being has no skeleton, but that it is all skeleton, it finds an ossifiant theory of progress on this negation of a soul ; and having shown the utmost that may be made of bones, and constructed a number of interesting geometrical figures with death's-heads and humeri, successfully proves the inconvenience of the reappearance of a soul among these corpuscular structures. I do not deny the truth of this theory : I simply deny its applicability to the present phase of the world.

This inapplicability has been curiously manifested during the embarrassment caused by the late strikes of our workmen. Here occurs one of the simplest cases, in a pertinent and positive form, of the first vital problem which political economy has to deal with (the relation between employer and employed) ; and at a severe crisis, when lives in multitudes, and wealth in masses, are at stake, the political economists are helpless — practically mute ; no demonstrable solution of the difficulty can be given by them, such as may convince or calm the opposing parties. Obstinate the masters take one view of the matter ; obstinately the operatives another ; and no political science can set them at one.

It would be strange if it could, it being not by "science" of any kind that men were ever intended to be set at one.

Disputant after disputant vainly tries to show that the interests of the masters are, or are not, antagonistic to those of the men: none of the pleaders ever seeming to remember that it does not absolutely or always follow that the persons must be antagonistic because their interests are. If there is only a crust of bread in the house, and mother and children are starving, their interests are not the same. If the mother eats it, the children want it; if the children eat it, the mother must go hungry to her work. Yet it does not necessarily follow that there will be "antagonism" between them, that they will fight for the crust, and that the mother, being strongest, will get it, and eat it. Neither, in any other case, whatever the relations of the persons may be, can it be assumed for certain that, because their interests are diverse, they must necessarily regard each other with hostility, and use violence or cunning to obtain the advantage.

Even if this were so, and it were as just as it is convenient to consider men as actuated by no other moral influences than those which affect rats or swine, the logical conditions of the question are still indeterminable. It can never be shown generally either that the interests of master and laborer are alike, or that they are opposed; for, according to circumstances, they may be either. It is, indeed, always the interest of both that the work should be rightly done, and a just price obtained for it; but, in the division of profits, the gain of the one may or may not be the loss of the other. It is not the master's interest to pay wages so low as to leave the men sickly and depressed, nor the workman's interest to be paid high wages if the smallness of the master's profit hinders him from enlarging his business, or conducting it in a safe and liberal way. A stoker ought not to desire high pay if the company is too poor to keep the engine-wheels in repair.

And the varieties of circumstances which influence these reciprocal interests are so endless, that all endeavor to deduce rules of action from balance of expediency is in vain. And it is meant to be in vain. For no human actions ever were intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. He has therefore rendered all endeavors to determine expediency futile forever more. No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself, or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and unjust act. And all of us may know also, that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and ourselves, though we can neither say what *is* best, nor how it is likely to come to pass.

I have said balances of justice, meaning, in the term justice, to include affection,—such affection as one man *owes* to another. All right relations between master and operative, and all their best interests, ultimately depend on these.

We shall find the best and simplest illustration of the relations of master and operative in the position of domestic servants.

We will suppose that the master of a household desires only to get as much work out of his servants as he can, at the rate of wages he gives. He never allows them to be idle; feeds them as poorly and lodges them as ill as they will endure, and in all things pushes his requirements to the exact point beyond which he cannot go without forcing the servant to leave him. In doing this, there is no violation on his part of what is commonly called “justice.” He agrees with the domestic for his whole time and service, and takes them; the limits of hardship in treatment being fixed by the practice of other masters in his neighborhood; that is to say, by the current rate of wages for domestic labor. If

the servant can get a better place, he is free to take one, and the master can only tell what is the real market value of his labor, by requiring as much as he will give.

This is the politico-economical view of the case, according to the doctors of that science, who assert that by this procedure the greatest average of work will be obtained from the servant, and therefore the greatest benefit to the community, and through the community, by reversion, to the servant himself.

That, however, is not so. It would be so if the servant were an engine of which the motive power was steam, magnetism, gravitation, or any other agent of calculable force. But he being, on the contrary, an engine whose motive power is a Soul, the force of this very peculiar agent, as an unknown quantity, enters into all the political economist's equations, without his knowledge, and falsifies every one of their results. The largest quantity of work will not be done by this curious engine for pay, or under pressure, or by help of any kind of fuel which may be applied by the chaldron. It will be done only when the motive force, that is to say, the will or spirit of the creature, is brought to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel; namely, by the affections.

It may indeed happen, and does happen often, that if the master is a man of sense and energy, a large quantity of material work may be done under mechanical pressure, enforced by strong will and guided by wise method; also it may happen, and does happen often, that if the master is indolent and weak (however good-natured), a very small quantity of work, and that bad, may be produced by the servant's undirected strength, and contemptuous gratitude. But the universal law of the matter is that, assuming any given quantity of energy and sense in master and servant, the greatest material result obtainable by them will be, not

through antagonism to each other, but through affection for each other ; and that if the master, instead of endeavoring to get as much work as possible from the servant, seeks rather to render his appointed and necessary work beneficial to him, and to forward his interests in all just and wholesome ways, the real amount of work ultimately done, or of good rendered, by the person so cared for, will indeed be the greatest possible.

Observe, I say, "of good rendered," for a servant's work is not necessarily or always the best thing he can give his master. But good of all kinds, whether in material service, in protective watchfulness of his master's interest and credit, or in joyful readiness to seize unexpected and irregular occasions of help.

Nor is this one whit less generally true because indulgence will be frequently abused, and kindness met with ingratitude. For the servant who, gently treated, is ungrateful, treated ungently, will be revengeful ; and the man who is dishonest to a liberal master, will be injurious to an unjust one.

In any case, and with any person, this unselfish treatment will produce the most effective return. Observe, I am here considering the affections wholly as a motive power ; not at all as things in themselves desirable or noble, or in any other way abstractedly good. I look at them simply as an anomalous force, rendering every one of the ordinary political economist's calculations nugatory ; while, even if he desired to introduce this new element into his estimates, he has no power of dealing with it ; for the affections only become a true motive power when they ignore every other motive and condition of political economy. Treat the servant kindly, with the idea of turning his gratitude to account, and you will get, as you deserve, no gratitude, nor any value for your kindness ; but treat him kindly without any economical purpose, and all economical purposes will

be answered; in this, as in all other matters, whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whoso loses it shall find it.¹

The next clearest and simplest example of relation between master and operative is that which exists between the commander of a regiment and his men.

Supposing the officer only desires to apply the rules of discipline so as, with least trouble to himself, to make the regiment most effective, he will not be able, by any rules, or administration of rules, on this selfish principle, to develop the full strength of his subordinates. If a man of sense and firmness, he may, as in the former instance, produce a better result than would be obtained by the irregular kindness of a

¹ The difference between the two modes of treatment, and between their effective material results, may be seen very accurately by a comparison of the relations of Esther and Charlie in *Bleak House*, with those of Miss Brass and the Marchioness in *Master Humphrey's Clock*.

The essential value and truth of Dickens's writings have been unwisely lost sight of by many thoughtful persons merely because he presents his truth with some color of caricature. Unwisely, because Dickens's caricature, though often gross, is never mistaken. Allowing for his manner of telling them, the things he tells us are always true. I wish that he could think it right to limit his brilliant exaggeration to works written only for public amusement; and when he takes up a subject of high national importance, such as that which he handled in *Hard Times*, that he would use severer and more accurate analysis. The usefulness of that work (to my mind, in several respects, the greatest he has written) is with many persons seriously diminished because Mr. Bounderby is a dramatic monster, instead of a characteristic example of a worldly master; and Stephen Blackpool a dramatic perfection, instead of a characteristic example of an honest workman. But let us not lose the use of Dickens's wit and insight, because he chooses to speak in a circle of stage fire. He is entirely right in his main drift and purpose in every book he has written; and all of them, but especially *Hard Times*, should be studied with close and earnest care by persons interested in social questions. They will find much that is partial, and, because partial, apparently unjust; but if they examine all the evidence on the other side, which Dickens seems to overlook, it will appear, after all their trouble, that his view was the finally right one, grossly and sharply told.

weak officer ; but let the sense and firmness be the same in both cases, and assuredly the officer who has the most direct personal relations with his men, the most care for their interests, and the most value for their lives, will develop their effective strength, through their affection for his own person, and trust in his character, to a degree wholly unattainable by other means. The law applies still more stringently as the numbers concerned are larger ; a charge may often be successful, though the men dislike their officers ; a battle has rarely been won, unless they loved their general.

Passing from these simple examples to the more complicated relations existing between a manufacturer and his workmen, we are met first by certain curious difficulties, resulting, apparently, from a harder and colder state of moral elements. It is easy to imagine an enthusiastic affection existing among soldiers for the colonel. Not so easy to imagine an enthusiastic affection among cotton-spinners for the proprietor of the mill. A body of men associated for purposes of robbery (as a Highland clan in ancient times) shall be animated by perfect affection, and every member of it be ready to lay down his life for the life of his chief. But a band of men associated for purposes of legal production and accumulation is usually animated, it appears, by no such emotions, and none of them is in any-wise willing to give his life for the life of his chief. Not only are we met by this apparent anomaly, in moral matters, but by others connected with it, in administration of system. For a servant or a soldier is engaged at a definite rate of wages, for a definite period ; but a workman at a rate of wages variable according to the demand for labor, and with the risk of being at any time thrown out of his situation by chances of trade. Now, as under these contingencies, no action of the affections can take place, but only an explosive

action of *disaffections*, two points offer themselves for consideration in the matter.

The first — How far the rate of wages may be so regulated as not to vary with the demand for labor.

The second — How far it is possible that bodies of workmen may be engaged and maintained at such fixed rate of wages (whatever the state of trade may be), without enlarging or diminishing their number, so as to give them permanent interest in the establishment with which they are connected, like that of the domestic servants in an old family, or an *esprit de corps*, like that of the soldiers in a crack regiment.

The first question is, I say, how far it may be possible to fix the rate of wages irrespectively of the demand for labor.

Perhaps one of the most curious facts in the history of human error is the denial by the common political economist of the possibility of thus regulating wages ; while for all the important, and much of the unimportant, labor on the earth, wages are already regulated.

We do not sell our prime-ministership by Dutch auction ; nor, on the decease of a bishop, whatever may be the general advantages of simony, do we (yet) offer his diocese to the clergyman who will take the episcopacy at the lowest contract. We (with exquisite sagacity of political economy !) do indeed sell commissions, but not openly, generalships : sick, we do not inquire for a physician who takes less than a guinea ; litigious, we never think of reducing six-and-eightpence to four-and-sixpence ; caught in a shower, we do not canvass the cabmen, to find one who values his driving at less than sixpence a mile.

It is true that in all these cases there is, and in every conceivable case there must be, ultimate reference to the presumed difficulty of the work, or number of candidates

for the office. If it were thought that the labor necessary to make a good physician would be gone through by a sufficient number of students with the prospect of only half-guinea fees, public consent would soon withdraw the unnecessary half-guinea. In this ultimate sense, the price of labor is indeed always regulated by the demand for it ; but so far as the practical and immediate administration of the matter is regarded, the best labor always has been, and is, as *all* labor ought to be, paid by an invariable standard.

“What !” the reader, perhaps, answers amazedly : “pay good and bad workmen alike?”

Certainly. The difference between one prelate’s sermons and his successor’s,—or between one physician’s opinion and another’s—is far greater, as respects the qualities of mind involved, and far more important in result to you personally, than the difference between good and bad laying of bricks (though that is greater than most people suppose). Yet you pay with equal fee, contentedly, the good and bad workmen upon your soul, and the good and bad workmen upon your body; much more may you pay, contentedly, with equal fees, the good and bad workmen upon your house.

“Nay, but I choose my physician and (?) my clergyman, thus indicating my sense of the quality of their work.” By all means, also, choose your bricklayer; that is the proper reward of the good workman, to be “chosen.” The natural and right system respecting all labor is, that it should be paid at a fixed rate, but the good workman employed, and the bad workman unemployed. The false, unnatural, and destructive system is when the bad workman is allowed to offer his work at half-price, and either take the place of the good, or force him by his competition to work for an inadequate sum.

This equality of wages, then, being the first object towards which we have to discover the directest available road; the second is, as above stated, that of maintaining constant numbers of workmen in employment, whatever may be the accidental demand for the article they produce.

I believe the sudden and extensive inequalities of demand which necessarily arise in the mercantile operations of an active nation, constitute the only essential difficulty which has to be overcome in a just organization of labor. The subject opens into too many branches to admit of being investigated in a paper of this kind; but the following general facts bearing on it may be noted.

The wages which enable any workman to live are necessarily higher, if his work is liable to intermission, than if it is assured and continuous; and however severe the struggle for work may become, the general law will always hold, that men must get more daily pay if, on the average, they can only calculate on work three days a week, than they would require if they were sure of work six days a week. Supposing that a man cannot live on less than a shilling a day, his seven shillings he must get, either for three days' violent work, or six days' deliberate work. The tendency of all modern mercantile operations is to throw both wages and trade into the form of a lottery, and to make the workman's pay depend on intermittent exertion, and the principal's profit on dexterously used chance.

In what partial degree, I repeat, this may be necessary, in consequence of the activities of modern trade, I do not here investigate; contenting myself with the fact, that in its fatalest aspects it is assuredly unnecessary, and results merely from love of gambling on the part of the masters, and from ignorance and sensuality in the men. The masters cannot bear to let any opportunity of gain escape them, and frantically rush at every gap and breach in the walls of

Fortune, raging to be rich, and affronting, with impatient covetousness, every risk of ruin ; while the men prefer three days of violent labor, and three days of drunkenness, to six days of moderate work and wise rest. There is no way in which a principal, who really desires to help his workmen, may do it more effectually than by checking these disorderly habits both in himself and them ; keeping his own business operations on a scale which will enable him to pursue them securely, not yielding to temptations of precarious gain ; and, at the same time, leading his workmen into regular habits of labor and life, either by inducing them rather to take low wages in the form of a fixed salary, than high wages, subject to the chance of their being thrown out of work ; or if this be impossible, by discouraging the system of violent exertion for nominally high day wages, and leading the men to take lower pay for more regular labor.

In effecting any radical changes of this kind, doubtless there would be great inconvenience and loss incurred by all the originators of movement. That which can be done with perfect convenience and without loss, is not always the thing that most needs to be done, or which we are most imperatively required to do.

I have already alluded to the difference hitherto existing between regiments of men associated for purposes of violence, and for purposes of manufacture ; in that the former appear capable of self-sacrifice—the latter, not ; which singular fact is the real reason of the general lowness of estimate in which the profession of commerce is held, as compared with that of arms. Philosophically, it does not, at first sight, appear reasonable (many writers have endeavored to prove it unreasonable) that a peaceable and rational person, whose trade is buying and selling, should be held in less honor than an unpeaceable and often irrational person, whose trade is slaying. Nevertheless, the consent of man-

kind has always, in spite of the philosophers, given precedence to the soldier.

And this is right.

For the soldier's trade, verily and essentially, is not slaying, but being slain. This, without well knowing its own meaning, the world honors it for. A bravo's trade is slaying; but the world has never respected bravos more than merchants: the reason it honors the soldier is, because he holds his life at the service of the State. Reckless he may be—fond of pleasure or of adventure—all kinds of by-motives and mean impulses may have determined the choice of his profession, and may affect (to all appearance exclusively) his daily conduct in it; but our estimate of him is based on this ultimate fact—of which we are well assured—that, put him in a fortress breach, with all the pleasures of the world behind him, and only death and his duty in front of him, he will keep his face to the front; and he knows that this choice may be put to him at any moment, and has beforehand taken his part—virtually takes such part continually—does, in reality, die daily.

Not less in the respect we pay to the lawyer and physician, founded ultimately on their self-sacrifice. Whatever the learning or acuteness of a great lawyer, our chief respect for him depends on our belief that, set in a judge's seat, he will strive to judge justly, come of it what may. Could we suppose that he would take bribes, and use his acuteness and legal knowledge to give plausibility to iniquitous decisions, no degree of intellect would win for him our respect. Nothing will win it, short of our tacit conviction, that in all important acts of his life justice is first with him; his own interest, second.

In the case of a physician, the ground of the honor we render him is clearer still. Whatever his science, we should shrink from him in horror if we found him regard his patients

merely as subjects to experiment upon ; much more, if we found that, receiving bribes from persons interested in their deaths, he was using his best skill to give poison in the mask of medicine.

Finally, the principle holds with utmost clearness as it respects clergymen. No goodness of disposition will excuse want of science in a physician or of shrewdness in an advocate; but a clergyman, even though his power of intellect be small, is respected on the presumed ground of his unselfishness and serviceableness.

Now, there can be no question but that the tact, foresight, decision, and other mental powers, required for the successful management of a large mercantile concern, if not such as could be compared with those of a great lawyer, general, or divine, would at least match the general conditions of mind required in the subordinate officers of a ship, or of a regiment, or in the curate of a country parish. If, therefore, all the efficient members of the so-called liberal professions are still, somehow, in public estimate of honor, preferred before the head of a commercial firm, the reason must lie deeper than in the measurement of their several powers of mind.

And the essential reason for such preference will be found to lie in the fact that the merchant is presumed to act always selfishly. His work may be very necessary to the community; but the motive of it is understood to be wholly personal. The merchant's first object in all his dealings must be (the public believe) to get as much for himself, and leave as little to his neighbor (or customer) as possible. Enforcing this upon him, by political statute, as the necessary principle of his action ; recommending it to him on all occasions, and themselves reciprocally adopting it; proclaiming vociferously, for law of the universe, that a buyer's function is to cheapen, and a seller's to cheat,— the public, nevertheless,

involuntarily condemn the man of commerce for his compliance with their own statement, and stamp him forever as belonging to an inferior grade of human personality.

This they will find, eventually, they must give up doing. They must not cease to condemn selfishness; but they will have to discover a kind of commerce which is not exclusively selfish. Or, rather, they will have to discover that there never was, or can be, any other kind of commerce; that this which they have called commerce was not commerce at all, but cozening; and that a true merchant differs as much from a merchant, according to laws of modern political economy, as the hero of the *Excursion* from Autolycus. They will find that commerce is an occupation which gentlemen will every day see more need to engage in, rather than in the businesses of talking to men, or slaying them; that, in true commerce, as in true preaching, or true fighting, it is necessary to admit the idea of occasional voluntary loss;—that sixpences have to be lost, as well as lives, under a sense of duty; that the market may have its martyrdoms as well as the pulpit; and trade its heroisms, as well as war.

May have—in the final issue, must have—and only has not had yet, because men of heroic temper have always been misguided in their youth into other fields, not recognizing what is in our days, perhaps, the most important of all fields; so that, while many a zealous person loses his life in trying to teach the form of a gospel, very few will lose a hundred pounds in showing the practice of one.

The fact is, that people never have had clearly explained to them the true functions of a merchant with respect to other people. I should like the reader to be very clear about this.

Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed—three exist necessarily, in every civilized nation:—

The Soldier's profession is to *defend* it.

The Pastor's, to *teach* it.

The Physician's, to *keep it in health*.

The Lawyer's, to *enforce justice* in it.

The Merchant's, to *provide* for it.

And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to *die* for it.

“On due occasion,” namely : —

The Soldier, rather than leave his post in battle.

The Physician, rather than leave his post in plague.

The Pastor, rather than teach Falsehood.

The Lawyer, rather than countenance Injustice.

The Merchant — What is *his* “due occasion” of death ?

It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us.

For, truly, the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live.

Observe, the merchant's function (or manufacturer's, for in the broad sense in which it is here used the word must be understood to include both) is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. The stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object, of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or *honorarium*) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee — to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor's function being to teach, the physician's to heal, and the merchant's, as I have said, to provide. That is to say, he has to understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining or producing it; and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing or obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the cheapest possible price where it is most needed.

And because the production or obtaining of any commodity involves necessarily the agency of many lives and hands, the merchant becomes in the course of his business the master and governor of large masses of men in a more direct, though less confessed way, than a military officer or pastor ; so that on him falls, in great part, the responsibility for the kind of life they lead ; and it becomes his duty, not only to be always considering how to produce what he sells in the purest and cheapest forms, but how to make the various employments involved in the production, or transference of it, most beneficial to the men employed.

And as into these two functions, requiring for their right exercise the highest intelligence, as well as patience, kindness, and tact, the merchant is bound to put all his energy, so for their just discharge he is bound, as soldier or physician is bound, to give up, if need be, his life, in such way as may be demanded of him. Two main points he has in his providing function to maintain: first, his engagements (faithfulness to engagements being the real root of all possibilities in commerce); and, secondly, the perfectness and purity of the thing provided ; so that, rather than fail in any engagement, or consent to any deterioration, adulteration, or unjust and exorbitant price of that which he provides, he is bound to meet fearlessly any form of distress, poverty, or labor, which may, through maintenance of these points, come upon him.

Again : in his office as governor of the men employed by him, the merchant or manufacturer is invested with a distinctly paternal authority and responsibility. In most cases, a youth entering a commercial establishment is withdrawn altogether from home influence ; his master must become his father, else he has, for practical and constant help, no father at hand ; in all cases the master's authority, together with the general tone and atmosphere of his business, and

the character of the men with whom the youth is compelled in the course of it to associate, have more immediate and pressing weight than the home influence, and will usually neutralize it either for good or evil ; so that the only means which the master has of doing justice to the men employed by him is to ask himself sternly whether he is dealing with such subordinate as he would with his own son, if compelled by circumstances to take such a position.

Supposing the captain of a frigate saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of a common sailor ; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of the men under him. So, also, supposing the master of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of an ordinary workman ; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of his men. This is the only effective, true, or practical RULE which can be given on this point of political economy.

And as the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his ship in case of wreck, and to share his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel ; as a father would in a famine, shipwreck, or battle, sacrifice himself for his son.

All which sounds very strange ; the only real strangeness in the matter being, nevertheless, that it should so sound. For all this is true, and that not partially nor theoretically, but everlasting and practically ; all other doctrine than this respecting matters political being false in premises, absurd in deduction, and impossible in practice, consistently with any progressive state of national life ; all the life which we now possess as a nation showing itself in the

resolute denial and scorn, by a few strong minds and faithful hearts, of the economic principles taught to our multitudes, which principles, so far as accepted, lead straight to national destruction. Respecting the modes and forms of destruction to which they lead, and, on the other hand, respecting the farther practical working of true polity, I hope to reason further in a following paper.

ESSAY II.

THE VEINS OF WEALTH.

THE answer which would be made by any ordinary political economist to the statements contained in the preceding paper, is in few words as follows :—

"It is indeed true that certain advantages of a general nature may be obtained by the development of social affections. But political economists never professed, nor profess, to take advantages of a general nature into consideration. Our science is simply the science of getting rich. So far from being a fallacious or visionary one, it is found by experience to be practically effective. Persons who follow its precepts do actually become rich, and persons who disobey them become poor. Every capitalist of Europe has acquired his fortune by following the known laws of our science, and increases his capital daily by an adherence to them. It is vain to bring forward tricks of logic, against the force of accomplished facts. Every man of business knows by experience how money is made, and how it is lost."

Pardon me. Men of business do indeed know how they themselves made their money, or how, on occasion, they lost it. Playing a long-practiced game, they are familiar with

the chances of its cards, and can rightly explain their losses and gains. But they neither know who keeps the bank of the gambling house, nor what other games may be played with the same cards, nor what other losses and gains, far away among the dark streets, are essentially, though invisibly, dependent on theirs in the lighted rooms. They have learned a few, and only a few, of the laws of mercantile economy; but not one of those of political economy.

Primarily, which is very notable and curious, I observe that men of business rarely know the meaning of the word "rich." At least if they know, they do not in their reasonings allow for the fact, that it is a relative word, implying its opposite "poor" as positively as the word "north" implies its opposite "south." Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute, and it were possible, by following certain scientific precepts, for everybody to be rich. Whereas riches are a power like that of electricity, acting only through inequalities or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbor's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends accurately upon the need or desire he has for it,—and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is, therefore, equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbor poor.

I would not contend in this matter (and rarely in any matter), for the acceptance of terms. But I wish the reader clearly and deeply to understand the difference between the two economies, to which the terms "Political" and "Mercantile" might not unadvisably be attached.

Political economy (the economy of a State, or of citizens) consists simply in the production, preservation, and distribution, at fittest time and place, of useful or pleasurable

things. The farmer who cuts his hay at the right time ; the shipwright who drives his bolts well home in sound wood ; the builder who lays good bricks in well-tempered mortar ; the housewife who takes care of her furniture in the parlor, and guards against all waste in her kitchen ; and the singer who rightly disciplines, and never overstrains her voice : are all political economists in the true and final sense ; adding continually to the riches and well-being of the nation to which they belong.

But mercantile economy, the economy of "merces" or of "pay," signifies the accumulation, in the hands of individuals, of legal or moral claim upon, or power over, the labor of others ; every such claim implying precisely as much poverty or debt on one side, as it implies riches or right on the other.

It does not, therefore, necessarily involve an addition to the actual property, or well-being, of the State in which it exists. But since this commercial wealth, or power over labor, is nearly always convertible at once into real property, while real property is not always convertible at once into power over labor, the idea of riches among active men in civilized nations generally refers to commercial wealth ; and in estimating their possessions, they rather calculate the value of their horses and fields by the number of guineas they could get for them, than the value of their guineas by the number of horses and fields they could buy with them.

There is, however, another reason for this habit of mind; namely, that an accumulation of real property is of little use to its owner, unless, together with it, he has commercial power over labor. Thus, suppose any person to be put in possession of a large estate of fruitful land, with rich beds of gold in its gravel, countless herds of cattle in its pastures ; houses, and gardens, and storehouses full of useful stores ; but suppose, after all, that he could get no

servants. In order that he may be able to have servants, some one in the neighborhood must be poor, and in want of his gold—or his corn. Assume that no one is in want of either, and that no servants are to be had. He must, therefore, bake his own bread, make his own clothes, plough his own ground, and shepherd his own flocks. His gold will be as useful to him as any other yellow pebbles on his estate. His stores must rot, for he cannot consume them. He can eat no more than another man could eat, and wear no more than another man could wear. He must lead a life of severe and common labor to procure even ordinary comforts ; he will be ultimately unable to keep either houses in repair, or fields in cultivation ; and forced to content himself with a poor man's portion of cottage and garden, in the midst of a desert of waste land, trampled by wild cattle, and encumbered by ruins of palaces, which he will hardly mock at himself by calling “his own.”

The most covetous of mankind would, with small exultation, I presume, accept riches of this kind on these terms. What is really desired, under the name of riches, is, essentially, power over men ; in its simplest sense, the power of obtaining for our own advantage the labor of servant, tradesman, and artist ; in wider sense, authority of directing large masses of the nation to various ends (good, trivial, or hurtful, according to the mind of the rich person). And this power of wealth of course is greater or less in direct proportion to the poverty of the men over whom it is exercised, and in inverse proportion to the number of persons who are as rich as ourselves, and who are ready to give the same price for an article of which the supply is limited. If the musician is poor, he will sing for small pay, as long as there is only one person who can pay him ; but if there be two or three, he will sing for the one who offers him most. And thus the power of the riches of the

patron (always imperfect and doubtful, as we shall see presently, even when most authoritative) depends first on the poverty of the artist, and then on the limitation of the number of equally wealthy persons, who also want seats at the concert. So that, as above stated, the art of becoming "rich," in the common sense, is not absolutely nor finally the art of accumulating much money for ourselves, but also of contriving that our neighbors shall have less. In accurate terms, it is "the art of establishing the maximum inequality in our own favor."

Now the establishment of such inequality cannot be shown in the abstract to be either advantageous or disadvantageous to the body of the nation. The rash and absurd assumption that such inequalities are necessarily advantageous, lies at the root of most of the popular fallacies on the subject of political economy. For the eternal and inevitable law in this matter is, that the beneficialness of the inequality depends, first, on the methods by which it was accomplished, and, secondly, on the purposes to which it is applied. Inequalities of wealth, unjustly established, have assuredly injured the nation in which they exist during their establishment; and, unjustly directed, injure it yet more during their existence. But inequalities of wealth justly established, benefit the nation in the course of their establishment; and nobly used, aid it yet more by their existence. That is to say, among every active and well-governed people, the various strength of individuals, tested by full exertion and specially applied to various needs, issues in unequal, but harmonious results, receiving reward or authority according to its class and service;¹ while in the inactive or ill-governed nation, the

¹ I have been naturally asked several times, with respect to the sentence in the first of these papers, "the bad workmen unemployed," "But what are you to do with your bad unemployed workmen?" Well,

gradations of decay and the victories of treason work out also their own rugged system of subjection and success ; and substitute, for the melodious inequalities of concurrent power, the iniquitous dominances and depressions of guilt and misfortune.

Thus the circulation of wealth in a nation resembles that of the blood in the natural body. There is one quickness of the current which comes of cheerful emotion or wholesome exercise ; and another which comes of shame or of fever. There is a flush of the body which is full of warmth and life ; and another which will pass into putrefaction.

it seems to me the question might have occurred to you before. Your housemaid's place is vacant—you give twenty pounds a year—two girls come for it, one neatly dressed, the other dirtily; one with good recommendations, the other with none. You do not, under these circumstances, usually ask the dirty one if she will come for fifteen pounds, or twelve ; and, on her consenting, take her instead of the well-recommended one. Still less do you try to beat both down by making them bid against each other, till you can hire both, one at twelve pounds a year, and the other at eight. You simply take the one fittest for the place, and send away the other, not perhaps concerning yourself quite as much as you should with the question which you now impatiently put to me, "What is to become of her?" For, all that I advise you to do, is to deal with workmen as with servants ; and verily the question is of weight : "Your bad workman, idler, and rogue—what are you to do with him ?"

We will consider of this presently : remember that the administration of a complete system of national commerce and industry cannot be explained in full detail within the space of twelve pages. Meantime, consider whether, there being confessedly some difficulty in dealing with rogues and idlers, it may not be advisable to produce as few of them as possible. If you examine into the history of rogues, you will find they are as truly manufactured articles as anything else, and it is just because our present system of political economy gives so large a stimulus to that manufacture that you may know it to be a false one. We had better seek for a system which will develop honest men, than for one which will deal cunningly with vagabonds. Let us reform our schools, and we shall find little reform needed in our prisons.

The analogy will hold, down even to minute particulars. For as diseased local determination of the blood involves depression of the general health of the system, all morbid local action of riches will be found ultimately to involve a weakening of the resources of the body politic.

The mode in which this is produced may be at once understood by examining one or two instances of the development of wealth in the simplest possible circumstances.

Suppose two sailors cast away on an uninhabited coast, and obliged to maintain themselves there by their own labor for a series of years.

If they both kept their health, and worked steadily, and in amity with each other, they might build themselves a convenient house, and in time come to possess a certain quantity of cultivated land, together with various stores laid up for future use. All these things would be real riches or property ; and supposing the men both to have worked equally hard, they would each have right to equal share or use of it. Their political economy would consist merely in careful preservation and just division of these possessions. Perhaps, however, after some time, one or other might be dissatisfied with the results of their common farming ; and they might in consequence agree to divide the land they had brought under the spade into equal shares, so that each might thenceforward work in his own field and live by it. Suppose that after this arrangement had been made, one of them were to fall ill, and be unable to work on his land at a critical time — say of sowing or harvest.

He would naturally ask the other to sow or reap for him.

Then his companion might say, with perfect justice, “I will do this additional work for you ; but if I do it, you must promise to do as much for me at another time. I will count how many hours I spend on your ground, and

you shall give me a written promise to work for the same number of hours on mine, whenever I need your help, and you are able to give it."

Suppose the disabled man's sickness to continue, and that under various circumstances, for several years, requiring the help of the other, he on each occasion gave a written pledge to work, as soon as he was able, at his companion's orders, for the same number of hours which the other had given up to him. What will the positions of the two men be when the invalid is able to resume work?

Considered as a "Polis," or state, they will be poorer than they would have been otherwise : poorer by the withdrawal of what the sick man's labor would have produced in the interval. His friend may perhaps have toiled with an energy quickened by the enlarged need, but, in the end, his own land and property must have suffered by the withdrawal of so much of his time and thought from them ; and the united property of the two men will be certainly less than it would have been if both had remained in health and activity.

But the relations in which they stand to each other are also widely altered. The sick man has not only pledged his labor for some years, but will probably have exhausted his own share of the accumulated stores, and will be in consequence for some time dependent on the other for food, which he can only "pay" or reward him for by yet more deeply pledging his own labor.

Supposing the written promises to be held entirely valid (among civilized nations their validity is secured by legal measures¹), the person who had hitherto worked for both

¹ The disputes which exist respecting the real nature of money arise more from the disputants examining its functions on different sides, than from any real dissent in their opinions. All money, properly so called, is an acknowledgment of debt; but as such, it may either be

might now, if he chose, rest altogether, and pass his time in idleness, not only forcing his companion to redeem all the engagements he had already entered into, but exacting from him pledges for further labor, to an arbitrary amount, for what food he had to advance to him.

There might not, from first to last, be the least illegality (in the ordinary sense of the word) in the arrangement; but if a stranger arrived on the coast at this advanced epoch of their political economy, he would find one man commercially Rich; the other commercially Poor. He would see, perhaps with no small surprise, one passing his days in idleness; the other laboring for both, and living sparingly, in the hope of recovering his independence, at some distant period.

This is, of course, an example of one only out of many ways in which inequality of possession may be established between different persons, giving rise to mercantile forms of Riches and Poverty. In the instance before us, one of the men might from the first have deliberately chosen to be idle, and to put his life in pawn for present ease; or he might have mismanaged his land, and been compelled to have recourse to his neighbor for food and help, pledging his future labor for it. But what I want the reader to note especially is the fact, common to a large number of typical cases of this kind, that the establishment of the mercantile wealth which consists in a claim upon labor, signifies a

considered to represent the labor and property of the creditor, or the idleness and penury of the debtor. The intricacy of the question has been much increased by the (hitherto necessary) use of marketable commodities, such as gold, silver, salt, shells, etc., to give intrinsic value or security to currency; but the final and best definition of money is that it is a documentary promise ratified and guaranteed by the nation to give or find a certain quantity of labor on demand. A man's labor for a day is a better standard of value than a measure of any produce, because no produce ever maintains a consistent rate of productibility.

political diminution of the real wealth which consists in substantial possessions.

Take another example, more consistent with the ordinary course of affairs of trade. Suppose that three men, instead of two, formed the little isolated republic, and found themselves obliged to separate in order to farm different pieces of land at some distance from each other along the coast ; each estate furnishing a distinct kind of produce, and each more or less in need of the material raised on the other. Suppose that the third man, in order to save the time of all three, undertakes simply to superintend the transference of commodities from one farm to the other ; on condition of receiving some sufficiently remunerative share of every parcel of goods conveyed, or of some other parcel received in exchange for it.

If this carrier or messenger always brings to each estate, from the other, what is chiefly wanted, at the right time, the operations of the two farmers will go on prosperously, and the largest possible result in produce, or wealth, will be attained by the little community. But suppose no intercourse between the land owners is possible, except through the traveling agent ; and that, after a time, this agent, watching the course of each man's agriculture, keeps back the articles with which he has been entrusted until there comes a period of extreme necessity for them, on one side or other, and then exacts in exchange for them all that the distressed farmer can spare of other kinds of produce ; it is easy to see that by ingeniously watching his opportunities, he might possess himself regularly of the greater part of the superfluous produce of the two estates, and at last, in some year of severest trial or scarcity, purchase both for himself, and maintain the former proprietors thenceforward as his laborers or his servants.

This would be a case of commercial wealth acquired on

the exactest principles of modern political economy. But more distinctly even than in the former instance, it is manifest in this that the wealth of the State, or of the three men considered as a society, is collectively less than it would have been had the merchant been content with juster profit. The operations of the two agriculturists have been cramped to the utmost ; and the continual limitations of the supply of things they wanted at critical times, together with the failure of courage consequent on the prolongation of a struggle for mere existence, without any sense of permanent gain, must have seriously diminished the effective results of their labor ; and the stores finally accumulated in the merchant's hands will not in any wise be of equivalent value to those which, had his dealings been honest, would have filled at once the granaries of the farmers and his own.

The whole question, therefore, respecting not only the advantage, but even the quantity, of national wealth, resolves itself finally into one of abstract justice. It is impossible to conclude, of any given mass of acquired wealth, merely by the fact of its existence, whether it signifies good or evil to the nation in the midst of which it exists. Its real value depends on the moral sign attached to it, just as sternly as that of a mathematical quantity depends on the algebraical sign attached to it. Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be indicative, on the one hand, of faithful industries, progressive energies, and productive ingenuities ; or, on the other, it may be indicative of mortal luxury, merciless tyranny, ruinous chicane. Some treasures are heavy with human tears, as an ill-stored harvest with untimely rain ; and some gold is brighter in sunshine than it is in substance.

And these are not, observe, merely moral or pathetic attributes of riches, which the seeker of riches may, if he chooses, despise ; they are literally and sternly, material

attributes of riches, depreciating or exalting, incalculably, the monetary signification of the sum in question. One mass of money is the outcome of action which has created, — another of action which has annihilated, — ten times as much in the gathering of it; such and such strong hands have been paralyzed, as if they had been numbed by night-shade: so many strong men's courage broken, so many productive operations hindered; this and the other false direction given to labor, and lying image of prosperity set up, on Dura plains dug into seven-times-heated furnaces. That which seems to be wealth may in verity be only the gilded index of far-reaching ruin; a wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled an argosy; a camp-follower's bundle of rags unwrapped from the breasts of goodly soldiers dead; the purchase-pieces of potter's fields, wherein shall be buried together the citizen and the stranger.

And therefore, the idea that directions can be given for the gaining of wealth, irrespectively of the consideration of its moral sources, or that any general and technical law of purchase and gain can be set down for national practice, is perhaps the most insolently futile of all that ever beguiled men through their vices. So far as I know, there is not in history record of anything so disgraceful to the human intellect as the modern idea that the commercial text, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," represents, or under any circumstances could represent, an available principle of national economy. Buy in the cheapest market? — yes; but what made your market cheap? Charcoal may be cheap among your roof timbers after a fire, and bricks may be cheap in your streets after an earthquake; but fire and earthquake may not therefore be national benefits. Sell in the dearest? — yes, truly; but what made your market dear? You sold your bread well to-day; was it to

a dying man who gave his last coin for it, and will never need bread more, or to a rich man who to-morrow will buy your farm over your head; or to a soldier on his way to pillage the bank in which you have put your fortune?

None of these things you can know. One thing only you can know, namely, whether this dealing of yours is a just and faithful one, which is all you need concern yourself about respecting it; sure thus to have done your own part in bringing about ultimately in the world a state of things which will not issue in pillage or in death. And thus every question concerning these things merges itself ultimately in the great question of justice, which, the ground being thus far cleared for it, I will enter upon in the next paper, leaving only, in this, three final points for the reader's consideration.

It has been shown that the chief value and virtue of money consists in its having power over human beings; that, without this power, large material possessions are useless, and to any person possessing such power, comparatively unnecessary. But power over human beings is attainable by other means than by money. As I said a few pages back, the money power is always imperfect and doubtful; there are many things which cannot be retained by it. Many joys may be given to men which cannot be bought for gold, and many fidelities found in them which cannot be rewarded with it.

Trite enough,—the reader thinks. Yes: but it is not so trite,—I wish it were,—that in this moral power, quite inscrutable and immeasurable though it be, there is a monetary value just as real as that represented by more ponderous currencies. A man's hand may be full of invisible gold, and the wave of it, or the grasp, shall do more than another's with a shower of bullion. This invisible gold, also, does

not necessarily diminish in spending. Political economists will do well some day to take heed of it, though they cannot take measure.

But farther. Since the essence of wealth consists in its authority over men, if the apparent or nominal wealth fail in this power, it fails in essence; in fact, ceases to be wealth at all. It does not appear lately in England, that our authority over men is absolute. The servants show some disposition to rush riotously upstairs, under an impression that their wages are not regularly paid. We should augur ill of any gentleman's property to whom this happened every other day in his drawing-room.

So also, the power of our wealth seems limited as respects the comfort of the servants, no less than their quietude. The persons in the kitchen appear to be ill-dressed, squalid, half-starved. One cannot help imagining that the riches of the establishment must be of a very theoretical and documentary character.

Finally. Since the essence of wealth consists in power over men, will it not follow that the nobler and the more in number the persons are over whom it has power, the greater the wealth? Perhaps it may even appear after some consideration, that the persons themselves *are* the wealth—that these pieces of gold with which we are in the habit of guiding them, are, in fact, nothing more than a kind of Byzantine harness or trappings, very glittering and beautiful in barbaric sight, wherewith we bridle the creatures; but that if these same living creatures could be guided without the fretting and jingling of the Byzants in their mouths and ears, they might themselves be more valuable than their bridles. In fact, it may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in Rock, but in Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-

eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures. Our modern wealth, I think, has rather a tendency the other way ;— most political economists appearing to consider multitudes of human creatures not conducive to wealth, or at best conducive to it only by remaining in a dim-eyed and narrow-chested state of being.

Nevertheless, it is open, I repeat, to serious question, which I leave to the reader's pondering, whether, among national manufactures, that of Souls of a good quality may not at last turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one? Nay, in some far-away and yet undreamt-of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose ; and that, while the sands of the Indus and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housings of the charger, and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christian mother, may at last attain to the virtues and the treasures of a Heathen one, and be able to lead forth her Sons, saying,—

“ These are MY Jewels.”

ESSAY III.

QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM.

SOME centuries before the Christian era, a Jew merchant largely engaged in business on the Gold Coast, and reported to have made one of the largest fortunes of his time (held also in repute for much practical sagacity), left among his ledgers some general maxims concerning wealth, which have been preserved, strangely enough, even to our own days. They were held in considerable respect by the most active traders of the middle ages, especially by the Venetians, who

even went so far in their admiration as to place a statue of the old Jew on the angle of one of their principal public buildings. Of late years these writings have fallen into disrepute, being opposed in every particular to the spirit of modern commerce. Nevertheless I shall reproduce a passage or two from them here, partly because they may interest the reader by their novelty ; and chiefly because they will show him that it is possible for a very practical and acquisitive tradesman to hold, through a not unsuccessful career, that principle of distinction between well-gotten and ill-gotten wealth, which, partially insisted on in my last paper, it must be our work more completely to examine in this.

He says, for instance, in one place : “The getting of treasure by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death” : adding in another, with the same meaning (he has a curious way of doubling his sayings) : “Treasures of wickedness profit nothing ; but justice delivers from death.”¹ Both these passages are notable for their assertion of death as the only real issue and sum of attainment by any unjust scheme of wealth. If we read, instead of “lying tongue,” “lying label, title, pretense, or advertisement,” we shall more clearly perceive the bearing of the words on modern business. The seeking of death is a grand expression of the true course of men’s toil in such business. We usually speak as if death pursued us, and we fled from him ; but that is only so in rare instances. Ordinarily, he masks himself—makes himself beautiful—all-glorious ; not like the King’s daughter, all-glorious within, but outwardly : his clothing of wrought gold. We pursue him frantically all our days, he flying or hiding from us. Our crowning success at three-score and ten is utterly and perfectly to seize, and hold him in his eternal integrity—robes, ashes, and sting.²

¹ Proverbs x. 2.

² 1 Corinthians xv. 56.

Again : the merchant says, “He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, shall surely come to want.”¹ And again, more strongly : “Rob not the poor because he is poor ; neither oppress the afflicted in the place of business. For God shall spoil the soul of those that spoiled them.”²

This “robning the poor because he is poor,” is especially the mercantile form of theft, consisting in taking advantage of a man’s necessities in order to obtain his labor or property at a reduced price. The ordinary highwayman’s opposite form of robbery—of the rich, because he is rich — does not appear to occur so often to the old merchant’s mind ; probably because, being less profitable and more dangerous than the robbery of the poor, it is rarely practiced by persons of discretion.

But the two most remarkable passages in their deep general significance are the following :—

“The rich and the poor have met. God is their maker.”³

“The rich and the poor have met. God is their light.”⁴

They “have met”: more literally, have stood in each other’s way (*obviaverunt*). That is to say, as long as the world lasts, the action and counteraction of wealth and poverty, the meeting, face to face, of rich and poor, is just as appointed and necessary a law of that world as the flow of stream to sea, or the interchange of power among the electric clouds :— “God is their maker.” But, also, this action may be either gentle and just, or convulsive and destructive it may be by rage of devouring flood, or by lapse of serviceable wave ;— in blackness of thunderstroke, or continual force of vital fire, soft, and shapable into lovesyllables from far away. And which of these it shall be depends on both rich and poor knowing that God is their light; that in the mystery of human life, there is no other

¹ Proverbs xxii. 16.

³ Proverbs xxii. 2.

² Proverbs xxii. 22, 23.

⁴ Proverbs xxix. 13.

light than this by which they can see each other's faces, and live ; — light, which is called in another of the books among which the merchant's maxims have been preserved, the "sun of justice,"¹ of which it is promised that it shall rise at last with "healing" (health-giving or helping, making whole or setting at one) in its wings. For truly this healing is only possible by means of justice ; no love, no faith, no hope will do it ; men will be unwisely fond — vainly faithful, unless primarily they are just ; and the mistake of the best men through generation after generation, has been that great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, and by preaching of patience or of hope, and by every other means, emollient or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them, justice. But this justice, with its accompanying holiness or helpfulness, being even by the best men denied in its trial time, is by the mass of men hated wherever it appears : so that, when the choice was one day fairly put to them, they denied the Helpful One and the Just,² and desired a murderer, sedition-raiser, and robber, to be granted to them ; — the murderer instead of the Lord

¹ More accurately, Sun of Justness ; but, instead of the harsh word "Justness," the old English "Righteousness" being commonly employed, has, by getting confused with "godliness," or attracting about it various vague and broken meanings, prevented most persons from receiving the force of the passages in which it occurs. The word "righteousness" properly refers to the justice of rule, or right, as distinguished from "equity," which refers to the justice of balance. More broadly, Righteousness is King's justice ; and Equity, Judge's justice ; the King guiding or ruling all, the Judge dividing or discerning between opposites (therefore, the double question, "Man, who made me a ruler — δικαστὴς — or a divider — μεριστὴς — over you ?"). Thus, with respect to the Justice of Choice (selection, the feebler and passive justice), we have from *lego*, — *lex*, legal, *loi*, and *loyal* ; and with respect to the Justice of Rule (direction, the stronger and active justice), we have from *rego*, — *rex*, *regal*, *roi*, and *royal*.

² In another place written with the same meaning, "Just, and having salvation."

of Life, the sedition-raiser instead of the Prince of Peace, and the robber instead of the Just Judge of all the world.¹

I have just spoken of the flowing of streams to the sea as a partial image of the action of wealth. In one respect it is not a partial, but a perfect image. The popular economist thinks himself wise in having discovered that wealth, or the forms of property in general, must go where they are required ; that where demand is, supply must follow. He further declares that this course of demand and supply cannot be forbidden by human laws. Precisely in the same sense, and with the same certainty, the waters of the world go where they are required. Where the land falls, the water flows. The course neither of clouds nor rivers can be forbidden by human will. But the disposition and administration of them can be altered by human forethought. Whether the stream shall be a curse or a blessing, depends upon man's labor and administrating intelligence. For centuries after centuries, great districts of the world, rich in soil, and favored in climate, have lain desert under the rage of their own rivers ; not only desert, but plague-struck. The stream which, rightly directed, would have flowed in soft irrigation from field to field — would have purified the air, given food to man and beast, and carried their burdens for them on its bosom — now overwhelms the plain, and poisons the wind ; its breath pestilence, and its work famine. In like manner, this wealth “goes where it is required.” No human laws can withstand its flow. They can only guide it : but this, the leading trench and limiting mound can do so thoroughly, that it shall become water of life — the riches of the hand of wisdom ;² or, on the contrary, by leaving it to its own lawless flow, they may make it, what it has been too often, the last and deadliest of national plagues :

¹ Luke xxiii. 18, 19.

² “Length of days in her right hand ; in her left, riches and honor.”

water of Marah—the water which feeds the roots of all evil.

The necessity of these laws of distribution or restraint is curiously overlooked in the ordinary political economist's definition of his own "science." He calls it, shortly, the "science of getting rich." But there are many sciences, as well as many arts, of getting rich. Poisoning people of large estates, was one employed largely in the middle ages ; adulteration of food of people of small estates, is one employed largely now. The ancient and honorable Highland method of blackmail ; the more modern and less honorable system of obtaining goods on credit, and the other variously improved methods of appropriation — which, in major and minor scales of industry, down to the most artistic pocket-picking, we owe to recent genius,—all come under the general head of sciences, or arts, of getting rich.

So that it is clear the popular economist, in calling his science the science *par excellence* of getting rich, must attach some peculiar ideas of limitation to its character. I hope I do not misrepresent him, by assuming that he means *his* science to be the science of "getting rich by legal or just means." In this definition, is the word "just," or "legal," finally to stand? For it is possible among certain nations, or under certain rulers, or by help of certain advocates, that proceedings may be legal which are by no means just. If, therefore, we leave at last only the word "just" in that place of our definition, the insertion of this solitary and small word will make a notable difference in the grammar of our science. For then it will follow that, in order to grow rich scientifically, we must grow rich justly ; and, therefore, know what is just ; so that our economy will no longer depend merely on prudence, but on jurisprudence — and that of divine, not human law. Which prudence is indeed of no mean order, holding itself, as it were, high in

the air of heaven, and gazing forever on the light of the sun of justice; hence the souls which have excelled in it, are represented by Dante as stars forming in heaven forever the figure of the eye of an eagle: they having been in life the discerners of light from darkness; or to the whole human race, as the light of the body, which is the eye; while those souls which form the wings of the bird (giving power and dominion to justice, "healing in its wings") trace also in light the inscription in heaven: "DILIGITE JUSTITIAM QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM." "Ye who judge the earth, give" (not, observe, merely love, but) "diligent love to justice": the love which seeks diligently, that is to say, choosingly, and by preference to all things else. Which judging or doing judgment in the earth is, according to their capacity and position, required not of judges only, nor of rulers only, but of all men:¹ a truth sorrowfully lost sight of even by those who are ready enough to apply to themselves passages in which Christian men are spoken of as called to be "saints" (*i.e.*, to helpful and healing functions); and "chosen to be kings" (*i.e.*, to knowing or directing functions); the true meaning of these titles having been long lost through the pretenses of unhelpful and unable persons to saintly and kingly character; also through the once popular idea that both the sanctity and royalty are to consist in wearing long robes and high

¹ I hear that several of our lawyers have been greatly amused by the statement in the first of these papers that a lawyer's function was to do justice. I do not intend it for a jest; nevertheless it will be seen that in the above passage neither the determination nor doing of justice are contemplated as functions wholly peculiar to the lawyers. Possibly, the more our standing armies, whether of soldiers, pastors, or legislators (the generic term "pastor" including all teachers, and the generic term "lawyer" including makers as well as interpreters of law), can be superseded by the force of national heroism, wisdom, and honesty, the better it may be for the nation.

crowns, instead of in mercy and judgment; whereas all true sanctity is saving power, as all true royalty is ruling power; and injustice is part and parcel of the denial of such power, which "makes men as the creeping things, as the fishes of the sea, that have no ruler over them."¹

Absolute justice is, indeed, no more attainable than absolute truth; but the righteous man is distinguished from the unrighteous by his desire and hope of justice, as the true man from the false by his desire and hope of truth. And though absolute justice be unattainable, as much justice as we need for all practical use is attainable by all those who make it their aim.

We have to examine, then, in the subject before us, what are the laws of justice respecting payment of labor—no small part, these, of the foundations of all jurisprudence.

I reduced, in my last paper, the idea of money payment to its simplest or radical terms. In those terms its nature, and the conditions of justice respecting it, can be best ascertained.

Money payment, as there stated, consists radically in a promise to some person working for us, that for the time and labor he spends in our service to-day we will give or procure equivalent time and labor in his service at any future time when he may demand it.²

¹ It being the privilege of the fishes, as it is of rats and wolves, to live by the laws of demand and supply; but the distinction of humanity, to live by those of right.

² It might appear at first that the market price of labor expressed such an exchange; but this is a fallacy, for the market price is the momentary price of the kind of labor required, but the just price is its equivalent of the productive labor of mankind. This difference will be analyzed in its place. It must be noted, also, that I speak here only of the exchangeable value of labor, not of that of commodities. The exchangeable value of a commodity is that of the labor required to produce it, multiplied into the force of the demand for it. If the value of the labor = x and the force of the demand = y , the exchangeable value of the commodity is $x \cdot y$, in which if either $x = 0$, or $y = 0$, $xy = 0$.

If we promise to give him less labor than he has given us, we underpay him. If we promise to give him more labor than he has given us, we overpay him. In practice, according to the laws of demand and supply, when two men are ready to do the work, and only one man wants to have it done, the two men underbid each other for it; and the one who gets it to do, is underpaid. But when two men want the work done, and there is only one man ready to do it, the two men who want it done overbid each other, and the workman is overpaid.

I will examine these two points of injustice in succession; but first I wish the reader to clearly understand the central principle, lying between the two, of right or just payment.

When we ask a service of any man, he may either give it us freely, or demand payment for it. Respecting free gift of service, there is no question at present, that being a matter of affection—not of traffic. But if he demand payment for it, and we wish to treat him with absolute equity, it is evident that this equity can only consist in giving time for time, strength for strength, and skill for skill. If a man works an hour for us, and we only promise to work half an hour for him in return, we obtain an unjust advantage. If, on the contrary, we promise to work an hour and a half for him in return, he has an unjust advantage. The justice consists in absolute exchange; or, if there be any respect to the stations of the parties, it will not be in favor of the employer; there is certainly no equitable reason in a man's being poor, that if he give me a pound of bread to-day, I should return him less than a pound of bread to-morrow; or any equitable reason in a man's being uneducated, that if he uses a certain quantity of skill and knowledge in my service, I should use a less quantity of skill and knowledge in his. Perhaps, ultimately, it may appear desirable, or, to say the least, gracious, that

I should give in return somewhat more than I received. But at present, we are concerned on the law of justice only, which is that of perfect and accurate exchange ; — one circumstance only interfering with the simplicity of this radical idea of just payment — that inasmuch as labor (rightly directed) is fruitful just as seed is, the fruit (or “interest,” as it is called) of the labor first given, or “advanced,” ought to be taken into account, and balanced by an additional quantity of labor in the subsequent repayment. Supposing the repayment to take place at the end of a year, or of any other given time, this calculation could be approximately made ; but as money (that is to say, cash) payment involves no reference to time (it being optional with the person paid to spend what he receives at once or after any number of years), we can only assume, generally, that some slight advantage must in equity be allowed to the person who advances the labor, so that the typical form of bargain will be : If you give me an hour to-day, I will give you an hour and five minutes on demand. If you give me a pound of bread to-day, I will give you seventeen ounces on demand, and so on. All that it is necessary for the reader to note is, that the amount returned is at least in equity not to be *less* than the amount given.

The abstract idea, then, of just or due wages, as respects the laborer, is that they will consist in a sum of money which will at any time procure for him at least as much labor as he has given, rather more than less. And this equity or justice of payment is, observe, wholly independent of any reference to the number of men who are willing to do the work. I want a horseshoe for my horse. Twenty smiths, or twenty thousand smiths, may be ready to forge it ; their number does not in one atom’s weight affect the question of the equitable payment of the one who *does* forge it. It costs him a quarter of an hour of his life, and so much skill and

strength of arm to make that horseshoe for me. Then at some future time I am bound in equity to give a quarter of an hour, and some minutes more, of my life (or of some other person's at my disposal), and also as much strength of arm and skill, and a little more, in making or doing what the smith may have need of.

Such being the abstract theory of just remunerative payment, its application is practically modified by the fact that the order for labor, given in payment, is general, while labor received is special. The current coin or document is practically an order on the nation for so much work of any kind; and this universal applicability to immediate need renders it so much more valuable than special labor can be, that an order for a less quantity of this general toil will always be accepted as a just equivalent for a greater quantity of special toil. Any given craftsman will always be willing to give an hour of his own work in order to receive command over half an hour, or even much less, of national work. This source of uncertainty, together with the difficulty of determining the monetary value of skill,¹ renders

¹ Under the term "skill" I mean to include the united force of experience, intellect, and passion in their operation on manual labor; and under the term "passion," to include the entire range and agency of the moral feelings; from the simple patience and gentleness of mind which will give continuity and fineness to the touch, or enable one person to work without fatigue, and with good effect, twice as long as another, up to the qualities of character which render science possible — (the retardation of science by envy is one of the most tremendous losses in the economy of the present century) — and to the incommunicable emotion and imagination which are the first and mightiest sources of all value in art.

It is highly singular that political economists should not yet have perceived, if not the moral, at least the passionate element, to be an inextricable quantity in every calculation. I cannot conceive, for instance, how it was possible that Mr. Mill should have followed the true clue so far as to write, — "No limit can be set to the importance — even in a purely productive and material point of view — of mere thought," without see-

the ascertainment (even approximate) of the proper wages of any given labor in terms of a currency, matter of considerable complexity. But they do not affect the principle of exchange. The worth of the work may not be easily known; but it *has* a worth, just as fixed and real as the specific gravity of a substance, though such specific gravity may not be easily ascertainable when the substance is united with many others. Nor is there any difficulty or chance in determining it as in determining the ordinary maxima and minima of vulgar political economy. There are few bargains in which the buyer can ascertain with anything like precision that the seller would have taken no less;—or the seller acquire more than a comfortable faith that the purchaser would have given no more. This impossibility of precise knowledge prevents neither from striving to attain the desired point of greatest vexation and injury to the other, nor from accepting it for a scientific principle that he is to buy for the least and sell for the most possible, though what

ing that it was logically necessary to add, also, "and of mere feeling." And this the more, because in his first definition of labor he includes in the idea of it "all feelings of a disagreeable kind connected with the employment of one's thoughts in a particular occupation." True; but why not, also, "feelings of an agreeable kind?" It can hardly be supposed that the feelings which retard labor are more essentially a part of the labor than those which accelerate it. The first are paid for as pain, the second as power. The workman is merely indemnified for the first; but the second both produce a part of the exchangeable value of the work, and materially increase its actual quantity.

"Fritz is with us. *He* is worth fifty thousand men." Truly, a large addition to the material force;—consisting, however, be it observed, not more in operations carried on in Fritz's head, than in operations carried on in his armies' heart. "No limit can be set to the importance of *mere* thought." Perhaps not! Nay, suppose some day it should turn out that "mere" thought was in itself a recommendable object of production, and that all Material production was only a step towards this more precious Immortal one?

the real least or most may be he cannot tell. In like manner, a just person lays it down for a scientific principle that he is to pay a just price, and, without being able precisely to ascertain the limits of such a price, will nevertheless strive to attain the closest possible approximation to them. A practically serviceable approximation he *can* obtain. It is easier to determine scientifically what a man ought to have for his work, than what his necessities will compel him to take for it. His necessities can only be ascertained by empirical, but his due by analytical investigation. In the one case, you try your answer to the sum like a puzzled schoolboy—till you find one that fits; in the other, you bring out your result within certain limits, by process of calculation.

Supposing, then, the just wages of any quantity of given labor to have been ascertained, let us examine the first results of just and unjust payment, when in favor of the purchaser or employer; *i.e.*, when two men are ready to do the work, and only one wants to have it done.

The unjust purchaser forces the two to bid against each other till he has reduced their demand to its lowest terms. Let us assume that the lowest bidder offers to do the work at half its just price.

The purchaser employs him, and does not employ the other. The first or *apparent* result is, therefore, that one of the two men is left out of employ, or to starvation, just as definitely as by the just procedure of giving fair price to the best workman. The various writers who endeavored to invalidate the positions of my first paper never saw this, and assumed that the unjust hirer employed *both*. He employs both no more than the just hirer. The only difference (in the outset) is that the just man pays sufficiently, the unjust man insufficiently, for the labor of the single person employed.

I say, "in the outset"; for this first or apparent difference is not the actual difference. By the unjust procedure, half the proper price of the work is left in the hands of the employer. This enables him to hire another man at the same unjust rate, on some other kind of work; and the final result is that he has two men working for him at half price, and two are out of employ.

By the just procedure, the whole price of the first piece of work goes into the hands of the man who does it. No surplus being left in the employer's hands, *he* cannot hire another man for another piece of labor. But by precisely so much as his power is diminished, the hired workman's power is increased; that is to say, by the additional half of the price he has received; which additional half *he* has the power of using to employ another man in *his* service. I will suppose, for the moment, the least favorable, though quite probable, case—that, though justly treated himself, he yet will act unjustly to his subordinate; and hire at half price, if he can. The final result will then be, that one man works for the employer, at just price; one for the workman, at half price; and two, as in the first case, are still out of employ. These two, as I said before, are out of employ in *both* cases. The difference between the just and unjust procedure does not lie in the number of men hired, but in the price paid to them, and the *persons by whom* it is paid. The essential difference, that which I want the reader to see clearly, is, that in the unjust case, two men work for one, the first hirer. In the just case, one man works for the first hirer, one for the person hired, and so on, down or up through the various grades of service; the influence being carried forward by justice, and arrested by injustice. The universal and constant action of justice in this matter is, therefore, to diminish the power of wealth, in the hands of one individual, over masses of men, and to

distribute it through a chain of men. The actual power exerted by the wealth is the same in both cases ; but by injustice it is put all in one man's hands, so that he directs at once, and with equal force, the labor of a circle of men about him ; by the just procedure, he is permitted to touch the nearest only, through whom, with diminished force, modified by new minds, the energy of the wealth passes on to others, and so till it exhausts itself.

The immediate operation of justice in this respect is therefore to diminish the power of wealth, first in acquisition of luxury, and, secondly in exercise of moral influence. The employer cannot concentrate so multitudinous labor on his own interests, nor can he subdue so multitudinous mind to his own will. But the secondary operation of justice is not less important. The insufficient payment of the group of men working for one, places each under a maximum of difficulty in rising above his position. The tendency of the system is to check advancement. But the sufficient or just payment, distributed through a descending series of offices or grades of labor,¹ gives each subordinated person fair and

¹ I am sorry to lose time by answering, however curtly, the equivocations of the writers who sought to obscure the instances given of regulated labor in the first of these papers, by confusing kinds, ranks, and quantities of labor with its qualities. I never said that a colonel should have the same pay as a private, nor a bishop the same pay as a curate. Neither did I say that more work ought to be paid as less work (so that the curate of a parish of two thousand souls should have no more than the curate of a parish of five hundred). But I said that, so far as you employ it at all, bad work should be paid no less than good work ; as a bad clergyman yet takes his tithes, a bad physician takes his fee, and a bad lawyer his costs. And this, as will be farther shown in the conclusion, I said, and say, partly because the best work never was nor ever will be done for money at all ; but chiefly because, the moment people know they have to pay the bad and good alike, they will try to discern the one from the other, and not use the bad. A sagacious writer in the *Scotsman* asks me if I should like any common scribbler

sufficient means of rising in the social scale, if he chooses to use them ; and thus not only diminishes the immediate power of wealth, but removes the worst disabilities of poverty.

It is on this vital problem that the entire destiny of the laborer is ultimately dependent. Many minor interests may sometimes appear to interfere with it, but all branch from it. For instance, considerable agitation is often caused in the minds of the lower classes when they discover the share which they nominally, and, to all appearance, actually, pay out of their wages in taxation (I believe thirty-five or forty per cent). This sounds very grievous; but in reality the laborer does not pay it, but his employer. If the workman had not to pay it, his wages would be less by just that sum: competition would still reduce them to the lowest rate at which life was possible. Similarly the lower orders agitated for the repeal of the corn laws,¹ thinking they

to be paid by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. as their good authors are. I should, if they employed him—but would seriously recommend them, for the scribbler's sake, as well as their own, *not* to employ him. The quantity of its money which the country at present invests in scribbling is not, in the outcome of it, economically spent; and even the highly ingenious person to whom this question occurred, might perhaps have been more beneficially employed than in printing it.

¹ I have to acknowledge an interesting communication on the subject of free trade from Paisley (for a short letter from "A Well-wisher" at —, my thanks are yet more due). But the Scottish writer will, I fear, be disagreeably surprised to hear, that I am, and always have been, an utterly fearless and unscrupulous free-trader. Seven years ago, speaking of the various signs of infancy in the European mind (*Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. p. 168), I wrote: "The first principles of commerce were acknowledged by the English parliament only a few months ago, and in its free-trade measures, and are still so little understood by the million, that *no nation dares to abolish its custom-houses.*"

It will be observed that I do not admit even the idea of reciprocity. Let other nations, if they like, keep their ports shut; every wise nation will throw its own open. It is not the opening them, but a sudden,

would be better off if bread were cheaper ; never perceiving that as soon as bread was permanently cheaper, wages would permanently fall in precisely that proportion. The corn laws were rightly repealed ; not, however, because they directly oppressed the poor, but because they indirectly oppressed them in causing a large quantity of their labor to be consumed unproductively. So also unnecessary taxation oppresses them, through destruction of capital, but the destiny of the poor depends primarily always on this one question of dueness of wages. Their distress (irrespectively of that caused by sloth, minor error, or crime) arises on the grand scale from the two reacting forces of competition and oppression. There is not yet, nor will yet for ages be, any real over-population in the world ; but a local over-population, or, more accurately, a degree of population locally unman-

inconsiderate, and blunderingly experimental manner of opening them, which does the harm. If you have been protecting a manufacture for long series of years, you must not take protection off in a moment, so as to throw every one of its operatives at once out of employ, any more than you must take all its wrappings off a feeble child at once in cold weather, though the cumber of them may have been radically injuring its health. Little by little, you must restore it to freedom and to air.

Most people's minds are in curious confusion on the subject of free trade, because they suppose it to imply enlarged competition. On the contrary, free trade puts an end to all competition. "Protection" (among various other mischievous functions) endeavors to enable one country to compete with any other in the production of an article at a disadvantage. When trade is entirely free, no country can be competed with in the articles for the production of which it is naturally calculated; nor can it compete with any other in the production of articles for which it is not naturally calculated. Tuscany, for instance, cannot compete with England in steel, nor England with Tuscany in oil. They must exchange their steel and oil. Which exchange should be as frank and free as honesty and the sea-winds can make it. Competition, indeed, arises at first, and sharply, in order to prove which is strongest in any given manufacture possible to both ; this point once ascertained, competition is at an end.

ageable under existing circumstances for want of forethought and sufficient machinery, necessarily shows itself by pressure of competition ; and the taking advantage of this competition by the purchaser to obtain their labor unjustly cheap, consummates at once their suffering and his own ; for in this (as I believe in every other kind of slavery) the oppressor suffers at last more than the oppressed, and those magnificent lines of Pope, even in all their force, fall short of the truth —

“ Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but HATE HIS NEIGHBOR AS HIMSELF :
Damned to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.”

The collateral and reversionary operations of justice in this matter I shall examine hereafter (it being needful first to define the nature of value) ; proceeding then to consider within what practical terms a juster system may be established ; and ultimately the vexed question of the destinies of the unemployed workmen.¹ Lest, however, the reader

¹ I should be glad if the reader would first clear the ground for himself so far as to determine whether the difficulty lies in getting the work or getting the pay for it. Does he consider occupation itself to be an expensive luxury, difficult of attainment, of which too little is to be found in the world ? or is it rather that, while in the enjoyment even of the most athletic delight, men must nevertheless be maintained, and this maintenance is not always forthcoming ? We must be clear on this head before going farther, as most people are loosely in the habit of talking of the difficulty of “finding employment.” Is it employment that we want to find, or support during employment ? Is it idleness we wish to put an end to, or hunger ? We have to take up both questions in succession, only not both at the same time. No doubt that work *is* a luxury, and a very great one. It is, indeed, at once a luxury and a necessity ; no man can retain either health of mind or body without it. So profoundly do I feel this, that, as will be seen in the sequel, one of the principal objects I would recommend to benevolent and practical persons,

should be alarmed at some of the issues to which our investigations seem to be tending, as if in their bearing against the power of wealth they had something in common with those of socialism, I wish him to know, in accurate terms, one or two of the main points which I have in view.

Whether socialism has made more progress among the army and navy (where payment is made on my principles), or among the manufacturing operatives (who are paid on my opponents' principles), I leave it to those opponents to ascertain and declare. Whatever their conclusion may be, I think it necessary to answer for myself only this : that if there be any one point insisted on throughout my works more frequently than another, that one point is the impossibility of Equality. My continual aim has been to show the eternal superiority of some men to others, sometimes even of one man to all others ; and to show also the advisability of appointing such persons or person to guide, to lead, or on occasion even to compel and subdue, their inferiors, according to their own better knowledge and wiser will. My principles of Political Economy were all involved in a single phrase spoken three years ago at Manchester : " Soldiers of the Ploughshare as well as soldiers of the Sword " : and they were all summed in a single sentence in the last volume of *Modern Painters* — " Government and coöperation are in all things the Laws of Life ; Anarchy and competition the Laws of Death."

And with respect to the mode in which these general principles affect the secure possession of property, so far is to induce rich people to seek for a larger quantity of this luxury than they at present possess. Nevertheless, it appears by experience that even this healthiest of pleasures may be indulged in to excess, and that human beings are just as liable to surfeit of labor as to surfeit of meat ; so that, as on the one hand, it may be charitable to provide, for some people, lighter dinner, and more work, — for others it may be equally expedient to provide lighter work, and more dinner.

am I from invalidating such security, that the whole gist of these papers will be found ultimately to aim at an extension in its range; and whereas it has long been known and declared that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, I wish it also to be known and declared that the rich have no right to the property of the poor.

But that the working of the system which I have undertaken to develop would in many ways shorten the apparent and direct, though not the unseen and collateral, power, both of wealth, as the Lady of Pleasure, and of capital as the Lord of Toil, I do not deny: on the contrary, I affirm it in all joyfulness; knowing that the attraction of riches is already too strong, as their authority is already too weighty, for the reason of mankind. I said in my last paper that nothing in history had ever been so disgraceful to human intellect as the acceptance among us of the common doctrines of political economy as a science. I have many grounds for saying this, but one of the chief may be given in few words. I know no previous instance in history of a nation's establishing a systematic disobedience to the first principles of its professed religion. The writings which we (verbally) esteem as divine, not only denounce the love of money as the source of all evil, and as an idolatry abhorred of the Deity, but declare mammon service to be the accurate and irreconcilable opposite of God's service: and, whenever they speak of riches absolute, and poverty absolute, declare woe to the rich, and blessing to the poor. Whereupon we forthwith investigate a science of becoming rich, as the shortest road to national prosperity.

“Tai Cristian dannerà l'Etiòpe,
Quando si partiranno i due collegi,
L'UNO IN ETERNO RICCO, E L'ALTRO INÒPE.”

ANNOTATIONS.

I.

UNTO THIS LAST.

Page 114. *Soi-disant* (*Swa-dee-sang'*): would-be ; pretended.

116. **Ossif'iant theory of progress**: the theory assumed is based exclusively upon man's physical constitution ; hence, a bone-making, or skeleton-like theory of progress.

Hūmeri : bones of the upper arms.

120. **Anom'alous force** : unusual, contrary to rule. The meaning is that the influence exerted by the affections is not usually taken account of by the political economist, and that their action nullifies his calculations.

123. **Esprit de corps** (*Es-pree-duh-cōr'*) : one spirit animating an entire body of men.

Sim'ony : the crime of buying or selling ecclesiastical preferments. The name refers to the act of Simon Magus, who wished to purchase the power of conferring the Holy Spirit. (Acts viii.)

125. **The walls of Fortune** : money-getting is here metaphorically pictured as an assault by an army upon a walled city whose ruler is Fortune or Chance.

127. **Brā'vo** : a bandit, a highway robber.

129. **Excursion** : the title of one of Wordsworth's poems, one of whose characters is a wandering peddler with a philosophical turn of mind.

Autol'ycus : a peddler and witty rogue in Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale."

II.

THE VEINS OF WEALTH.

135. **Mer'ces** : a Latin word meaning reward for services rendered ; wages.

140. **Pōlis** : the Greek word for city or state, from which is derived *politics*, the science of the government of a state.

144. Dura plains: an allusion to the act of Nebuchadnezzar, who set up an image of gold in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon (see Daniel iii. 1), and commanded all men to bow down and worship the image, on pain of being cast into a fiery furnace. Ruskin thinks that a false political economy calls upon men to applaud a system which brings upon many suffering greater than that of a fiery furnace.

146. Byzan'tine: belonging to Byzantium, which is the old name for Constantinople.

Byz'ants: gold coins worth about seventy-five dollars; so-called because they were coined at Byzantium.

147. Indus: a river in India whose sands were formerly thought to be rich in gold.

Adamant of Golconda: the diamond imported from Golconda, a city of India, celebrated in ancient times as a diamond mart.

A Heathen one: an allusion to Cornelia, a Roman matron, mother of the Gracchi, who, when asked to admire the jewels of a friend, pointed to her two boys saying: "These are my jewels."

III.

QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM.

147. A Jew Merchant: Solomon.

The Gold Coast: probably the Arabian coast of the Red Sea.

151. Ma'rah: Bitterness; see Exodus xv. 23.

152. Par excellence: eminent above all others.

158. Maxima and minima: highest and lowest: here the first and last principles of the common science of political economy.

166. "*Tai Cristian dannerà l'Etiòpe,*

Quando si partiranno i due collegi,

L'uno in eterno ricco, e l'altro inòpe."

Thus the Christian will condemn the Ethiopian, when the two colleagues shall separate, the one eternally rich, the other forever poor.

God has made man to take pleasure in the use of his eyes, wits, and body. And the foolish creature is continually trying to live without looking at anything, without thinking about anything, and without doing anything. And he thus becomes not only a brute, but the unhappiest of brutes. . . . Every pleasure got otherwise than God meant it — got cheaply, thievishly, and swiftly, when He has ordered that it should be got dearly, honestly, and slowly, — turns into a venomous burden, and, past as a pleasure, remains as a load, increasing day by day its deadly coat of burning mail. The joys of hatred, of battle, of lust, of vain knowledge, of vile luxury, all pass into slow torture : nothing remains to man, nothing is possible to him of true joy, but in the righteous love of his fellows, in the knowledge of the laws and the glory of God, and in the daily use of the faculties of soul and body with which that God has endowed him. — *Fors, Letter LXXXIX.*

The True Ideal consists not in the naked beauty of statues, nor in the gauze of flowers and crackling tinsel of theatres, but in the clothed and fed beauty of living men, and in the lights and laughs of happy homes. — *Modern Painters.*

FORS CLAVIGERA.

INTRODUCTORY.

ON New Year's Day, 1871, Mr. Ruskin issued the first of a series of ninety-six monthly letters addressed to the working men and laborers of England.

In the second letter, the meaning of the enigmatical title is explained. "How you may make your fortune, or mar it" is the purport of the words as used by Mr. Ruskin. In one letter, he says : "The current and continual purpose of *Fors Clavigera* is to explain the powers of Chance or Fortune (Fors), as she offers to men the conditions of prosperity ; and as these conditions are accepted or refused, nails down and fastens their fate forever, being thus 'Clavigera' — nail-bearing." The conditions by which the honor and true happiness of life may be secured, are shown to be : first, honest effort ; second, patient endurance of what cannot be bettered by individual action ; third, a firm trust in the righteous government of a Power that wills justice.

Mr. Ruskin availed himself of the freedom permitted by letter-writing to discourse in a familiar yet forcible manner concerning the evil tendencies of our modern life, enforcing his teaching by illustrations from history, literature, Scripture, science, and art ; and touching upon almost every possible theme, from household economy to the gravest questions of education, government, and religion.

These letters were published in pamphlet form and sold at first at seven pence, but later at ten pence per copy, the author declaring that the price of two pots of beer ought not to be too much to pay for learning truths upon which the vital welfare of the readers must depend. In spite of their high price, and notwithstanding the fact that they were not advertised, they were so widely sought that, in 1875, all the earlier numbers were sold ; thus proving that Mr. Ruskin was right in thinking that “the public has a long nose and will scent out what it wants.”

Through these letters, Mr. Ruskin also made known his plans for regenerating the life of workmen by founding agricultural communities, such as his Guild of St. George, whose laws and usages embodied the practical application of his ideas of what constituted wholesome living.

Mr. Ruskin neither preaches nor practices asceticism.

He wishes to bring people of all classes to lead lives made happy by daily useful toil, and by joyful recognition of the beauty of the world without them ; while, through cultivation of the faculties of “admiration, hope, and love,” day by day a higher spiritual life shall be enkindled within them.

Mr. Ruskin writes the *first* of these letters with a heart heavy with sadness caused by the sight of two leading civilized nations engaged in deadly conflict. The Franco-Prussian war was at its height ; Paris was besieged — suffering the worst horrors of war’s destructive violence.

The burden of this letter’s message is that national selfishness and cowardice prevent the understanding of the laws of international justice. War is the great scourge from which Christian civilization should free itself, for it is to wars that the heaviest burdens of taxation, as well as the wicked sacrifice of human lives, are attributable.

In the contests over forms of government, Mr. Ruskin sees nothing worth contending for. He believes that the one important thing in government is to have the laws administered by *honest* men.

The general well-being of nations is to be secured on the same principles as among neighboring households, each being advantaged by his neighbor's prosperity. The beginnings of national health must be in making it possible for all to procure the necessities of life. These cannot be secured either by the fine arts, or by the military arts; nor can capital in the form of machinery do this.

Letter II, after explaining the mystic title, discusses the nature of Rent. In England, the feudal tenure of land still prevails; but, although the Squires have become somewhat demoralized, Mr. Ruskin considers them honest at heart, and worthy of being trusted.

What constitutes useful and useless employment is next considered. All labor which dwarfs or darkens the life of the laborer, is useless and demoralizing, and, in the end, destructive. The letter concludes with a statement of the threefold conditions of useful living.

In *Letter III*, Mr. Ruskin shows the dependence of the present upon the character of the past; of the individual, upon the acts of others; the working out of that "Fors" or Fate by which the children must suffer for the sins of their fathers.

By a subtle, yet clear analysis, he traces some of England's present evils to the rapacity, and her strength to the wisdom of former kings.

In like manner, the future depends upon the worth or the worthlessness of the present. The hope of material, personal reward as a motive to virtue must give place to a desire to live worthily for the sake of contributing to the good life of the world.

Letter IV discusses, first, the value of what is called education. Knowledge of facts does not of itself make one really educated. The highest knowledge is that which gives the art of living truly.

Next, the nature and use of riches are considered. With searching irony, Mr. Ruskin criticises the accepted ideas concerning utility and values ; and declares that, whether as the spoils of conquest, or by the operation of the principles of modern political economy, the few have generally been enriched by pillage of the poor.

In *Letter V*, Mr. Ruskin deplores what seem to him the most painful effects of the materialistic science of our time: namely, the fear of over-production, which has been the cause of enforced idleness and pinching poverty, and the loss of reverent love for nature.

Avaricious greed, falsely denominated business enterprise, has violated so many of the shrines of beauty in Nature's temples that Ruskin, the priest of God at the altar of Nature, mourns over these desecrations of the holy of holies. Like Mr. Wordsworth, he laments that —

“ The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in nature that is ours.
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.”

Machinery, he thinks, cannot increase the possibilities of life, but only the possibilities of idleness. The things

which are essential to happy, healthy life are, mainly, three material ones : Pure Air, Water, and Earth ; and three spiritual ones : Admiration, Hope, and Love. To secure these to as many as he can reach, Mr. Ruskin proposes to devote one-tenth of his income to make "some piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful" ; and he asks the aid of any who believe that this, his plan for the Company of St. George, is desirable.

Of *Letter VI*, Mr. Ruskin himself says elsewhere that it is desultory, because written under excitement of continual news of the revolution in Paris, and that it limits itself to noticing some of the causes of that revolution : chiefly the idleness, disobedience, and covetousness of the richer and middle classes.

In 1877, St. George's Guild was established at Sheffield. Naturally, the difficulties of securing intelligent coöperation caused Mr. Ruskin great discouragement at times. Having expressed this feeling in some of his letters, a Companion of St. George, one of the workmen, wrote to cheer him. From his letter the following extract is taken as showing the high regard felt for Mr. Ruskin :—

"To me it seems that the good of you is that you have a heart to feel the sorrows of the world—that you have courage and power to speak against injustice and falsehood, and more than all, that you act out what you say. Everybody else seems asleep or dead—wrapped up in their own comfort or satisfaction,—and utterly deaf to any appeal. Do not think your work is less than it is, and let all unworthy anxieties go. The work is God's, if ever any work was, and He will look after its success."

LETTER I.

DENMARK HILL, 1st January, 1871.

FRIENDS,—

We begin to-day another group of ten years, not in happy circumstances. Although, for the time, exempted from the direct calamities which have fallen on neighboring states, believe me, we have not escaped them because of our better deservings, nor by our better wisdom ; but only for one of two bad reasons, or for both : either that we have not sense enough to determine in a great national quarrel which side is right, or that we have not courage to defend the right, when we have discerned it.

I believe that both these bad reasons exist in full force ; that our own political divisions prevent us from understanding the laws of international justice ; and that, even if we did, we should not dare to defend, perhaps not even to assert them, being on this first day of January, 1871, in much bodily fear ; that is to say, afraid of the Russians ; afraid of the Prussians ; afraid of the Americans ; afraid of the Hindoos ; afraid of the Chinese ; afraid of the Japanese ; afraid of the New Zealanders ; and afraid of the Caffres ; and very justly so, being conscious that our only real desire respecting any of these nations has been to get as much out of them as we could.

They have no right to complain of us, notwithstanding, since we have all, lately, lived ourselves in the daily endeavor to get as much out of our neighbors and friends as we could ; and having by this means, indeed, got a good deal out of each other, and putting nothing into each other, the actually obtained result, this day, is a state of emptiness in purse and stomach, for the solace of which our boasted "insular position" is ineffectual.

I have listened to many ingenious persons, who say we are better off now than ever we were before. I do not know how well off we were before; but I know positively that many very deserving persons of my acquaintance have great difficulty in living under these improved circumstances; also, that my desk is full of begging letters, eloquently written either by distressed or dishonest people; and that we cannot be called, as a nation, well off, while so many of us are living either in honest or in villainous beggary.

For my own part, I will put up with this state of things, passively, not an hour longer. I am not an unselfish person, nor an Evangelical one; I have no particular pleasure in doing good; neither do I dislike doing it so much as to expect to be rewarded for it in another world. But I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any—which is seldom, now-a-days, near London—has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly.

Therefore, as I have said, I will endure it no longer quietly; but henceforward, with any few or many who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery. But that I may do my best, I must not be miserable myself any longer; for no man who is wretched in his own heart, and feeble in his own work, can rightly help others.

Now my own special pleasure has lately been connected with a given duty. I have been ordered to endeavor to make our English youth care somewhat for the arts; and must put my uttermost strength into that business. To which end I must clear myself from all sense of responsibility for the material distress around me, by explaining to you, once for all, in the shortest English I can, what I know of its causes; by pointing out to you some of the methods

by which it might be relieved ; and by setting aside regularly some small percentage of my income, to assist, as one of yourselves, in what one and all we shall have to do ; each of us laying by something, according to our means, for the common service ; and having amongst us at last, be it ever so small, a national Store instead of a National Debt. Store which, once securely founded, will fast increase, provided only you take the pains to understand, and have perseverance to maintain, the elementary principles of Human Economy, which have, of late, not only been lost sight of, but wilfully and formally entombed under pyramids of falsehood.

And first I beg you most solemnly to convince yourselves of the partly comfortable, partly formidable fact, that your prosperity is in your own hands. That only in a remote degree does it depend on external matters, and least of all, on forms of Government. In all times of trouble, the first thing to be done is to make the most of whatever forms of government you have got, by setting honest men to work them (the trouble, in all probability, having arisen only from the want of such) ; and for the rest, you must in no wise concern yourselves about them : more particularly it would be lost time to do so at this moment, when whatever is popularly said about governments cannot but be absurd, for want of definition of terms. Consider, for instance, the ridiculousness of the division of parties into "Liberal" and "Conservative." There is no opposition whatever between those two kinds of men. There is opposition between Liberals and Illiberals ; that is to say, between people who desire liberty, and who dislike it. I am a violent Illiberal ; but it does not follow that I must be a Conservative. A Conservative is a person who wishes to keep things as they are ; and he is opposed to a Destructive, who wishes to destroy them, or to an Innovator, who wishes to alter them.

Now, though I am an Illiberal, there are many things I should like to destroy. I should like to destroy most of the railroads in England, and all the railroads in Wales. I should like to destroy and rebuild the Houses of Parliament, the National Gallery, and the East end of London ; and to destroy, without rebuilding, the new town of Edinburgh, the north suburb of Geneva, and the city of New York. Thus in many things I am the reverse of Conservative ; nay, there are some long-established things which I hope to see changed before I die ; but I want still to keep the fields of England green, and her cheeks red ; and that girls should be taught to curtsey, and boys to take their hats off, when a professor or otherwise dignified person passes by ; and that kings should keep their crowns on their heads, and bishops their crosiers in their hands, and should duly recognize the significance of the crown, and the use of the crook.

As you would find it thus impossible to class me justly in either party, so you would find it impossible to class any person whatever, who had clear and developed political opinions, and who could define them accurately. Men only associate in parties by sacrificing their opinions, or by having none worth sacrificing ; and the effect of party government is always to develop hostilities and hypocrisies, and to extinguish ideas.

Thus the so-called Monarchic and Republican parties have thrown Europe into conflagration and shame, merely for want of clear conception of the things they imagine themselves to fight for. The moment a Republic was proclaimed in France, Garibaldi came to fight for it as a "Holy Republic." But Garibaldi could not know,—no mortal creature could know,—whether it was going to be a Holy or Profane Republic. You cannot evoke any form of government by beat of drum. The proclamation of a Government implies the considerate acceptance of a code

of laws, and the appointment of means for their execution, neither of which things can be done in an instant. You may overthrow a government, and announce yourselves lawless, in the twinkling of an eye, as you can blow up a ship, or upset and sink one. But you can no more create a government with a word, than an iron-clad.

No; nor can you even define its character in few words; the measure of sanctity in it depending on degrees of justice in the administration of law, which are often independent of form altogether. Generally speaking, the community of thieves in London or Paris have adopted Republican Institutions, and live at this day without any acknowledged captain or head; but under Robin Hood, brigandage in England, and under Sir John Hawkwood, brigandage in Italy, became strictly Monarchical. Theft could not, merely by that dignified form of government, be made a holy manner of life; but it was made both dexterous and decorous. The pages of the English knights under Sir John Hawkwood spent nearly all their spare time in burnishing the knights' armor, and made it always so bright that they were called "the White Company." And the Notary of Tortona, Azario, tells us of them, that those foragers (*furatores*) "were more expert than any plunderers in Lombardy. They, for the most part, sleep by day and watch by night, and have such plans and artifices for taking towns, that never were the like or equal of them witnessed."¹

The actual Prussian expedition into France merely differs from Sir John's in Italy by being more generally savage, much less enjoyable, and by its clumsier devices for taking towns; for Sir John had no occasion to burn their libraries. In neither case does the monarchical form of government

¹ Communicated to me by my friend, Mr. Rawdon Brown, of Venice, from his yet unpublished work, *The English in Italy in the 14th Century*.

bestow any Divine right of theft; but it puts the available forces into a convenient form. Even with respect to convenience only, it is not yet determinable by the evidence of history, what is absolutely the best form of government to live under. There are, indeed, said to be republican villages (towns?) in America, where everybody is civil, honest, and substantially comfortable, but these villages have several unfair advantages — there are no lawyers in them, no town councils, and no parliaments. Such republicanism, if possible on a large scale, would be worth fighting for; though, in my own private mind, I confess I should like to keep a few lawyers, for the sake of their wigs — and the faces under them — generally very grand when they are really good lawyers — and for their (unprofessional) talk. Also, I should like to have a Parliament, into which people might be elected on condition of their never saying anything about politics, that one might still feel sometimes that one was acquainted with an M.P. In the meantime, Parliament is a luxury to the British squire, and an honor to the British manufacturer, which you may leave them to enjoy in their own way; provided only you make them always clearly explain, when they tax you, what they want with your money; and that you understand yourselves, what money is, and how it is got, and what it is good for, and bad for.

These matters I hope to explain to you in this and some following letters; which, among various other reasons, it is necessary that I should write in order that you may make no mistake as to the real economical results of Art teaching, whether in the Universities or elsewhere. I will begin by directing your attention particularly to that point.

The first object of all work — not the principal one, but the first and necessary one — is to get food, clothes, lodging, and fuel.

It is quite possible to have too much of all these things. I know a great many gentlemen who eat too large dinners ; a great many ladies who have too many clothes. I know there is lodging to spare in London, for I have several houses there myself, which I can't let. And I know there is fuel to spare everywhere, since we get up steam to pound the roads with, while our men stand idle ; or drink till they can't stand, idle, or any otherwise.

Notwithstanding, there is agonizing distress even in this highly-favored England, in some classes, for want of food, clothes, lodging, and fuel. And it has become a popular idea among the benevolent and ingenious, that you may in great part remedy these deficiencies by teaching, to these starving and shivering persons, Science and Art. In their way—as I do not doubt you will believe—I am very fond of both ; and I am sure it will be beneficial for the British nation to be lectured upon the merits of Michael Angelo, and the nodes of the moon. But I should strongly object myself to being lectured on either, while I was hungry and cold ; and I suppose the same view of the matter would be taken by the greater number of British citizens in those predicaments. So that, I am convinced, their present eagerness for instruction in painting and astronomy proceeds from an impression in their minds that, somehow, they may paint or star-gaze themselves into clothes and victuals. Now, it is perfectly true that you may sometimes sell a picture for a thousand pounds ; but the chances are greatly against your doing so—much more than the chances of a lottery. In the first place, you must paint a very clever picture ; and the chances are greatly against your doing that. In the second place, you must meet with an amiable picture-dealer ; and the chances are somewhat against your doing that. In the third place, the amiable picture-dealer must meet with a fool ; and the chances are not always in

favor even of his doing that — though, as I gave exactly the sum in question for a picture, myself, only the other day, it is not for me to say so. Assume, however, to put the case most favorably, that what with the practical results of the energies of Mr. Cole at Kensington, and the aesthetic impressions produced by various lectures at Cambridge and Oxford, the profits of art employment might be counted on as a ratable income. Suppose even that the ladies of the richer classes should come to delight no less in new pictures than in new dresses; and that picture-making should thus become as constant and lucrative an occupation as dress-making. Still, you know, they can't buy pictures and dresses too. If they buy two pictures a day, they can't buy two dresses a day; or if they do, they must save in something else. They have but a certain income, be it never so large. They spend that, now; and you can't get more out of them. Even if they lay by money, the time comes when somebody must spend it. You will find that they do verily spend now all they have, neither more nor less. If ever they seem to spend more, it is only by running in debt and not paying; if they for a time spend less, some day the overplus must come into circulation. All they have, they spend; more than that, they cannot at any time; less than that, they can only for a short time.

Whenever, therefore, any new industry, such as this of picture-making, is invented, of which the profits depend on patronage, it merely means that you have effected a diversion of the current of money in your own favor, and to somebody else's loss. Nothing really has been gained by the nation, though probably much time and wit, as well as sundry people's senses, have been lost. Before such a diversion can be effected, a great many kind things must have been done; a great deal of excellent advice given; and an immense quantity of ingenious trouble taken: the

arithmetical course of the business throughout being, that for every penny you are yourself better, somebody else is a penny the worse ; and the net result of the whole precisely zero.

Zero, of course, I mean, as far as money is concerned. It may be more dignified for working women to paint than to embroider ; and it may be a very charming piece of self-denial, in a young lady, to order a high art fresco instead of a ball-dress ; but as far as cakes and ale are concerned, it is all the same,—there is but so much money to be got by you, or spent by her, and not one farthing more, usually a great deal less, by high art, than by low. Zero, also, observe, I mean partly in a complimentary sense to the work executed. If you have done no good by painting, at least you have done no serious mischief. A bad picture is indeed a dull thing to have in a house, and in a certain sense a mischievous thing ; but it won't blow the roof off. Whereas, of the most things which the English, French, and Germans are paid for making now-a-days,—cartridges, cannon, and the like,—you know the best thing we can possibly hope is that they *may* be useless, and the net result of them, zero.

The thing, therefore, that you have to ascertain, approximately, in order to determine on some consistent organization, is the maximum of wages-fund you have to depend on to start with, that is to say, virtually, the sum of the income of the gentlemen of England. Do not trouble yourselves at first about France or Germany, or any other foreign country. The principle of Free-trade is, that French gentlemen should employ English workmen, for whatever the English can do better than the French ; and the English gentlemen should employ French workmen, for whatever the French can do better than the English. It is a very right principle, but merely extends the question to a wider field. Suppose,

for the present, that France, and every other country but your own, were — what I suppose you would, if you had your way, like them to be — sunk under water, and that England were the only country in the world. Then, how would you live in it most comfortably? Find out that, and you will then easily find out how two countries can exist together ; or more, not only without need for fighting, but to each other's advantage.

For, indeed, the laws by which two next-door neighbors might live most happily — the one not being the better for his neighbor's poverty, but the worse, and the better for his neighbor's prosperity — are those also by which it is convenient and wise for two parishes, two provinces, or two kingdoms to live side by side. And the nature of every commercial and military operation which takes place in Europe, or in the world, may always be best investigated by supposing it limited to the districts of a single country. Kent and Northumberland exchange hops and coals on precisely the same economical principles as Italy and England exchange oil for iron ; and the essential character of the war between Germany and France may be best understood by supposing it a dispute between Lancashire and Yorkshire for the line of the Ribble. Suppose that Lancashire, having absorbed Cumberland and Cheshire, and been much insulted and troubled by Yorkshire in consequence, and at last attacked ; and having victoriously repulsed the attack, and retaining old grudges against Yorkshire, about the color of roses, from the 15th century, declares that it cannot possibly be safe against the attacks of Yorkshire any longer, unless it gets the towns of Giggleswick and Wigglesworth, and a fortress on Pen-y-gent. Yorkshire replying that this is totally inadmissible, and that it will eat its last horse, and perish to its last Yorkshireman, rather than part with a stone of Giggleswick, a crag of Pen-y-gent,

or a ripple of Ribble,—Lancashire with its Cumbrian and Cheshire contingents invades Yorkshire, and meeting with much Divine assistance, ravages the West Riding, and besieges York on Christmas Day. That is the actual gist of the whole business ; and in the same manner you may see the downright common-sense—if any is to be seen—of other human proceedings, by taking them first under narrow and homely conditions. So for the present, we will fancy ourselves, what you tell me you all want to be, independent : we will take no account of any other country but Britain ; and on that condition, I will begin to show you in my next paper how we ought to live, after ascertaining the utmost limits of the wages-fund, which means the income of our gentlemen ; that is to say, essentially, the income of those who have command of the land, and therefore of all food.

What you call “wages,” practically, is the quantity of food which the possessor of the land gives you, to work for him. There is finally, no “capital” but that. If all the money of all the capitalists in the whole world were destroyed ; the notes and bills burnt, the gold irrecoverably buried, and all the machines and apparatus of manufactures crushed, by a mistake in signals, in one catastrophe ; and nothing remained but the land, with its animals and vegetables, and buildings for shelter,—the poorer population would be very little worse off than they are at this instant ; and their labor, instead of being “limited” by the destruction, would be greatly stimulated. They would feed themselves from the animals and growing crops ; heap here and there a few tons of ironstone together, build rough walls round them to get a blast, and in a fortnight they would have iron tools again, and be ploughing and fighting, just as usual. It is only we who had the capital who would suffer ; we should not be able to live idle, as we do now, and many of us—I, for instance—should starve at once : but you, though little the

worse, would none of you be the better, eventually, for our loss—or starvation. The removal of superfluous mouths would indeed benefit you somewhat, for a time; but you would soon replace them with hungrier ones; and there are many of us who are quite worth our meat to you in different ways, which I will explain in due place: also I will show you that our money is really likely to be useful to you in its accumulated form (besides that, in the instances when it has been won by work, it justly belongs to us), so only that you are careful never to let us persuade you into borrowing it, and paying us interest for it. You will find a very amusing story, explaining your position in that case, at the 117th page of the *Manual of Political Economy*, published this year at Cambridge, for your early instruction, in an almost devotionally catechetical form, by Messrs. Macmillan.

Perhaps I had better quote it to you entire: it is taken by the author “from the French.”

There was once in a village a poor carpenter, who worked hard from morning to night. One day James thought to himself, “With my hatchet, saw, and hammer, I can only make coarse furniture, and can only get the pay for such. If I had a plane, I should please my customers more, and they would pay me more. Yes, I am resolved, I will make myself a plane.” At the end of ten days, James had in his possession an admirable plane, which he valued all the more for having made it himself. Whilst he was reckoning all the profits which he expected to derive from the use of it, he was interrupted by William, a carpenter in the neighboring village. William, having admired the plane, was struck with the advantages which might be gained from it. He said to James:—

“You must do me a service; lend me the plane for a year.” As might be expected, James cried out, “How can you think of such a thing, William? Well, if I do you this service, what will you do for me in return?”

W. Nothing. Don’t you know that a loan ought to be gratuitous?

J. I know nothing of the sort ; but I do know that if I were to lend you my plane for a year, it would be giving it to you. To tell you the truth, that was not what I made it for.

W. Very well, then ; I ask you to do me a service ; what service do you ask me in return ?

J. First, then, in a year the plane will be done for. You must therefore give me another exactly like it.

W. That is perfectly just. I submit to these conditions. I think you must be satisfied with this, and can require nothing further.

J. I think otherwise. I made the plane for myself, and not for you. I expected to gain some advantage from it. I have made the plane for the purpose of improving my work and my condition ; if you merely return it to me in a year, it is you who will gain the profit of it during the whole of that time. I am not bound to do you such a service without receiving anything in return. Therefore, if you wish for my plane, besides the restoration already bargained for, you must give me a new plank as a compensation for the advantages of which I shall be deprived.

These terms were agreed to, but the singular part of it is that at the end of the year, when the plane came into James's possession, he lent it again ; recovered it, and lent it a third and fourth time. It has passed into the hands of his son, who still lends it. Let us examine this little story. The plane is the symbol of all capital, and the plank is the symbol of all interest.

If this be an abridgment, what a graceful piece of highly wrought literature the original story must be ! I take the liberty of abridging it a little more.

James makes a plane, lends it to William on 1st January for a year. William gives him a plank for the loan of it, wears it out, and makes another for James, which he gives him on 31st December. On 1st January, he again borrows the new one ; and the arrangement is repeated continuously. The position of William therefore is, that he makes a plane every 31st of December ; lends it to James till the next day, and pays James a plank annually for the privilege of lending

it to him on that evening. This, in future investigations of capital and interest, we will call, if you please, "the position of William."

You may not, at the first glance, see where the fallacy lies (the writer of this story evidently counts on your not seeing it at all).

If James did not lend the plane to William, he could only get his gain of a plank by working with it himself, and wearing it out himself. When he had worn it out at the end of the year, he would, therefore, have to make another for himself. William, working with it instead, gets the advantage instead, which he must, therefore, pay James his plank for ; and return to James, what James would, if he had not lent his plane, then have had ; not a new plane—but the worn-out one. James must make a new one for himself, as he would have had to do if no William had existed ; and if William likes to borrow it again for another plank—all is fair.

That is to say, clearing the story of its nonsense, that James makes a plane annually, and sells it to William for its proper price, which, in kind, is a new plank. But this arrangement has nothing whatever to do with principal, or with interest. There are, indeed, many very subtle conditions involved in any sale ; one among which is the value of ideas ; I will explain that value to you in the course of time (the article is not one which modern political economists have any familiarity with dealings in); and I will tell you somewhat also of the real nature of interest ; but if you will only get, for the present, a quite clear idea of "the Position of William," it is all I want of you.

I remain, your faithful friend,

JOHN RUSKIN.

My next letter, I hope, on 1st February.

LETTER II.

DENMARK HILL, 1st February, 1871.

FRIENDS,—

Before going farther, you may like to know, and ought to know, what I mean by the title of these Letters ; and why it is in Latin. I can only tell you in part, for the letters will be on many things, if I am able to carry out my plan in them ; and that title means many things, and is in Latin, because I could not have given an English one that meant so many. We, indeed, were not till lately a loquacious people, nor a useless one ; but the Romans did more, and said less, than any other nation that ever lived ; and their language is the most heroic ever spoken by men.

Therefore I wish you to know, at least, some words of it, and to recognize what thoughts they stand for.

Some day, I hope, you may know—and that European workmen may know—many words of it; but even a few will be useful.

Do not smile at my saying so. Of Arithmetic, Geometry, and Chemistry, you can know but little, at the utmost ; but that little, well learnt, serves you well. And a little Latin, well learnt, will serve you also, and in a higher way than any of these.

“Fors” is the best part of three good English words, Force, Fortitude, and Fortune. I wish you to know the meaning of those three words accurately.

“Force” (in humanity) means power of doing good work. A fool, or a corpse, can do any quantity of mischief ; but only a wise and strong man, or, with what true vital force there is in him, a weak one, can do good.

“Fortitude” means the power of bearing necessary pain, or trial of patience, whether by time, or temptation.

"Fortune" means the necessary fate of a man: the ordinance of his life which cannot be changed. To "make your Fortune" is to rule that appointed fate to the best ends of which it is capable.

Fors is a feminine word; and Clavigera is, therefore, the feminine of "Claviger."

Clava means a club. Clavis, a key. Clavus, a nail, or a rudder.

Gero means "I carry." It is the root of our word "gesture" (the way you carry yourself); and, in a curious bye-way, of "jest."

Clavigera may mean, therefore, either Club-bearer, Key-bearer, or Nail-bearer.

Each of these three possible meanings of Clavigera corresponds to one of the three meanings of Fors.

Fors, the Club-bearer, means the strength of Hercules, or of Deed.

Fors, the Key-bearer, means the strength of Ulysses, or of Patience.

Fors, the Nail-bearer, means the strength of Lycurgus, or of Law.

I will tell you what you may usefully know of those three Greek persons in a little time. At present, note only of the three powers: 1. That the strength of Hercules is for deed, not misdeed; and that his club — the favorite weapon, also, of the Athenian hero Theseus, whose form is the best inheritance left to us by the greatest of Greek sculptors (it is in the Elgin room of the British Museum, and I shall have much to tell you of him — especially how he helped Hercules in his utmost need, and how he invented mixed vegetable soup) — was for subduing monsters and cruel persons, and was of olive-wood. 2. That the Second Fors Clavigera is portress at a gate which she cannot open till you have waited long; and that her robe is of the color

of ashes, or dry earth.¹ 3. That the Third Fors Clavigera, the power of Lycurgus, is Royal as well as Legal ; and that the noblest crown yet existing in Europe of any that have been worn by Christian kings, was — people say — made of a Nail.

That is enough about my title, for this time ; now to our work. I told you, and you will find it true, that, practically, all wages mean the food and lodging given you by the possessors of the land.

It begins to be asked on many sides how the possessors of the land became possessed of it, and why they should still possess it, more than you or I : and Ricardo's "Theory" of Rent, though, for an economist, a very creditably ingenious work of fiction, will not much longer be imagined to explain the "Practice" of Rent.

The true answer, in this matter, as in all others, is the best. Some land has been bought ; some, won by cultivation : but the greater part, in Europe, seized originally by force of hand.

You may think, in that case, you may be justified in trying to seize some yourselves, in the same way.

If you could, you, and your children, would only hold it by the same title as its present holders. If it is a bad one, you had better not so hold it ; if a good one, you had better let the present holders alone.

And in any case, it is expedient that you should do so, for the present holders, whom we may generally call "Squires" (a title having three meanings, like Fors, and all good ; namely, Rider, Shield-bearer, and Carver), are quite the best men you can now look to for leading : it is too true that they have much demoralized themselves lately by horse-racing, bird-shooting, and vermin-hunting ; and most of all

¹ See Carey's translation of the ninth book of Dante's *Purgatory*, line 105.

by living in London, instead of on their estates ; but they are still without exception brave ; nearly without exception, good-natured ; honest, so far as they understand honesty, and much to be depended on, if once you and they understand each other.

Which you are far enough now from doing ; and it is imminently needful that you should; so we will have an accurate talk of them soon. The needfull'est thing of all first is that you should know the functions of the persons whom you are being taught to think of as your protectors against the Squires ;—your “Employers,” namely ; or Capitalist Supporters of Labor.

“Employers.” It is a noble title. If, indeed, they have found you idle, and given you employment, wisely,—let us no more call them mere “Men” of Business, but rather “Angels” of Business : quite the best sort of Guardian Angel.

Yet are you sure it is necessary, absolutely, to look to superior natures for employment ? Is it inconceivable that you should employ—yourselves ? I ask the question, because these Seraphic beings, undertaking also to be Seraphic Teachers or Doctors, have theories about employment which may perhaps be true in their own celestial regions, but are inapplicable under worldly conditions.

To one of these principles, announced by themselves as highly important, I must call your attention closely, because it has of late been the cause of much embarrassment among persons in a sub-seraphic life. I take its statement verbatim, from the 25th page of the Cambridge catechism before quoted:—

“This brings us to a most important proposition respecting capital, one which it is essential that the student should thoroughly understand.

“The proposition is this—A demand for commodities is not a demand for labor.

"The demand for labor depends upon the amount of capital ; the demand for commodities simply determines in what direction labor shall be employed.

"AN EXAMPLE.—The truth of these assertions can best be shown by examples. Let us suppose that a manufacturer of woollen cloth is in the habit of spending 50*l.* annually in lace. What does it matter, say some, whether he spends this 50*l.* in lace or whether he uses it to employ more laborers in his own business? Does not the 50*l.* spent in lace maintain the laborers who make the lace, just the same as it would maintain the laborers who make cloth, if the manufacturer used the money in extending his own business? If he ceased buying the lace, for the sake of employing more clothmakers, would there not be simply a transfer of the 50*l.* from the lacemakers to the clothmakers? In order to find the right answer to these questions let us imagine what would actually take place if the manufacturer ceased buying the lace, and employed the 50*l.* in paying the wages of an additional number of clothmakers. The lace manufacturer, in consequence of the diminished demand for lace, would diminish the production, and would withdraw from his business an amount of capital corresponding to the diminished demand. As there is no reason to suppose that the lacemaker would, on losing some of his custom, become more extravagant, or would cease to desire to derive income from the capital which the diminished demand has caused him to withdraw from his own business, it may be assumed that he would invest this capital in some other industry. This capital is not the same as that which his former customer, the woollen cloth manufacturer, is now paying his own laborers with ; it is a second capital ; and in the place of 50*l.* employed in maintaining labor, there is now 100*l.* so employed. There is no transfer from lacemakers to clothmakers. There is fresh employment for the clothmakers and a transfer from the lacemakers to some other laborers." —(*Principles of Political Economy*, Vol. I, p. 102.)

This is very fine ; and it is clear that we may carry forward the improvement in our commercial arrangements

by recommending all the other customers of the lacemaker to treat him as the clothmaker has done. Whereupon he of course leaves the lace business entirely, and uses all his capital in "some other industry." Having thus established the lacemaker with a complete "second capital," in the other industry, we will next proceed to develop a capital out of the clothmaker, by recommending all *his* customers to leave *him*. Whereupon, he will also invest his capital in "some other industry," and we have a Third capital, employed in a National benefit.

We will now proceed in the round of all possible businesses, developing a correspondent number of new capitals, till we come back to our friend the lacemaker again, and find him employed in whatever his new industry was. By now taking away again all his new customers, we begin the development of another order of Capitals in a higher Seraphic circle — and so develop at last an Infinite Capital !

It would be difficult to match this for simplicity; it is more comic even than the fable of James and William, though you may find it less easy to detect the fallacy here ; but the obscurity is not because the error is less gross, but because it is threefold. Fallacy 1st is the assumption that a clothmaker may employ any number of men, whether he has customers or not ; while a lacemaker must dismiss his men if he has not customers. Fallacy 2d. That when a lacemaker can no longer find customers for lace, he can always find customers for something else. Fallacy 3d (the essential one). That the funds provided by these new customers, produced seraphically from the clouds, are a "second capital." Those customers, if they exist now, existed before the lacemaker adopted his new business ; and were the employers of the people in that business. If the lacemaker gets them, he merely diverts their fifty

pounds from the tradesmen they were before employing, to himself ; and that is Mr. Mill's "second capital."

Underlying these three fallacies, however, there is, in the mind of "the greatest thinker of England," some consciousness of a partial truth, which he has never yet been able to define for himself—still less to explain to others. The real root of them is his conviction that it is beneficial and profitable to make broadcloth ; and unbeneficial and unprofitable to make lace ;¹ so that the trade of clothmaking should be infinitely extended, and that of lacemaking infinitely repressed. Which is, indeed, partially true. Making cloth, if it be well made, is a good industry ; and if you had sense enough to read your Walter Scott thoroughly, I should invite you to join me in sincere hope that Glasgow might in that industry long flourish ; and the chief hostelry at Aberfoil be at the sign of the "Nicol Jarvie." Also, of lacemakers, it is often true that they had better be doing something else. I admit it, with no good will, for I know a most kind lady, a clergyman's wife, who devotes her life to the benefit of her country by employing lacemakers ; and all her friends make presents of collars and cuffs to each other, for the sake of charity ; and as, if they did not, the poor girl-lacemakers would probably indeed be "diverted" into some other less diverting industry, in due assertion of the rights of woman, (cartridge-filling, or percussion-cap making, most likely) I even go the length, sometimes, of furnishing my friend with a pattern, and never say a word to disturb her young customers in their conviction that it is an act of Christian charity to be married in more than ordinarily expensive veils.

¹ I assume the Cambridge quotation to be correct: in my old edition (1848), the distinction is between "weavers and lace-makers" and "journeymen bricklayers"; and making velvet is considered to be the production of a "commodity," but building a house only doing a "service."

But there *is* one kind of lace for which I should be glad that the demand ceased. Iron lace. If we must even doubt whether ornamental thread-work may be, wisely, made on cushions in the sunshine, by dexterous fingers for fair shoulders,—how are we to think of Ornamental Ironwork, made with deadly sweat of men, and steady waste, all summer through, of the coals that Earth gave us for winter fuel? What shall we say of labor spent on lace such as that?

Nay, says the Cambridge Catechism, “the demand for commodities is not a demand for labor.”

Doubtless, in the economist’s new earth, cast iron will be had for asking ; the hapless and brave Parisians find it even rain occasionally out of the new economical Heavens, *without* asking. Gold will also one day, perhaps, be begotten of gold, until the supply of that, as well as of iron may be, at least, equal to the demand. But, in this world, it is not so yet. Neither thread-lace, gold-lace, iron-lace, nor stone-lace, whether they be commodities or incommodities, can be had for nothing. How much, think you, did the gilded flourishes cost round the gas-lamps on Westminster Bridge ? or the stone-lace of the pinnacles of the temple of Parliament at the end of it (incommodious enough, as I hear) ; or the point-lace of the park-railings which you so improperly pulled down, when you wanted to be Parliamentary yourselves ; (much good you would have got of that !) or the “openwork” of iron railings generally —the special glories of English design? Will you count the cost, in labor and coals, of the blank bars ranged along all the melancholy miles of our suburban streets, saying with their rusty tongues, as plainly as iron tongues can speak, “Thieves outside, and nothing to steal within.” A beautiful wealth they are ! and a productive capital ! “Well but,” you answer, “the making them was work for us.” Of

course it was ; is not that the very thing I am telling you ! Work it was ; and too much. But will you be good enough to make up your minds, once for all, whether it is really work that you want, or rest ? I thought you rather objected to your quantity of work ;—that you were all for having eight hours of it instead of ten ? You may have twelve instead of ten easily. Sixteen, if you like ! if it is only occupation you want, why do you cast the iron ? Forge it in the fresh air, on a workman's anvil ; make iron-lace like that of Verona, every link of it swinging loose like a knight's chain mail : then you may have some joy of it afterwards, and pride ; and say you knew the cunning of a man's right hand. But I think it is pay that you want, not work ; and it is very true that pretty ironwork like that does not pay ; but it *is* pretty, and it might even be entertaining, if you made those leaves at the top of it (which are, as far as I can see, only artichoke, and not very well done) in the likeness of all the beautiful leaves you could find, till you knew them all by heart. "Wasted time and hammer-strokes," say you ? "A wise people like the English will have nothing but spikes ; and besides, the spikes are highly needful, so many of the wise people being thieves." Yes, that is so ; and, therefore, in calculating the annual cost of keeping your thieves, you must always reckon, not only the cost of the spikes that keep them in, but of the spikes that keep them out. But how if, instead of flat rough spikes, you put triangular polished ones, commonly called bayonets ; and instead of the perpendicular bars put perpendicular men ? What is the cost to you then, of your railing, of which you must feed the idle bars daily ? Costly enough, if it stays quiet. But how, if it begin to march and countermarch ? and apply its spikes horizontally ?

And now note this that follows ; it is of vital importance to you.

There are, practically, two absolutely opposite kinds of labor going on among men, forever.¹

The first, labor supported by Capital, producing nothing.

The second, labor unsupported by Capital, producing all things.

Take two simple and precise instances on a small scale.

A little while since, I was paying a visit in Ireland, and chanced to hear an account of the pleasures of a picnic party, who had gone to see a waterfall. There was of course ample lunch, feasting on the grass, and basketsful of fragments taken up afterwards.

Then the company, feeling themselves dull, gave the fragments that remained to the attendant ragged boys, on condition that they should “pull each other’s hair.”

Here, you see, is, in the most accurate sense, employment of food, or capital, in the support of entirely unproductive labor.

Next, for the second kind. I live at the top of a short but rather steep hill ; at the bottom of which, every day, all the year round, but especially in frost, coal-wagons get stranded, being economically provided with the smallest number of horses that can get them along on level ground.

The other day, when the road, frozen after thaw, was at the worst, my assistant was coming up here, and found three coal-wagons at a lock, helpless ; the drivers, as usual, explaining Political Economy to the horses, by beating them over the heads.

There were half-a-dozen fellows besides, out of work, or not caring to be in it — standing by, looking on. My

¹ I do not mean that there are no other kinds, nor that well-paid labor must necessarily be unproductive. I hope to see much done, some day, for just pay, and wholly productive. But these, named in the text, are two opposite extremes ; and, in actual life hitherto, the largest means have been usually spent in mischief, and the most useful work done for the worst pay.

engraver put his shoulder to a wheel (at least his hand to a spoke), and called on the idlers to do as much. They didn't seem to have thought of such a thing, but were ready enough when called on. "And we went up screaming," said Mr. Burgess.

Do you suppose that was one whit less proper human work than going up a hill against a battery, merely because, in that case, half of the men would have gone down, screaming, instead of up ; and those who got up would have done no good at the top ?

But observe the two opposite kinds of labor. The first, lavishly supported by Capital, and producing Nothing. The second, unsupported by any Capital whatsoever,—not having so much as a stick for a tool, — but, called by mere good-will, out of the vast void of the world's Idleness, and producing the definitely profitable result of moving a weight of fuel some distance towards the place where it was wanted, and sparing the strength of over-loaded creatures.

Observe further. The labor producing no useful result was demoralizing. All such labor is.

The labor producing useful results was educational in its influence on the temper. All such labor is.

And the first condition of education, the thing you are all crying out for, is being put to wholesome and useful work. And it is nearly the last condition of it, too ; you need very little more ; but, as things go, there will yet be difficulty in getting that. As things have hitherto gone, the difficulty has been to avoid getting the reverse of that.

For, during the last eight hundred years, the upper classes of Europe have been one large Picnic Party. Most of them have been religious also ; and in sitting down, by companies, upon the green grass, in parks, gardens, and the like, have considered themselves commanded into that position by Divine authority, and fed with bread from Heaven : of

which they duly considered it proper to bestow the fragments in support, and the tithes in tuition, of the poor.

But, without even such small cost, they might have taught the poor many beneficial things. In some places, they *have* taught them manners, which is already much. They might have cheaply taught them merriment also :—dancing and singing, for instance. The young English ladies who sit nightly to be instructed, themselves, at some cost, in melodies illustrative of the consumption of La Traviata, and the damnation of Don Juan, might have taught every girl peasant in England to join in costless choirs of innocent song. Here and there, perhaps, a gentleman might have been found able to teach his peasantry some science and art. Science and fine art don't pay ; but they cost little. Tithes—not of the income of the country, but of the income, say, of its brewers—nay, probably the sum devoted annually by England to provide drugs for the adulteration of its own beer—would have founded lovely little museums, and perfect libraries, in every village. And if, here and there, an English churchman had been found (such as Dean Stanley) willing to explain to peasants the sculpture of his and their own cathedral, and to read its black-letter inscriptions for them ; and, on warm Sundays, when they were too sleepy to attend to anything more proper—to tell them a story about some of the people who had built it, or lay buried in it—we perhaps might have been quite as religious as we are, and yet need not now have been offering prizes for competition in art schools, nor lecturing with tender sentiment on the inimitableness of the works of Fra Angelico.

These things the great Picnic Party might have taught without cost, and with amusement to themselves. One thing, at least, they were bound to teach, whether it amused them or not ;—how, day by day, the daily bread they

expected their village children to pray to God for, might be earned in accordance with the laws of God. *This* they might have taught, not only without cost, but with great gain. One thing only they *Have* taught, and at considerable cost.

They have spent four hundred millions¹ of pounds here in England within the last twenty years!—how much in France and Germany, I will take some pains to ascertain for you,—and with this initial outlay of capital, have taught the peasants of Europe—to pull each other's hair.

With *this* result, 17th January, 1871, at and around the chief palace of their own pleasures, and the chief city of their delights:—

“Each demolished house has its own legend of sorrow, of pain, and horror; each vacant doorway speaks to the eye, and almost to the ear, of hasty flight, as armies or fire came—of weeping women and trembling children running away in awful fear, abandoning the home that saw their birth, the old house they loved—of startled men seizing quickly under each arm their most valued goods, and rushing, heavily laden, after their wives and babes, leaving to hostile hands the task of burning all the rest. When evening falls, the wretched outcasts, worn with fatigue and tears, reach Versailles, St. Germain, or some other place outside the range of fire, and there they beg for bread and shelter, homeless, foodless, broken with despair. And this, remember, has been the fate of something like a hundred thousand people during the last four months. Versailles alone has about fifteen thousand such fugitives to keep alive, all ruined, all hopeless, all vaguely asking the grim future what still worse fate it may have in store for them.”—*Daily Telegraph*, Jan. 17th, 1871.

¹ £992,740,328, in seventeen years, say the working men of Burnley, in their address just issued—an excellent address in its way, and full of very fair arithmetic—if its facts are all right; only I don't see, myself, how “from fifteen to twenty-five millions per annum,” make nine hundred and ninety-two millions in seventeen years.

That is the result round their pleasant city, and *this* within their industrious and practical one: let us keep for the reference of future ages, a picture of domestic life, out of the streets of London in her commercial prosperity, founded on the eternal laws of Supply and Demand, as applied by the modern Capitalist:—

“A father in the last stage of consumption—two daughters nearly marriageable with hardly sufficient rotting clothing to ‘cover their shame.’ The rags that hang around their attenuated frames flutter in strips against their naked legs. They have no stool or chair upon which they can sit. Their father occupies the only stool in the room. They have no employment by which they can earn even a pittance. They are at home starving on a half-chance meal a day, and hiding their raggedness from the world. The walls are bare, there is one bed in the room, and a bundle of dirty rags are upon it. The dying father will shortly follow the dead mother, and when the parish coffin encloses his wasted form, and a pauper’s grave closes above him, what shall be his daughters’ lot? This is but a type of many other homes in the district: dirt, misery, and disease alone flourish in that wretched neighborhood. ‘Fever and small-pox rage,’ as the inhabitants say, ‘next door, and next door, and over the way, and next door to that, and further down.’ The living, dying, and dead are all huddled together. The houses have no ventilation, the back yards are receptacles for all sorts of filth and rubbish, the old barrels or vessels that contain the supply of water are thickly coated on the sides with slime, and there is an undisturbed deposit of mud at the bottom. There is no mortuary house—the dead lie in the dog-holes where they breathed their last, and add to the contagion which spreads through the neighborhood.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*, January 7th, 1871, quoting the *Builder*.

As I was revising this sheet,—on the evening of the 20th of last month,—two slips of paper were brought to me. One contained, in consecutive paragraphs, an extract from the speech of one of the best and kindest of our public

men, to the "Liberal Association" at Portsmouth; and an account of the performances of the 35-ton gun called the "Woolwich Infant," which is fed with 700 pound shot, and 130 pounds of gunpowder at one mouthful; not at all like the Wapping infants, starving on a half-chance meal a day. "The gun was fired with the most satisfactory result," nobody being hurt, and nothing damaged but the platform, while the shot passed through the screens in front at the rate of 1,303 feet per second; and it seems, also, that the Woolwich infant has not seen the light too soon. For Mr. Cowper-Temple, in the preceding paragraph, informs the Liberals of Portsmouth, that in consequence of our amiable neutrality, "we must contemplate the contingency of a combined fleet coming from the ports of Prussia, Russia, and America, and making an attack on England."

Contemplating myself these relations of Russia, Prussia, Woolwich, and Wapping, it seems to my uncommercial mind merely like another case of iron railings—thieves outside, and nothing to steal within. But the second slip of paper announced approaching help in a peaceful direction. It was the prospectus of the Boardmen's and General Advertising Coöperative Society, which invites, from the "generosity of the public, a necessary small preliminary sum," and, "in addition to the above, a small sum of money by way of capital," to set the members of the society up in the profitable business of walking about London between two boards. Here is at last found for us, then, it appears, a line of life! At the West End, lounging about the streets, with a well-made back to one's coat, and front to one's shirt, is usually thought of as not much in the way of business; but, doubtless, to lounge at the East End about the streets, with one Lie pinned to the front of you, and another to the back of you, will pay, in time, only with proper preliminary expenditure of capital. My friends, I

repeat my question : Do you not think you could contrive some little method of employing — yourselves ? for truly I think the Seraphic Doctors are nearly at their wits' end (if ever their wits had a beginning). Tradesmen are beginning to find it difficult to live by lies of their own ; and workmen will not find it much easier to live, by walking about, flattened between other people's.

Think over it. On the first of March, I hope to ask you to read a little history with me ; perhaps, also, because the world's time, seen truly, is but one long and fitful April, in which every day is All Fools' day, — we may continue our studies in that month ; but on the first of May, you shall consider with me what you can do, or let me, if still living, tell you what I know you can do — those of you, at least, who will promise — (with the help of the three strong Fates) these three things : —

1. To do your own work well, whether it be for life or death.
2. To help other people at theirs, when you can, and seek to avenge no injury.
3. To be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones.

Believe me, your faithful friend,

JOHN RUSKIN.

LETTER III.

DENMARK HILL, 1st March, 1871.

MY FRIENDS,—

We are to read — with your leave — some history to-day ; the leave, however, will perhaps not willingly be given, for you may think that of late you have read enough history, or too much, in *Gazettes* of morning and evening. No ; you

have read, and can read, no history in these. Reports of daily events, yes ;—and if any journal would limit itself to statements of well-sifted fact, making itself not a “news” paper, but an “olds” paper, and giving its statements tested and true, like old wine, as soon as things could be known accurately ; choosing also, of the many things that might be known, those which it was most vital to know, and summing them in few words of pure English,—I cannot say whether it would ever pay well to sell it ; but I am sure it would pay well to read it, and to read no other.

But even so, to know only what was happening day by day, would not be to read history. What happens now is but the momentary scene of a great play, of which you can understand nothing without some knowledge of the former action. And of that, so great a play is it, you can at best understand little ; yet of history, as of science, a little, well known, will serve you much, and a little, ill known, will do you fatally the contrary of service.

For instance, all your journals will be full of talk, for months to come, about whose fault the war was ; and you yourselves, as you begin to feel its deadly recoil on your own interests, or as you comprehend better the misery it has brought on others, will be looking about more and more restlessly for some one to accuse of it. That is because you don’t know the law of Fate, nor the course of history. It is the law of Fate that we shall live, in part, by our own efforts, but in the greater part, by the help of others ; and that we shall also die, in part, for our own faults ; but in the greater part, for the faults of others. Do you suppose (to take the thing on the small scale in which you can test it) that those seven children torn into pieces out of their sleep, in the last night of the siege of Paris,¹ had sinned above all the children in Paris, or above yours ? or that their parents

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, 30th January, 1871.

had sinned more than you? Do you think the thousands of soldiers, German and French, who have died in agony, and of women who have died of grief, had sinned above all other soldiers, or mothers, or girls, there and here?

It was not their fault, but their Fate. The thing appointed to them by the Third Fors. But you think it was at least the Emperor Napoleon's fault, if not theirs? Or Count Bismarck's? No; not at all. The Emperor Napoleon had no more to do with it than a cork on the top of a wave has with the toss of the sea. Count Bismarck had very little to do with it. When the Count sent for my waiter, last July, in the village of Lauterbrunnen, among the Alps,—that the waiter then and there packed his knapsack and departed, to be shot, if need were, leaving my dinner unserved (as has been the case with many other people's dinners since),—depended on things much anterior to Count Bismarck. The two men who had most to answer for in the mischief of the matter were St. Louis and his brother, who lived in the middle of the thirteenth century. One, among the very best of men; and the other, of all that I ever read of, the worst. The good man, living in mistaken effort, and dying miserably, to the ruin of his country; the bad man, living in triumphant good fortune, and dying peaceably, to the ruin of many countries. Such were their Fates, and ours. I am not going to tell you of them, nor anything about the French war to-day; and you have been told, long ago (only you would not listen, nor believe), the root of the modern German power—in that rough father of Frederick, who "yearly made his country richer, and this not in money alone (which is of very uncertain value, and sometimes has no value at all, and even less), but in frugality, diligence, punctuality, veracity,—the grand fountains from which money, and all real values and valor, spring for men. As a Nation's *Husband*, he

seeks his fellow among Kings, ancient and modern. Happy the nation which gets such a Husband, once in the half thousand years. The Nation, as foolish wives and Nations do, repines and grudges a good deal, its weak whims and will being thwarted very often; but it advances steadily, with consciousness or not, in the way of well-doing; and, after long times, the harvest of this diligent sowing becomes manifest to the Nation, and to all Nations.”¹

No such harvest is sowing for you,—Freemen and Independent Electors of Parliamentary representatives, as you think yourselves.

Freemen, indeed! You are slaves, not to masters of any strength or honor, but to the idlest talkers at that floral end of Westminster bridge. Nay, to countless meaner masters than they. For though, indeed, as early as the year 1102, it was decreed in a council at St. Peter’s, Westminster, “that no man for the future should presume to carry on the wicked trade of selling men in the markets, like brute beasts, which hitherto hath been the common custom of England,” the no less wicked trade of *underselling* men in markets has lasted to this day; producing conditions of slavery differing from the ancient ones only in being starved instead of full-fed: and besides this, a state of slavery unheard of among the nations till now, has arisen with us. In all former slaveries, Egyptian, Algerine, Saxon, and American, the slave’s complaint has been of compulsory *work*. But the modern Politico-Economic slave is a new and far more injured species, condemned to compulsory *Idleness*, for fear he should spoil other people’s trade; the beautifully logical condition of the national Theory of Economy in this matter being that, if you are a shoemaker, it is a law of Heaven that you must sell your goods under their price, in order to destroy the trade of other shoe-

¹ Carlyle’s *Frederick*, Book IV, chap. iii.

makers ; but if you are not a shoemaker, and are going shoeless and lame, it is a law of Heaven that you must not cut yourself a bit of cowhide to put between your foot and the stones, because that would interfere with the total trade of shoemaking.

Which theory, of all the wonderful — !

* * * * *

We will wait till April to consider of it ; meantime, here is a note I have received from Mr. Alsager A. Hill, who having been unfortunately active in organizing that new effort in the advertising business, designed, as it seems, on this loveliest principle of doing nothing that will be perilously productive — was hurt by my manner of mention of it in the last number of *Fors*. I offered accordingly to print any form of remonstrance he would furnish me with, if laconic enough ; and he writes to me, “The intention of the Boardmen’s Society is not, as the writer of *Fors Clavigera* suggests, to ‘find a line of life’ for able-bodied laborers, but simply, by means of coöperation, to give them the fullest benefit of their labor whilst they continue a very humble but still remunerative calling. The capital asked for to start the organization is essential in all industrial partnerships, and in so poor a class of labor as that of street board-carrying could not be supplied by the men themselves. With respect to the ‘lies’ alleged to be carried in front and behind, it is rather hard measure to say that mere announcements of public meetings or places of entertainments (of which street notices chiefly consist) are necessarily falsehoods.”

To which I have only to reply that I never said the newly-found line of life was meant for able-bodied persons. The distinction between able and unable-bodied men is entirely indefinite. There are all degrees of ability for

all things ; and a man who can do anything, however little, should be made to do that little usefully. If you can carry about a board with a bill on it, you can carry, not about, but where it is wanted, a board *without* a bill on it ; which is a much more useful exercise of your inability. Respecting the general probity, and historical or descriptive accuracy, of advertisements, and their function in modern economy, I will inquire in another place. You see I use none for this book, and shall in future use none for any of my books ; having grave objection even to the very small minority of advertisements which are approximately true. I am correcting this sheet in the "Crown and Thistle" inn at Abingdon, and under my window is a shrill-voiced person, slowly progressive, crying "Soles, three pair for a shillin'." In a market regulated by reason and order, instead of demand and supply, the soles would neither have been kept long enough to render such advertisement of them necessary, nor permitted after their inexpedient preservation, to be advertised.

Of all attainable liberties, then, be sure first to strive for leave to be useful. Independence you had better cease to talk of, for you are dependent not only on every act of people whom you never heard of, who are living round you, but on every past act of what has been dust for a thousand years. So, also, does the course of a thousand years to come, depend upon the little perishing strength that is in you.

Little enough, and perishing, often without reward, however well spent. Understand that. Virtue does not consist in doing what will be presently paid, or even paid at all, to you, the virtuous person. It may so chance ; or may not. It will be paid, some day ; but the vital condition of it, as virtue, is that it shall be content in its own deed, and desirous rather that the pay of it, if any, should be for

others ; just as it is also the vital condition of vice to be content in its own deed, and desirous that the pay thereof, if any, should be to others.

You have probably heard of St. Louis before now : and perhaps also that he built the Sainte Chapelle of Paris, of which you may have seen that I wrote the other day to the *Telegraph*, as being the most precious piece of Gothic in Northern Europe ; but you are not likely to have known that the spire of it was Tenterden steeple over again, and the cause of fatal sands many, quick, and slow, and above all, of the running of these in the last hour-glass of France ; for that spire, and others like it, subordinate, have acted ever since as lightning-rods, in a reverse manner ; carrying, not the fire of heaven innocently to earth, but electric fire of earth innocently to heaven, leaving us all, down here, cold. The best virtue and heart-fire of France (not to say of England, who building her towers for the most part with four pinnacles instead of one, in a somewhat quadrumanous type, finds them less apt as conductors), have spent themselves for these past six centuries in running up those steeples and off them, nobody knows where, leaving a “holy Republic” as residue at the bottom ; helpless, clay-cold, and croaking, a habitation of frogs, which poor Garibaldi fights for, vainly raging against the ghost of St. Louis.

It is of English ghosts, however, that I fain would tell you somewhat to-day ; of them, and of the land they haunt, and know still for theirs. For hear this to begin with :—

“ While a map of France or Germany in the eleventh century is useless for modern purposes, and looks like the picture of another region, a map of England proper in the reign of Victoria hardly differs at all from a map of England proper in the reign of William ” (the Conqueror). So says, very truly, Mr. Freeman in his *History of the Conquest*. Are there any of you who care for this *old* England, of which the

map has remained unchanged for so long? I believe you would care more for her, and less for yourselves, except as her faithful children, if you knew a little more about her; and especially more of what she has been. The difficulty, indeed, at any time, is in finding out what she has been; for that which people usually call her history is not hers at all; but that of her Kings, or the tax-gatherers employed by them, which is as if people were to call Mr. Gladstone's history, or Mr. Lowe's, yours and mine.

But the history even of her Kings is worth reading. You remember, I said, that sometimes in church it might keep you awake to be told a little of it. For a simple instance, you have heard probably of Absalom's rebellion against his father, and of David's agony at his death, until, from very weariness, you have ceased to feel the power of the story. You would not feel it less vividly if you knew that a far more fearful sorrow, of the like kind, had happened to one of your own Kings, perhaps the best we have had, take him for all in all. Not one only, but three of his sons, rebelled against *him*, and were urged into rebellion by their mother. The Prince, who should have been King after him, was pardoned, not once, but many times—pardoned wholly, with rejoicing over him as over the dead alive, and set at his father's right hand in the kingdom; but all in vain. Hard and treacherous to the heart's core, nothing wins him, nothing warns, nothing binds. He flies to France, and wars at last alike against father and brother, till, falling sick through mingled guilt, and shame, and rage, he repents idly as the fever-fire withers him. His father sends him the signet ring from his finger in token of one more forgiveness. The Prince lies down on a heap of ashes with a halter round his neck, and so dies. When his father heard it he fainted away three times, and then broke out into bitterest crying and tears. This, you would have thought enough for the

Third dark Fate to have appointed for a man's sorrows. It was little to that which was to come. His second son, who was now his Prince of England, conspired against him, and pursued his father from city to city, in Norman France. At last, even his youngest son, best beloved of all, abandoned him, and went over to his enemies.

This was enough. Between him and his children, Heaven commanded its own peace. He sickened and died of grief on the 6th of July, 1189.

The son who had killed him, "repented" now; but there could be no signet ring sent to him. Perhaps the dead do not forgive. Men say, as he stood by his father's corpse, that the blood burst from its nostrils. One child only had been faithful to him, but he was the son of a girl whom he had loved much, and as he should not; his Queen, therefore, being a much older person, and strict upon proprieties, poisoned her; nevertheless poor Rosamond's son never failed him; won a battle for him in England, which, in all human probability, saved his kingdom; and was made a bishop, and turned out a bishop of the best.

You know already a little about the Prince who stood unforgiven (as it seemed) by his father's body. He, also, had to forgive, in his time; but only a stranger's arrow shot — not those reversed "arrows in the hand of the giant," by which his father died. Men called him "Lion-heart," not untruly; and the English, as a people, have prided themselves somewhat ever since on having, every man of them, the heart of a lion; without inquiring particularly either what sort of a heart a lion has, or whether to have the heart of a lamb might not sometimes be more to the purpose. But it so happens that the name was very justly given to this prince; and I want you to study his character somewhat, with me, because in all our history there is no truer representative of one great species of the British squire,

under all the three significances of the name ; for this Richard of ours was beyond most of his fellows, a Rider and a Shieldbearer ; and beyond all men of his day, a Carver ; and in disposition an *unreasonable* exercise of intellectual power, typically a Squire altogether.

Note of him first, then, that he verily desired the good of his people (provided it could be contrived without any check of his own humor), and that he saw his way to it a great deal clearer than any of your squires do now. Here are some of his laws for you :—

“ Having set forth the great inconveniences arising from the diversity of weights and measures in different parts of the kingdom, he, by a law, commanded all measures of corn, and other dry goods, as also of liquors, to be exactly the same in all his dominions ; and that the rim of each of these measures should be a circle of iron. By another law, he commanded all cloth to be woven two yards in breadth within the lists, and of equal goodness in all parts ; and that all cloth which did not answer this description should be seized and burnt. He enacted, further, that all the coin of the kingdom should be exactly of the same weight and fineness ; — that no Christian should take any interest for money lent ; and, to prevent the extortions of the Jews, he commanded that all compacts between Christians and Jews should be made in the presence of witnesses, and the conditions of them put in writing.” So, you see, in Coeur-de-Lion’s day, it was not esteemed of absolute necessity to put agreements between *Christians* in writing ! Which if it were not now, you know we might save a great deal of money, and discharge some of our workmen round Temple Bar as well as from Woolwich Dockyards. Note also that bit about interest of money also for future reference. In the next place, observe that this King had great objection to thieves — at least to any person whom he clearly comprehended to

be a thief. He was the inventor of a mode of treatment which I believe the Americans—among whom it has not fallen altogether into disuse — do not gratefully enough recognize as a Monarchical institution. By the last of the laws for the government of his fleet in his expedition to Palestine, it is decreed, — “That whoever is convicted of theft shall have his head shaved, melted pitch poured upon it, and the feathers from a pillow shaken over it, that he may be known ; and shall be put on shore. on the first land which the ship touches.” And not only so ; he even objected to any theft by misrepresentation or deception,— for being evidently particularly interested, like Mr. Mill, in that cloth manufacture, and having made the above law about the breadth of the web, which has caused it to be spoken of ever since as “Broad Cloth,” and besides, for better preservation of its breadth, enacted that the Ell shall be of the same length all over the kingdom, and that it shall be made of iron — (so that Mr. Tennyson’s provision for National defenses — that every shop-boy should strike with his cheating yard-wand home, would be mended much by the substitution of King Richard’s *honest* ell-wand, and for once with advisable encouragement to the iron trade) — King Richard finally declares — “That it shall be of the same goodness in the middle as at the sides, and that no merchant in any part of the kingdom of England shall stretch before his shop or booth a red or black cloth, or any other thing by which the sight of buyers is frequently deceived in the choice of good cloth.”

These being Richard’s rough and unreasonable, chancing nevertheless, being wholly honest, to be wholly right, notions of business, the next point you are to note in him is his unreasonable good humor ; an eminent character of English Squires ; a very lovable one ; and available to himself and others in many ways, but not altogether so exemplary as

many think it. If you are unscrupulously resolved, whenever you can get your own way, to take it ; if you are in a position of life wherein you can get a good deal of it, and if you have pugnacity enough to enjoy fighting with anybody who will not give it you, there is little reason why you should ever be out of humor, unless indeed your way is a broad one, wherein you are like to be opposed in force. Richard's way was a very narrow one. To be first in battle (generally obtaining that main piece of his will without question ; once only worsted, by a French knight, and then, not at all good-humoredly), to be first in recognized command — therefore contending with his father, who was both in wisdom and acknowledged place superior ; but scarcely contending at all with his brother John, who was as definitely and deeply beneath him ; good-humoredly unreasonably, while he was killing his father, the best of kings, and letting his brother rule unresisted, who was among the worst ; and only proposing for his object in life to enjoy himself everywhere in a chivalrous, poetical, and pleasantly animal manner, as a strong man always may. What should he have been out of humor for ? That he brightly and bravely lived through his captivity is much indeed to his honor ; but it was his point of honor to be bright and brave ; not at all to take care of his kingdom. A king who cared for that, would have got thinner and sadder in prison.

And it remains true of the English squire to this day, that, for the most part, he thinks that his kingdom is given him that he may be bright and brave ; and not at all that the sunshine or valor in him is meant to be of use to his kingdom.

But the next point you have to note in Richard is indeed a very noble quality, and true English ; he always does as much of his work as he can with his own hands. He was

not in any wise a king who would sit by a wind-mill to watch his son and his men at work, though brave kings have done so. As much as might be, of whatever had to be done, he would steadfastly do from his own shoulder; his main tool being an old Greek one, and the working God Vulcan's—the clearing axe. When that was no longer needful, and nothing would serve but spade and trowel, still the king was foremost; and after the weary retreat to Ascalon, when he found the place "so completely ruined and deserted, that it afforded neither food, lodging, nor protection," nor any other sort of capital,—forthwith, 20th January, 1192—his army and he set to work to repair it; a three months' business, of incessant toil, "from which the king himself was not exempted, but wrought with greater ardor than any common laborer."

The next point of his character is very English also, but less honorably so. I said but now that he had a great objection to anybody whom he clearly comprehended to be a thief. But he had great difficulty in reaching anything like an abstract definition of thieving, such as would include every method of it, and every culprit, which is an incapacity very common to many of us to this day. For instance, he carried off a great deal of treasure which belonged to his father, from Chinon (the royal treasury-town in France), and fortified his own castles in Poitou with it; and when he wanted money to go crusading with, sold the royal castles, manors, woods, and forests, and even the superiority of the Crown of England over the kingdom of Scotland, which his father had wrought hard for, for about a hundred thousand pounds. Nay, the highest honors and most important offices become venal under him; and from a Princess's dowry to a Saracen caravan, nothing comes much amiss: not but that he gives generously also; whole ships at a time when he is in the humor; but his main practice is getting and spending,

never saving ; which covetousness is at last the death of him. For hearing that a considerable treasure of ancient coins and medals has been found in the lands of Vidomar, Viscount of Limoges, King Richard sends forthwith to claim this waif for himself. The Viscount offers him part only, presumably having an antiquarian turn of mind. Whereupon Richard loses his temper, and marches forthwith with some Brabant men, mercenaries, to besiege the Viscount in his castle of Chalus ; proposing, first, to possess himself of the antique and otherwise interesting coin in the castle, and then, on his general principle of objection to thieves, to hang the garrison. The garrison, on this, offer to give up the antiquities if they may march off themselves ; but Richard declares that nothing will serve but they must all be hanged. Whereon the siege proceeding by rule, and Richard looking, as usual, into matters with his own eyes, and going too near the walls, an arrow well meant, though half spent, pierces the strong white shoulder ; — the shield-bearing one, carelessly forward above instead of under shield ; or perhaps, rather, when he was afoot, shieldless, engineering. He finishes his work, however, though the scratch teases him ; plans his assault, carries his castle, and duly hangs his garrison, all but the archer, whom in his royal unreasoning way he thinks better of, for the well-spent arrow. But he pulls it out impatiently, and the head of it stays in the fair flesh ; a little surgery follows ; not so skillful as the archery of those days, and the lion heart is appeased —

Sixth April, 1199.

We will pursue our historical studies, if you please, in that month of the present year. But I wish, in the meantime, you would observe, and meditate on, the quite Anglican character of Richard, to his death.

It might have been remarked to him, on his projecting the expedition to Chalus, that there were not a few Roman

coins, and other antiquities, to be found in his own kingdom of England, without fighting for them, by mere spade-labor and other innocuous means ;—that even the brightest new money was obtainable from his loyal people in almost any quantity for civil asking, and that the same loyal people, encouraged and protected, and above all, kept clean-handed, in the arts, by their king, might produce treasures more covetable than any antiquities.

“No”; Richard would have answered,—“that is all hypothetical and visionary; here is a pot of coin presently to be had—no doubt about it—inside the walls here:—let me once get hold of that, and then,”—

* * * * *

That is what we English call being “Practical.”

Believe me, faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

LETTER IV.

DENMARK HILL, 1st April, 1871.

MY FRIENDS,—

It cannot but be pleasing to us to reflect, this day, that if we are often foolish enough to talk English without understanding it, we are often wise enough to talk Latin without knowing it. For this month retains its pretty Roman name, and means the month of Opening; of the light in the days and the life in the leaves, and of the voices of birds, and of the hearts of men.

And being the month of Manifestation, it is preëminently the month of Fools;—for under the beatific influences of moral sunshine, or education, the Fools always come out first.

But what is less pleasing to reflect upon, this spring morning, is, that there are some kinds of education which may be described, not as moral sunshine, but as moral moonshine ; and that, under these, Fools come out both First — and Last.

We have, it seems, now set our opening hearts much on this one point, that we will have education for all men and women now, and for all boys and girls that are to be. Nothing, indeed, can be more desirable, if only we determine also what kind of education we are to have. It is taken for granted that any education must be good ; — that the more of it we get, the better ; that bad education only means little education ; and that the worst thing we have to fear is getting none. Alas, that is not at all so. Getting no education is by no means the worst thing that can happen to us. One of the pleasantest friends I ever had in my life was a Savoyard guard, who could only read with difficulty, and write, scarcely intelligibly, and by great effort. He knew no language but his own — no science, except as much practical agriculture as served him to till his fields. But he was, without exception, one of the happiest persons, and, on the whole, one of the best, I have ever known ; and after lunch, when he had had his half bottle of Savoy wine, he would generally, as we walked up some quiet alley in the afternoon light, give me a little lecture on philosophy ; and after I had fatigued and provoked him with less cheerful views of the world than his own, he would fall back to my servant behind me, and console himself with a shrug of the shoulders, and a whispered “ Le pauvre enfant, il ne sait pas vivre ! ” — (“The poor child, he doesn’t know how to live.”)

No, my friends, believe me, it is not the going without education at all that we have most to dread. The real thing to be feared is getting a bad one. There are all

sorts — good, and very good ; bad, and very bad. The children of rich people often get the worst education that is to be had for money ; the children of the poor often get the best for nothing. And you have really these two things now to decide for yourselves in England before you can take one quite safe practical step in the matter, namely, first, what a good education is ; and, secondly, who is likely to give it to you.

What it is ? "Everybody knows that," I suppose you would most of you answer. "Of course — to be taught to read and write, and cast accounts ; and to learn geography, and geology, and astronomy, and chemistry, and German, and French, and Italian, and Latin, and Greek, and the aboriginal Aryan language."

Well, when you have learned all that, what would you do next ? "Next ? Why then we should be perfectly happy, and make as much money as ever we liked, and we would turn out our toes before any company." I am not sure myself, and I don't think you can be, of any one of these three things. At least, as to making you very happy, I know something, myself, of nearly all these matters — not much, but still quite as much as most men under the ordinary chances of life, with a fair education, are likely to get together — and I assure you the knowledge does not make me happy at all. When I was a boy I used to like seeing the sunrise. I didn't know, then, there were any spots on the sun ; now I do, and am always frightened lest any more should come. When I was a boy I used to care about pretty stones. I got some Bristol diamonds at Bristol, and some dog-tooth spar in Derbyshire ; my whole collection had cost, perhaps, three half-crowns, and was worth considerably less ; and I knew nothing whatever, rightly, about any single stone in it ; — could not even spell their names : but words cannot tell the joy they used

to give me. Now, I have a collection of minerals worth, perhaps, from two to three thousand pounds ; and I know more about some of them than most other people. But I am not a whit happier, either for my knowledge, or possessions, for other geologists dispute my theories, to my grievous indignation and discontentment ; and I am miserable about all my best specimens, because there are better in the British Museum.

No, I assure you, knowledge by itself will not make you happy ; still less will it make you rich. Perhaps you thought I was writing carelessly when I told you, last month, "science did not pay." But you don't know what science is. You fancy it means mechanical art ; and so you have put a statue of Science on the Holborn Viaduct, with a steam-engine regulator in its hands. My ingenious friends, science has no more to do with making steam-engines than with making breeches ; though she condescends to help you a little in such necessary (or it may be, conceivably, in both cases, sometimes unnecessary) business. Science lives only in quiet places, and with odd people, mostly poor. Mr. John Kepler, for instance, who is found by Sir Henry Wotton "in the picturesque green country by the shores of the Donau, in a little black tent in a field, convertible, like a windmill, to all quarters, a camera-obscura, in fact. Mr. John invents rude toys, writes almanacs, practices medicine, for good reasons, his encouragement from the Holy Roman Empire and mankind being a pension of 18*l.*. a year, and that hardly ever paid."¹ That is what one gets by star-gazing, my friends. And you cannot be simple enough, even in April, to think I got my three thousand-pounds' worth of minerals by studying mineralogy ? Not so ! They were earned for me by hard labor ; my father's in England, and many a sun-burnt vineyard-dresser's in Spain.

¹ Carlyle, *Frederick*, Vol. I, p. 321 (first edition).

“What business had you, in your idleness, with their earnings then?” you will perhaps ask. None, it may be; I will tell you in a little while how you may find that out; it is not to the point now. But it is to the point that you should observe I have not kept their earnings, the portion of them, at least, with which I bought minerals. That part of their earnings is all gone to feed the miners in Cornwall, or on the Hartz Mountains, and I have only got for myself a few pieces of glittering (not always that, but often unseemly) stone, which neither vinedressers nor miners cared for; which you yourself would have to learn many hard words, much cramp mathematics, and useless chemistry, in order to care for; which, if ever you did care for, as I do, would most likely only make you envious of the British Museum, and occasionally uncomfortable if any harm happened to your dear stones. I have a piece of red oxide of copper, for instance, which grieves me poignantly by losing its color; and a crystal of sulphide of lead, with a chip in it, which causes me a great deal of concern—in April; because I see it then by the fresh sunshine.

My oxide of copper and sulphide of lead you will not then wisely envy me. Neither, probably, would you covet a handful of dark brown gravel, with a rough pebble in it, whitish, and about the size of a pea; nor a few grains of apparently brass filings with which the gravel is mixed. I was but a Fool to give good money for such things, you think? It may well be. I gave thirty pounds for that handful of gravel, and the miners who found it were ill-paid then; and it is not clear to me that this produce of their labor was the best possible. Shall we consider of it, with the help of the Cambridge Catechism? at the tenth page of which you will find that Mr. Mill’s definition of productive labor is—“That which produces utilities fixed and embodied in material objects.”

This is very fine—indeed, superfine—English; but I can, perhaps, make the meaning of the Greatest Thinker in England a little more lucid for you by vulgarizing his terms.

“Object,” you must always remember, is fine English for “Thing.” It is a semi-Latin word, and properly means a thing “thrown in your way”; so that if you put “ion” to the end of it, it becomes Objection. We will rather say “Thing,” if you have no objection—you and I. A “Material” thing, then, of course, signifies something solid and tangible. It is very necessary for Political Economists always to insert the word “material,” lest people should suppose that there was any use or value in Thought or Knowledge, and other such immaterial objects.

“Embodied” is a particularly elegant word; but superfluous, because you know it would not be possible that a utility should be Disembodied, as long as it was in a material object. But when you wish to express yourself as thinking in a great manner, you may say—as, for instance, when you are supping vegetable soup—that your power of doing so conveniently and gracefully is “Embodied” in a spoon.

“Fixed” is, I am afraid, rashly, as well as superfluously, introduced into his definition by Mr. Mill. It is conceivable that some Utilities may be also volatile, or planetary, even when embodied. But at last we come to the great word in the great definition—“Utility.”

And this word, I am sorry to say, puzzles me most of all; for I never myself saw a Utility, either out of the body, or in it, and should be much embarrassed if ordered to produce one in either state.

But it is fortunate for us that all this seraphic language, reduced to the vulgar tongue, will become, though fallen in dignity and reduced in dimension, perfectly intelligible. The Greatest Thinker in England means by these beautiful

words to tell you that Productive labor is labor that produces a Useful Thing. Which, indeed, perhaps, you knew —or, without the assistance of great thinkers, might have known, before now. But if Mr. Mill had said so much, simply, you might have been tempted to ask farther,—“What things are useful, and what are not?” And as Mr. Mill does not know, nor any other Political Economist going,—and as they therefore particularly wish nobody to ask them,—it is convenient to say, instead of “useful things,” “utilities fixed and embodied in material objects,” because that sounds so very like complete and satisfactory information, that one is ashamed, after getting it, to ask for any more.

But it is not, therefore, less discouraging that for the present I have got no help towards discovering whether my handful of gravel with the white pebble in it was worth my thirty pounds or not. I am afraid it is not a useful thing to *me*. It lies at the back of a drawer, locked up all the year round. I never look at it now, for I know all about it: the only satisfaction I have for my money is knowing that nobody else can look at it; and if nobody else wanted to, I shouldn’t even have that.

“What did you buy it for then?” you will ask. Well, if you must have the truth, because I was a Fool, and wanted it. Other people have bought such things before me. The white stone is a diamond, and the apparent brass filings are gold dust; but, I admit, nobody ever yet wanted such things who was in his right senses. Only now, as I have candidly answered all your questions, will you answer one of mine? If I hadn’t bought it, what would you have had me do with my money? Keep *that* in the drawer instead?—or at my banker’s, till it grew out of thirty pounds into sixty and a hundred, in fulfillment of the law respecting seed sown in good ground?

Doubtless, that would have been more meritorious for the time. But when I had got the sixty or the hundred pounds — what should I have done with *them*? The question only becomes doubly and trebly serious; and all the more, to me, because, when I told you last January that I had bought a picture for a thousand pounds, permitting myself in that folly for your advantage, as I thought, hearing that many of you wanted art patronage, and wished to live by painting,—one of your own popular organs, the Liverpool *Daily Courier*, of February 9th, said, “it showed want of taste,—of tact,” and was “something like a mockery,” to tell you so! I am not to buy pictures, therefore, it seems;—you like to be kept in mines and tunnels, and occasionally blown hither and thither, or crushed flat, rather than live by painting, in good light, and with the chance of remaining all day in a whole and unextended skin? But what *shall* I buy, then, with the next thirty pieces of gold I can scrape together? Precious things have been bought, indeed, and sold, before now for thirty pieces, even of silver, but with doubtful issue. The over-charitable person who was bought to be killed at that price, indeed, advised the giving of alms; but you won’t have alms, I suppose—you are so independent, nor go into almshouses—(and, truly, I did not much wonder, as I walked by the old church of Abingdon, a Sunday or two since, where the almshouses are set round the churchyard, and under the level of it, and with a cheerful view of it, except that the tombstones slightly block the light of the lattice-windows; with beautiful texts from Scripture over the doors, to remind the paupers still more emphatically that, highly blessed as they were, they were yet mortal)—you won’t go into almshouses; and all the clergy in London have been shrieking against alms-giving to the lower poor this whole winter long, till I am obliged, whenever I

want to give anybody a penny, to look up and down the street first, to see if a clergyman's coming. Of course, I know I might buy as many iron railings as I please, and be praised; but I've no room for them. I can't well burn more coals than I do, because of the blacks, which spoil my books; and the Americans won't let me buy any blacks alive, or else I would have some black dwarfs with parrots, such as one sees in the pictures of Paul Veronese. I should, of course, like, myself, above all things, to buy a pretty white girl, with a title—and I should get great praise for doing that—only I haven't money enough. White girls come dear, even when one buys them only like coals, for fuel. The Duke of Bedford, indeed, bought Joan of Arc, from the French, to burn, for only ten thousand pounds, and a pension of three hundred a year to the Bastard of Vendôme—and I could and would have given that for her, and not burnt her; but one hasn't such a chance every day. *Will* you, any of you, have the goodness—beggars, clergymen, workmen, seraphic doctors, Mr. Mill, Mr. Fawcett, or the Political-Economic Professor of my own University—I challenge you, I beseech you, all and singly, to tell me what I am to do with my money?

I mean, indeed, to give you my own poor opinion on the subject in May; though I feel the more embarrassed in the thought of doing so, because, in this present April, I am so much a fool as not even to know clearly whether I have got any money or not. I know, indeed, that things go on at present as if I had; but it seems to me that there must be a mistake somewhere, and that some day it will be found out. For instance, I have seven thousand pounds in what we call the Funds or Founded things; but I am not comfortable about the Founding of them. All that I can see of them is a square bit of paper, with some ugly printing on it, and all that I know of them is that

this bit of paper gives me a right to tax you every year, and make you pay me two hundred pounds out of your wages ; which is very pleasant for me ; but how long will you be pleased to do so ? Suppose it should occur to you, any summer's day, that you had better not ? Where would my seven thousand pounds be ? In fact, where are they now ? We call ourselves a rich people ; but you see this seven thousand pounds of mine has no real existence — it only means that you, the workers, are poorer by two hundred pounds a year than you would be if I hadn't got it. And this is surely a very odd kind of money for a country to boast of. Well, then, besides this, I have a bit of low land at Greenwich, which, as far as I see anything of it, is not money at all, but only mud ; and would be of as little use to me as my handful of gravel in the drawer, if it were not that an ingenious person has found out that he can make chimney-pots of it ; and, every quarter, he brings me fifteen pounds off the price of his chimney-pots ; so that I am always sympathetically glad when there's a high wind, because then I know my ingenious friend's business is thriving. But suppose it should come into his head, in any less windy month than this April, that he had better bring me none of the price of his chimneys ? And even though he should go on, as I hope he will, patiently, — (and I always give him a glass of wine when he brings me the fifteen pounds), — is this really to be called money of mine ? And is the country any richer because, when anybody's chimney-pot is blown down in Greenwich, he must pay something extra, to me, before he can put it on again ?

Then, also, I have some houses in Marylebone, which, though indeed very ugly and miserable, yet, so far as they are actual beams and brick-bats put into shape, I might have imagined to be real property ; only, you know, Mr. Mill

says that people who build houses don't produce a commodity, but only do us a service. So I suppose my houses are not "utilities embodied in material objects" (and, indeed, they don't look much like it); but I know I have the right to keep anybody from living in them unless they pay me; only suppose some day the Irish faith, that people ought to be lodged for nothing, should become an English one also—where would my money be! Where is it now, except as a chronic abstraction from other people's earnings?

So again, I have some land in Yorkshire—some Bank "Stock" (I don't in the least know what *that* is)—and the like; but whenever I examine into these possessions, I find they melt into one or another form of future taxation, and that I am always sitting—if I were working I shouldn't mind, but I am only sitting) at the receipt of Custom, and a Publican as well as a Sinner. And then, to embarrass the business further yet, I am quite at variance with other people about the place where this money, whatever it is, comes from. The *Spectator*, for instance, in its article of 25th June of last year, on Mr. Goschen's "lucid and forcible speech of Friday week," says that "the country is once more getting rich, and the money is filtering downwards to the actual workers." But whence, then, did it filter down to us, the actual idlers? This is really a question very appropriate for April. For such golden rain raineth *not* every day, but in a showery and capricious manner, out of heaven, upon us; mostly, as far as I can judge, rather pouring down than filtering upon idle persons, and running in thinner driblets, but I hope purer for the filtering process, to the "actual workers." But where *does* it come from? and in the times of drought between the showers, where does it go to? "The country is getting rich again," says the *Spectator*; but then, if the April clouds fail, may it get poor again? And when it again becomes poor,—when,

last 25th of June, it *was* poor,—what becomes, or had become, of the money? Was it verily lost, or only torpid in the winter of our discontent? or was it sown and buried in corruption, to be raised in a multifold power? When we are in a panic about our money, what do we think is going to happen to it? Can no economist teach us to keep it safe after we have once got it? nor any “beloved physician,”—as I read the late Sir James Simpson is called in Edinburgh —guard even our solid gold against death, or at least, fits of an apoplectic character, alarming to the family?

All these questions trouble me greatly; but still to me the strangest point in the whole matter is, that though we idlers always speak as if we were enriched by Heaven, and became ministers of its bounty to *you*; if ever you think the ministry slack, and take to definite pillage of us, no good ever comes of it to you; but the sources of wealth seem to be stopped instantly, and you are reduced to the small gain of making gloves of our skins; while, on the contrary, as long as we continue pillaging you, there seems no end to the profitableness of the business; but always, however bare we strip you, presently, more, to be had. For instance—just read this little bit out of Froissart—about the English army in France before the battle of Crecy:—

“We will now return to the expedition of the King of England. Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, as marshal, advanced before the King, with the vanguard of five hundred armed men and two thousand archers, and rode on for six or seven leagues’ distance from the main army, burning and destroying the country. They found it rich and plentiful, abounding in all things; the barns full of every sort of corn, and the houses with riches: the inhabitants at their ease, having cars, carts, horses, swine, sheep, and everything in abundance which the country afforded. They seized whatever they chose of all these good things, and brought them to the King’s army; but the soldiers did not give any account to their

officers, or to those appointed by the King, of the gold and silver they took, which they kept to themselves. When they were come back, with all their booty safely packed in wagons, the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Suffolk, the Lord Thomas Holland, and the Lord Reginald Cobham, took their march, with their battalion on the right, burning and destroying the country in the same way that Sir Godfrey de Harcourt was doing. The King marched, with the main body, between these two battalions ; and every night they all encamped together. The King of England and Prince of Wales had, in their battalion, about three thousand men-at-arms, six thousand archers, ten thousand infantry, without counting those that were under the marshals ; and they marched on in the manner I have before mentioned, burning and destroying the country, but without breaking their line of battle. They did not turn towards Coutances, but advanced to St. Lo, in Coutantin, which in those days was a very rich and commercial town, and worth three such towns as Coutances. In the town of St. Lo was much drapery, and many wealthy inhabitants ; among them you might count eight or nine score that were engaged in commerce. When the King of England was come near to the town, he encamped ; he would not lodge in it for fear of fire. He sent, therefore, his advanced guard forward, who soon conquered it, at a trifling loss, and completely plundered it. No one can imagine the quantity of riches they found in it, nor the number of bales of cloth. If there had been any purchasers, they might have bought enough at a very cheap rate.

“ The English then advanced towards Caen, which is a much larger town, stronger, and fuller of draperies and all other sorts of merchandise, rich citizens, noble dames and damsels, and fine churches.

“ On this day (Froissart does not say what day) the English rose very early, and made themselves ready to march to Caen ; the King heard mass before sunrise, and afterwards mounting his horse, with the Prince of Wales, and Sir Godfrey de Harcourt (who was marshal and director of the army), marched forward in order of battle. The battalion of the marshals led the van, and came near to the handsome town of Caen.

" When the townsmen, who had taken the field, perceived the English advancing, with banners and pennons flying in abundance, and saw those archers whom they had not been accustomed to, they were so frightened that they betook themselves to flight, and ran for the town in great disorder.

" The English, who were after the runaways, made great havoc: for they spared none.

" Those inhabitants who had taken refuge in the garrets flung down from them, in these narrow streets, stones, benches, and whatever they could lay hands on; so that they killed and wounded upwards of five hundred of the English, which so enraged the King of England, when he received the reports in the evening, that he ordered the remainder of the inhabitants to be put to the sword, and the town burnt. But Sir Godfrey de Harcourt said to him: ' Dear sir, assuage somewhat of your anger, and be satisfied with what has already been done. You have a long journey yet to make before you arrive at Calais, whither it is your intention to go: and there are in this town a great number of inhabitants, who will defend themselves obstinately in their houses, if you force them to it: besides, it will cost you many lives before the town can be destroyed, which may put a stop to your expedition to Calais, and it will not redound to your honor: therefore, be sparing of your men, for in a month's time you will have call for them.' The King replied: ' Sir Godfrey, you are our marshal; therefore order as you please; for this time we wish not to interfere.'

" Sir Godfrey then rode through the streets, his banner displayed before him, and ordered, in the King's name, that no one should dare, under pain of immediate death, to insult or hurt man or woman of the town, or attempt to set fire to any part of it. Several of the inhabitants, on hearing this proclamation, received the English into their houses; and others opened their coffers to them, giving up their all, since they were assured of their lives. However, there were, in spite of these orders, many atrocious thefts and murders committed. The English continued masters of the town for three days; in this time, they amassed great wealth, which they sent in barges down the river of Estreham, to St. Saveur, two leagues off, where their fleet was. The Earl of Hun-

tingdon made preparations, therefore, with the two hundred men-at-arms and his four hundred archers, to carry over to England their riches and prisoners. The King purchased, from Sir Thomas Holland and his companions, the constable of France and the Earl of Tancarville, and paid down twenty thousand nobles for them.

“ When the King had finished his business in Caen, and sent his fleet to England, loaded with cloths, jewels, gold and silver plate, and a quantity of other riches, and upwards of sixty knights, with three hundred able citizens, prisoners ; he then left his quarters and continued his march as before, his two marshals on his right and left, burning and destroying all the flat country. He took the road to Evreux, but found he could not gain anything there, as it was well fortified. He went on towards another town called Louviers, which was in Normandy, and where there were many manufactories of cloth ; it was rich and commercial. The English won it easily, as it was not inclosed ; and having entered the town, it was plundered without opposition. They collected much wealth there ; and, after they had done what they pleased, they marched on into the county of Evreux, where they burnt everything except the fortified towns and castles, which the King left unattacked, as he was desirous of sparing his men and artillery. He therefore made for the banks of the Seine, in his approach to Rouen, where there were plenty of men-at-arms from Normandy, under the command of the Earl of Harcourt, brother to Sir Godfrey, and the Earl of Dreux.

“ The English did not march direct towards Rouen, but went to Gisors, which has a strong castle, and burnt the town. After this, they destroyed Vernon, and all the country between Rouen and Pont-de-l’Arche : they then came to Mantes and Meulan, which they treated in the same manner, and ravaged all the country round about.

“ They passed by the strong castle of Rouleboise, and everywhere found the bridges on the Seine broken down. They pushed forward until they came to Poissy, where the bridge was also destroyed ; but the beams and other parts of it were lying in the river.

"The King of England remained at the nunnery of Poissy to the middle of August, and celebrated there the feast of the Virgin Mary."

It all reads at first, you see, just like a piece out of the newspapers of last month ; but there are material differences, notwithstanding. We fight inelegantly as well as expensively, with machines instead of bow and spear ; we kill about a thousand now to the score then, in settling any quarrel — (Agincourt was won with the loss of less than a hundred men ; only 25,000 English altogether were engaged at Crecy ; and 12,000, some say only 8,000, at Poictiers) ; we kill with far ghastlier wounds, crashing bones and flesh together ; we leave our wounded necessarily for days and nights in heaps on the fields of battle ; we pillage districts twenty times as large, and with completer destruction of more valuable property ; and with a destruction as irreparable as it is complete ; for if the French or English burnt a church one day, they could build a prettier one the next ; but the modern Prussians couldn't even build so much as an imitation of one ; we rob on credit, by requisition, with ingenious mercantile prolongations of claim ; and we improve contention of arms with contention of tongues, and are able to multiply the rancour of cowardice, and mischief of lying, in universal and permanent print ; and so we lose our tempers as well as our money, and become indecent in behavior as in raggedness ; for whereas, in old times, two nations separated by a little pebbly stream like the Tweed, or even the two halves of one nation, separated by thirty fathoms' depth of salt water (for most of the English knights and all the English kings were French by race, and the best of them by birth also), would go on pillaging and killing each other century after century, without the slightest ill-feeling towards, or disrespect for, one another, we can neither give anybody a beating courteously, nor take one in good part, or without

screaming and lying about it ; and finally, we add to these perfected Follies of Action more finely perfected Follies of Inaction ; and contrive hitherto unheard-of ways of being wretched through the very abundance of peace ; our workmen, here, vowing themselves to idleness, lest they should lower Wages, and there, being condemned by their parishes to idleness lest they should lower Prices ; while outside the workhouse all the parishioners are buying anything nasty, so that it be cheap ; and, in a word, under the seraphic teaching of Mr. Mill, we have determined, at last, that it is not Destruction, but Production, that is the cause of human distress ; and the “ Mutual and Coöperative Colonization Company ” declares, ungrammatically, but distinctly, in its circular sent to me on the 13th of last month, as a matter universally admitted, even among Cabinet Ministers—“ that it is in the greater increasing power of production and distribution, as compared with demand, enabling the few to do the work of the many, that the active cause of the widespread poverty among the producing and lower-middle classes lay, which entails such enormous burdens on the Nation, and exhibits our boasted progress in the light of a monstrous Sham.”

Nevertheless, however much we have magnified and multiplied the follies of the past, the primal and essential principles of pillage have always been accepted ; and from the days when England lay so waste under that worthy and economical King who “ called his tailor lown,” that “ whole families, after sustaining life as long as they could by eating roots, and the flesh of dogs and horses, at last died of hunger, and you might see many pleasant villages without a single inhabitant of either sex,” while little Harry Switch-of-Broom sate learning to spell in Bristol Castle, (taught, I think, properly by his good uncle the preceptorial use of his name-plant, though they say the first Harry was the finer

clerk,) and his mother, dressed all in white, escaped from Oxford over the snow in the moonlight, through Bagley Wood here to Abingdon ; and under the snows, by Woodstock, the buds were growing for the bower of his Rose,—from that day to this, when the villages round Paris, and food-supply, are, by the blessing of God, as they then were round London — Kings have for the most part desired to win that pretty name of “ Switch-of-Broom ” rather by habit of growing in waste places ; or even emulating the Vision of Dion in “ sweeping — diligently sweeping,” than by attaining the other virtue of the Planta Genista, set forth by Virgil and Pliny, that it is pliant, and rich in honey ; the Lion-hearts of them seldom proving profitable to you, even so much as the stomach of Samson’s Lion, or rendering it a soluble enigma in our Israel, that “ out of the eater came forth meat ”; nor has it been only your Kings who have thus made you pay for their guidance through the world, but your ecclesiastics have also made you pay for guidance out of it — particularly when it grew dark, and the signpost was illegible where the upper and lower roads divided ;— so that, as far as I can read and calculate, dying has been even more expensive to you than living ; and then, to finish the business, as your virtues have been made costly to you by the clergymen, so your vices have been made costly to you by the lawyers ; and you have one entire learned profession living on your sins, and the other on your repentance. So that it is no wonder that, things having gone on thus for a long time, you begin to think that you would rather live as sheep without any shepherd, and that having paid so dearly for your instruction in religion and law, you should now set your hope on a state of instruction in Irreligion and Liberty, which is, indeed, a form of education to be had for nothing, alike by the children of the Rich and Poor ; the saplings of the tree that was to be desired to make us wise, growing

now in copsewood on the hills, or even by the roadsides, in a Republican Plantagenet manner, blossoming into cheapest gold, either for coins, which of course you Republicans will call, not Nobles, but Ignobles ; or crowns, second and third hand — (head, I should say) — supplied punctually on demand, with liberal reduction on quantity ; the roads themselves beautifully public — tramwayed, perhaps — and with gates set open enough for all men to the free, outer, better world, your chosen guide preceding you merrily, with music and dancing.

You have always danced too willingly, poor friends, to that player on the viol. We will try to hear, far away, a faint note or two from a more chief musician on stringed instruments, in May, when the time of the Singing of Birds is come.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

LETTER V.

“For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds is come,
Arise, oh my fair one, my dove,
And come.”

DENMARK HILL, 1st May, 1871.

MY FRIENDS,—

It has been asked of me, very justly, why I have hitherto written to you of things you were little likely to care for, in words which it was difficult for you to understand.

I have no fear but that you will one day understand all my poor words, — the saddest of them perhaps too well. But I have great fear that you may never come to under-

stand these written above, which are part of a king's love-song, in one sweet May, of many long since gone.

I fear that for you the wild winter's rain may never pass,—the flowers never appear on the earth;—that for you no bird may ever sing;—for you no perfect Love arise, and fulfill your life in peace.

"And why not for us, as for others?" will you answer me so, and take my fear for you as an insult?

Nay, it is no insult;—nor am I happier than you. For me, the birds do not sing, nor ever will. But they would, for you, if you cared to have it so. When I told you that you would never understand that love-song, I meant only that you would not desire to understand it.

Are you again indignant with me? Do you think, though you should labor, and grieve, and be trodden down in dis-honor all your days, at least you can keep that one joy of Love, and that one honor of Home? Had you, indeed, kept that, you had kept all. But no men yet, in the history of the race, have lost it so piteously. In many a country, and many an age, women have been compelled to labor for their husbands' wealth, or bread; but never until now were they so homeless as to say, like the poor Samaritan, "I have no husband." Women of every country and people have sustained without complaint the labor of fellowship: for the women of the latter days in England it has been reserved to claim the privilege of isolation.

This, then, is the end of your universal education and civilization, and contempt of the ignorance of the Middle Ages, and of their chivalry. Not only do you declare yourselves too indolent to labor for daughters and wives, and too poor to support them; but you have made the neglected and distracted creatures hold it for an honor to be independent of you, and shriek for some hold of the mattock for themselves. Believe it or not, as you may, there has not been

so low a level of thought reached by any race, since they grew to be male and female out of starfish, or chickweed, or whatever else they have been made from, by natural selection,— according to modern science.

That modern science also, Economic and of other kinds, has reached its climax at last. For it seems to be the appointed function of the nineteenth century to exhibit in all things the elect pattern of perfect Folly, for a warning to the farthest future. Thus the statement of principle which I quoted to you in my last letter, from the circular of the Emigration Society, that it is over-production which is the cause of distress, is accurately the most Foolish thing, not only hitherto ever said by men, but which it is possible for men ever to say, respecting their own business. It is a kind of opposite pole (or negative acme of mortal stupidity) to Newton's discovery of gravitation as an acme of mortal wisdom :—as no wise being on earth will ever be able to make such another wise discovery, so no foolish being on earth will ever be capable of saying such another foolish thing, through all the ages.

And the same crisis has been exactly reached by our natural science, and by our art. It has several times chanced to me, since I began these papers, to have the exact thing shown or brought to me that I wanted for illustration, just in time¹— and it happened that on the very day on which I published my last letter, I had to go to the Kensington Museum ; and there I saw the most perfectly and roundly ill-done thing which, as yet, in my whole

¹ Here is another curious instance : I have but a minute ago finished correcting these sheets, and take up the *Times* of this morning, April 21st, and find in it the suggestion by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the removal of exemption from taxation of Agricultural horses and carts, in the very nick of time to connect it, as a proposal for economic practice, with the statement of economic principle respecting Production, quoted on this page.

life, I ever saw produced by art. It had a tablet in front of it, bearing this inscription,—

“ Statue in black and white marble, a Newfoundland Dog standing on a Serpent, which rests on a marble cushion, the pedestal ornamented with pietra dura fruits in relief.—*English. Present Century.* No. I.”

It was so very right for me, the Kensington people having been good enough to number it “I.,” the thing itself being almost incredible in its one-ness ; and, indeed, such a punctual accent over the iota of Miscreation,—so absolutely and exquisitely miscreant, that I am not myself capable of conceiving a Number two, or three, or any rivalship or association with it whatsoever. The extremity of its unvirtue consisted, observe, mainly in the quantity of instruction which was abused in it. It showed that the persons who produced it had seen everything, and practiced everything ; and misunderstood everything they saw, and misapplied everything they did. They had seen Roman work, and Florentine work, and Byzantine work, and Gothic work ; and misunderstanding of everything had passed through them as the mud does through earthworms, and here at last was their worm-cast of a Production.

But the second chance that came to me that day, was more significant still. From the Kensington Museum I went to an afternoon tea, at a house where I was sure to meet some nice people. And among the first I met, was an old friend who had been hearing some lectures on botany at the Kensington Museum, and been delighted by them. She is the kind of person who gets good out of everything, and she was quite right in being delighted ; besides that, as I found by her account of them, the lectures were really interesting, and pleasantly given. She had expected botany to be dull, and had not found it so, and “had learned so much.” On hearing this, I proceeded naturally to inquire what ; for my idea of her was that before she went to the

lectures at all, she had known more botany than she was likely to learn by them. So she told me that she had learned first of all that there "were seven sorts of leaves." Now I have always a great suspicion of the number Seven ; because when I wrote the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, it required all the ingenuity I was master of to prevent them from becoming Eight, or even Nine, on my hands. So I thought to myself that it would be very charming if there were only seven sorts of leaves ; but that, perhaps, if one looked the woods and forests of the world carefully through, it was just possible that one might discover as many as eight sorts ; and then where would my friend's new knowledge of Botany be ? So I said, "That was very pretty ; but what more ?" Then my friend told me that she had no idea, before, that petals were leaves. On which, I thought to myself that it would not have been any great harm to her if she had remained under her old impression that petals were petals. But I said, "That was very pretty, too ; and what more ?" So then my friend told me that the lecturer said, "the object of his lectures would be entirely accomplished if he could convince his hearers that there was no such thing as a flower." Now, in that sentence you have the most perfect and admirable summary given you of the general temper and purposes of modern science. It gives lectures on Botany, of which the object is to show that there is no such thing as a Flower ; on Humanity, to show that there is no such thing as a Man ; and on Theology, to show there is no such thing as a God. No such thing as a Man, but only a Mechanism ; no such thing as a God, but only a series of Forces. The two faiths are essentially one : if you feel yourself to be only a machine, constructed to be a Regulator of minor machinery, you will put your statue of such science on your Holborn Viaduct, and necessarily recognize only major machinery as regulating *you*.

I must explain the real meaning to you, however, of that saying of the Botanical lecturer, for it has a wide bearing. Some fifty years ago, the poet Goethe discovered that all the parts of plants had a kind of common nature, and would change into each other. Now this was a true discovery, and a notable one ; and you will find that, in fact, all plants are composed of essentially two parts — the leaf and root — one loving the light, the other darkness ; one liking to be clean, the other to be dirty ; one liking to grow for the most part up, the other for the most part down ; and each having faculties and purposes of its own. But the pure one, which loves the light, has, above all things, the purpose of being married to another leaf, and having child-leaves, and children's children of leaves, to make the earth fair forever. And when the leaves marry, they put on wedding-robes, and are more glorious than Solomon in all his glory, and they have feasts of honey and we call them “Flowers.”

In a certain sense, therefore, you see the Botanical lecturer was quite right. There are no such things as Flowers — there are only Leaves. Nay, farther than this, there may be a dignity in the less happy, but unwithering leaf, which is, in some sort, better than the brief lily of its bloom ; — which the great poets always knew, — well ; — Chaucer, before Goethe ; and the writer of the First Psalm, before Chaucer. The Botanical lecturer was in a deeper sense than he knew, right.

But in the deepest sense of all, the Botanical lecturer was, to the extremity of wrongness, wrong ; for leaf, and root, and fruit exist, all of them, only — that there may be flowers. He disregarded the life and passion of the creature, which were its essence. Had he looked for these, he would have recognized that in the thought of Nature herself, there is, in a plant, nothing else but its flowers.

Now in exactly the sense that modern Science declares there is no such thing as a Flower, it has declared there is no such thing as a Man, but only a transitional form of Ascidians and apes. It may, or may not be true—it is not of the smallest consequence whether it be or not. The real fact is, that, seen with human eyes, there is nothing else but man ; that all animals and beings beside him are only made that they may change into him ; that the world truly exists only in the presence of Man, acts only in the passion of Man. The essence of Light is in his eyes,—the center of Force in his soul,—the pertinence of Action in his deeds.

And all true science—which my Savoyard guide rightly scorned me when he thought I had not,—all true science is “savoir vivre.”¹ But all your modern science is the contrary of that. It is “savoir mourir.”²

And of its very discoveries, such as they are, it cannot make use.

That telegraphic signaling was a discovery ; and conceivably, some day, may be a useful one. And there was some excuse for your being a little proud when, about last sixth of April (Coeur de Lion’s death-day, and Albert Durer’s), you knotted a copper wire all the way to Bombay, and flashed a message along it, and back.

But what was the message, and what the answer? Is India the better for what you said to her? Are you the better for what she replied?

If not, you have only wasted an all-round-the-world’s length of copper wire,—which is, indeed, about the sum of your doing. If you had had, perchance, two words of common sense to say, though you had taken wearisome time and trouble to send them ;—though you had written them slowly in gold, and sealed them with a hundred seals, and sent a squadron of ships of the line to carry the scroll,

¹ Knowing how to live.

² Knowing how to die.

and the squadron had fought its way round the Cape of Good Hope, through a year of storms, with loss of all its ships but one,— the two words of common sense would have been worth the carriage, and more. But you have not anything like so much as that, to say, either to India, or to any other place.

You think it a great triumph to make the sun draw brown landscapes for you. That was also a discovery, and some day may be useful. But the sun had drawn landscapes before for you, not in brown, but in green, and blue, and all imaginable colors, here in England. Not one of you ever looked at them then ; not one of you cares for the loss of them now, when you have shut the sun out with smoke, so that he can draw nothing more, except brown blots through a hole in a box. There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time, divine as the Vale of Tempe ; you might have seen the Gods there morning and evening — Apollo and all the sweet Muses of the Light — walking in fair procession on the lawns of it, and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags. You cared neither for Gods nor grass, but for cash (which you did not know the way to get) ; you thought you could get it by what the *Times* calls “ Railroad Enterprise.” You Enterprised a Railroad through the valley — you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the Gods with it ; and now, every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half an hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton ; which you think a lucrative process of exchange — you Fools Everywhere.

To talk at a distance, when you have nothing to say, though you were ever so near ; to go fast from this place to that, with nothing to do either at one or the other : these are powers certainly. Much more, power of increased Pro-

duction, if you, indeed, had got it, would be something to boast of. But are you so entirely sure that you *have* got it—that the mortal disease of plenty, and afflictive affluence of good things, are all you have to dread?

Observe. A man and a woman, with their children, properly trained, are able easily to cultivate as much ground as will feed them; to build as much wall and roof as will lodge them, and to spin and weave as much cloth as will clothe them. They can all be perfectly happy and healthy in doing this. Supposing that they invent machinery which will build, plough, thresh, cook, and weave, and that they have none of these things any more to do, but may read, or play croquet, or cricket, all day long, I believe myself that they will neither be so good nor so happy as without the machines. But I waive my belief in this matter for the time. I will assume that they become more refined and moral persons, and that idleness is in future to be the mother of all good. But observe, I repeat, the power of your machine is only in enabling them to be idle. It will not enable them to live better than they did before, nor to live in greater numbers. Get your heads quite clear on this matter. Out of so much ground, only so much living is to be got, with or without machinery. You may set a million of steam-ploughs to work on an acre, if you like—out of that acre only a given number of grains of corn will grow, scratch or scorch it as you will. So that the question is not at all whether, by having more machines, more of you can live. No machines will increase the possibilities of life. They only increase the possibilities of idleness. Suppose, for instance, you could get the oxen in your plow driven by a goblin, who would ask for no pay, not even a cream bowl,—(you have nearly managed to get it driven by an iron goblin, as it is)—well, your furrow will take no more seeds than if you had held the stilts yourself. But, instead of

holding them, you sit, I presume, on a bank beside the field, under an eglantine ; — watch the goblin at his work, and read poetry. Meantime, your wife in the house has also got a goblin to weave and wash for her. And she is lying on the sofa, reading poetry.

Now, as I said, I don't believe you would be happier so, but I am willing to believe it ; only, since you are already such brave mechanists, show me at least one or two places where you *are* happier. Let me see one small example of approach to this seraphic condition. *I* can show *you* examples, millions of them, of happy people, made happy by their own industry. Farm after farm I can show you in Bavaria, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and such other places, where men and women are perfectly happy and good, without any iron servants. Show me, therefore, some English family, with its fiery familiar, happier than these. Or bring me — for I am not inconvincible by any kind of evidence, — bring me the testimony of an English family or two to their increased felicity. Or if you cannot do so much as that, can you convince even themselves of it? They *are* perhaps happy, if only they knew how happy they were ; Virgil thought so, long ago, of simple rustics ; but you hear at present your steam-propelled rustics are crying out that they are anything else than happy, and that they regard their boasted progress "in the light of a monstrous Sham." I must tell you one little thing, however, which greatly perplexes my imagination of the relieved ploughman sitting under his rose bower, reading poetry. I have told it you before, indeed, but I forget where. There was really a great festivity, and expression of satisfaction in the new order of things, down in Cumberland, a little while ago ; some first of May, I think it was, a country festival, such as the old heathens, who had no iron servants, used to keep with piping and dancing. So I thought, from the liberated

country people — their work all done for them by goblins — we should have some extraordinary piping and dancing. But there was no dancing at all, and they could not even provide their own piping. They had their goblin to Pipe for them. They walked in procession after their steam plough, and their steam plough whistled to them occasionally in the most melodious manner it could. Which seemed to me, indeed, a return to more than Arcadian simplicity ; for in old Arcadia, plough boys truly whistled as they went, for want of thought ; whereas, here was verily a large company walking without thought, but not having any more even the capacity of doing their own Whistling.

But next, as to the inside of the house. Before you got your power-looms, a woman could always make herself a chemise and petticoat of bright and pretty appearance. I have seen a Bavarian peasant-woman at church in Munich, looking a much grander creature, and more beautifully dressed, than any of the cross and embroidered angels in Hesse's high-art frescoes (which happened to be just above her, so that I could look from one to the other). Well, here you are in England, served by household demons, with five hundred fingers, at least, weaving for one that used to weave in the days of Minerva. You ought to be able to show me five hundred dresses for one that used to be ; tidiness ought to have become five-hundred-fold tidier ; tapestry should be increased into cinque-cento-fold iridescence of tapestry. Not only your peasant-girl ought to be lying on the sofa reading poetry, but she ought to have in her wardrobe five hundred petticoats instead of one. Is that, indeed, your issue ? or are you only on a curiously crooked way to it ?

It is just possible, indeed, that you may not have been allowed to get the use of the goblin's work — that other people may have got the use of it, and you none ; because,

perhaps, you have not been able to evoke goblins wholly for your own personal service ; but have been borrowing goblins from the capitalist, and paying interest, in the "position of William," on ghostly self-going planes ; but suppose you had laid by capital enough, yourselves, to hire all the demons in the world, — nay, — all that are inside of it ; are you quite sure you know what you might best set them to work at ? and what "useful things" you should command them to make for you ? I told you, last month, that no economist going (whether by steam or ghost), knew what are useful things and what are not. Very few of you know, yourselves, except by bitter experience of the want of them. And no demons, either of iron or spirit, can ever make them.

There are three Material things, not only useful, but essential to Life. No one "knows how to live" till he has got them.

These are, Pure Air, Water, and Earth.

There are three Immaterial things, not only useful, but essential to Life. No one knows how to live till he has got them also.

These are, Admiration, Hope, and Love.¹

Admiration — the power of discerning and taking delight in what is beautiful in visible Form, and lovely in human Character ; and, necessarily, striving to produce what is beautiful in form, and to become what is lovely in character.

Hope — the recognition, by true Foresight, of better things to be reached hereafter, whether by ourselves or others ; necessarily issuing in the straightforward and undisappointable effort to advance, according to our proper power, the gaining of them.

Love, both of family and neighbor, faithful, and satisfied.

These are the six chiefly useful things to be got by

¹ Wordsworth, *Excursion*, Book IV.

Political Economy, when it *has* become a science. I will briefly tell you what modern Political Economy — the great “savoir mourir” — is doing with them.

The first three, I said, are Pure Air, Water, and Earth.

Heaven gives you the main elements of these. You can destroy them at your pleasure, or increase, almost without limit, the available quantities of them.

You can vitiate the air by your manner of life, and of death, to any extent. You might easily vitiate it so as to bring such a pestilence on the globe as would end all of you. You or your fellows, German and French, are at present busy in vitiating it to the best of your power in every direction ; — chiefly at this moment with corpses, and animal and vegetable ruin in war : changing men, horses, and garden-stuff into noxious gas. But everywhere, and all day long, you are vitiating it with foul chemical exhalations ; and the horrible nests, which you call towns, are little more than laboratories for the distillation into heaven of venomous smokes and smells, mixed with effluvia from decaying animal matter, and, infectious miasmata from purulent disease.

On the other hand, your power of purifying the air, by dealing properly and swiftly with all substances in corruption ; by absolutely forbidding noxious manufactures ; and by planting in all soils the trees which cleanse and invigorate earth and atmosphere, — is literally infinite. You might make every breath of air you draw, food.

Secondly, your power over the rain and river-waters of the earth is infinite. You can bring rain where you will, by planting wisely and tending carefully ; — drought, where you will, by ravage of woods and neglect of the soil. You might have the rivers of England as pure as the crystal of the rock ; — beautiful in falls, in lakes, in living pools ; — so full of fish that you might take them out with your hands

instead of nets. Or you may do always as you have done now, turn every river of England into a common sewer, so that you cannot so much as baptise an English baby but with filth, unless you hold its face out in the rain ; and even that falls dirty.

Then for the third, Earth, — meant to be nourishing for you, and blossoming. You have learned about it, that there is no such thing as a flower ; and as far as your scientific hands and scientific brains, inventive of explosive and deathful, instead of blossoming and life-giving, Dust, can contrive, you have turned the Mother-Earth, Demeter,¹ into

¹ Read this, for instance, concerning the Gardens of Paris : — one sentence in the letter is omitted ; I will give it in full elsewhere, with its necessary comments : —

“ To the Editor of the Times.

“ 5th April, 1871.

“ SIR, — As the paragraph you quoted on Monday from the *Field* gives no idea of the destruction in the gardens round Paris, if you can spare me a very little space I will endeavor to supplement it.

“ The public gardens in the interior of Paris, including the planting on the greater number of the Boulevards, are in a condition perfectly surprising when one considers the sufferings even well-to-do persons had to endure for want of fuel during the siege. Some of them, like the little oases in the center of the Louvre, even look as pretty as ever. After a similar ordeal, it is probable we should not have a stick left in London, and the presence of the very handsome planes on the Boulevards, and large trees in the various squares and gardens, after the winter of 1870-71, is most creditable to the population. But when one goes beyond the Champs Elysées and toward the Bois, down the once beautiful Avenue de l’Impératrice, a sad scene of desolation presents itself. A year ago, it was the finest avenue garden in existence ; now a considerable part of the surface where troops were camped is about as filthy and as cheerless as Leicester Square or a sparsely furnished rubbish yard.

“ The view into the once richly-wooded Bois from the huge and ugly banks of earth which now cross the noble roads leading into it is desolate indeed, the stumps of the trees cut down over a large extent of its surface reminding one of the dreary scenes observable in many parts of

the Avenger-Earth, Tisiphone — with the voice of your brother's blood crying out of it, in one wild harmony round all its murderous sphere.

Canada and the United States, where the stumps of the burnt or cut-down pines are allowed to rot away for years. The zone of ruins round the vast belt of fortifications I need not speak of, nor of the other zone of destruction round each of the forts, as here houses and gardens and all have disappeared. But the destruction in the wide zone occupied by French and Prussian outposts is beyond description. I got to Paris the morning after the shooting of Generals Clement, Thomas, and Lecomte, and in consequence did not see so much of it as I otherwise might have done ; but round the villages of Sceaux, Bourg-la-Reine, L'Hay, Vitry, and Villejuif, I saw an amount of havoc which the subscriptions to the French Horticultural Relief Fund will go but a very small way to repair. Notwithstanding all his revolutions and wars, the Frenchman usually found time to cultivate a few fruit-trees, and the neighborhood of the villages above mentioned were only a few of many covered by nurseries of young trees. When I last visited Vitry, in the autumn of 1868, the fields and hill-sides around were everywhere covered with trees ; now the view across them is only interrupted by stumps about a foot high. When at Vitry on the 28th of March, I found the once fine nursery of M. Honoré Desfresne deserted, and many acres once covered with large stock and specimens cleared to the ground. And so it was in numerous other cases. It may give some notion of the effect of the war on the gardens and nurseries around Paris, when I state that, according to returns made up just before my visit to Vitry and Villejuif, it was found that round these two villages alone 2,400,400 fruit and other trees were destroyed. As to the private gardens, I cannot give a better idea of them than by describing the materials composing the protecting bank of a battery near Sceaux. It was made up of mattresses, sofas, and almost every other large article of furniture, with the earth stowed between. There were, in addition, nearly forty orange and oleander tubs gathered from the little gardens in the neighborhood visible in various parts of the ugly bank. One nurseryman at Sceaux, M. Keteleer, lost 1,500 vols. of books, which were not taken to Germany, but simply mutilated and thrown out of the doors to rot. . . . Multiply these few instances by the number of districts occupied by the belligerents during the war, and some idea of the effects of glory on gardening in France may be obtained.

"W. ROBINSON."

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That is what you have done for the Three Material Useful Things.

Then for the Three Immortal Useful Things. For Admiration, you have learnt contempt and conceit. There is no lovely thing ever yet done by man that you care for, or can understand; but you are persuaded you are able to do much finer things yourselves. You gather, and exhibit together, as if equally instructive, what is infinitely bad, with what is infinitely good. You do not know which is which; you instinctively prefer the Bad, and do more of it. You instinctively hate the Good, and destroy it.¹

Then, secondly, for Hope. You have not so much spirit of it in you as to begin any plan which will not pay for ten years; nor so much intelligence of it in you (either politicians or workmen), as to be able to form one clear idea of what you would like your country to become.

Then, thirdly, for Love. You were ordered by the Founder of your religion to love your neighbor as yourselves.

You have founded an entire Science of Political Economy, on what you have stated to be the constant instinct of man — the desire to defraud his neighbor.

And you have driven your women mad, so that they ask no more for Love, nor for fellowship with you; but stand against you, and ask for "justice."

¹ Last night (I am writing this on the 18th of April) I got a letter from Venice, bringing me the, I believe, too well-grounded, report that the Venetians have requested permission from the government of Italy to pull down their Ducal Palace, and "rebuild" it. Put up a horrible model of it, in its place, that is to say, for which their architects may charge a commission. Meantime, all their canals are choked with human dung, which they are too poor to cart away, but throw out at their windows.

And all the great thirteenth-century cathedrals in France have been destroyed, within my own memory, only that architects might charge commissions for putting up false models of them in their place.

Are there any of you who are tired of all this? Any of you, Landlords or Tenants? Employers or Workmen?

Are there any landlords,—any masters,—who would like better to be served by men than by iron devils?

Any tenants, any workmen, who can be true to their leaders and to each other? who can vow to work and to live faithfully, for the sake of the joy of their homes?

Will any such give the tenth of what they have, and of what they earn,—not to emigrate with, but to stay in England with; and do what is in their hands and hearts to make her a happy England?

I am not rich (as people now estimate riches); and great part of what I have is already engaged in maintaining art-workmen, or for other objects more or less of public utility. The tenth of whatever is left to me, estimated as accurately as I can (you shall see the accounts), I will make over to you in perpetuity, with the best security that English law can give, on Christmas Day of this year, with engagement to add the tithe of whatever I earn afterwards. Who else will help, with little or much? the object of such fund being, to begin, and gradually—no matter how slowly—to increase, the buying and securing of land in England, which shall not be built upon, but cultivated by Englishmen, with their own hands, and such help of force as they can find in wind and wave.

I do not care with how many, or how few, this thing is begun, nor on what inconsiderable scale,—if it be but in two or three poor men's gardens. So much, at least, I can buy, myself, and give them. If no help come, I have done and said what I could, and there will be an end. If any help come to me, it is to be on the following conditions:—We will try to make some small piece of English ground, beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads; we will have no un-

tended or unthought-of creatures on it; none wretched, but the sick; none idle, but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it; but instant obedience to known law, and appointed persons: no equality upon it; but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness. When we want to go anywhere, we will go there quietly and safely, not at forty miles an hour in the risk of our lives; when we want to carry anything anywhere, we will carry it either on the backs of beasts, or on our own, or in carts, or boats; we will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields,—and few bricks. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance to it and sing to it; perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art, moreover; we will at least try if, like the Greeks, we can't make some pots. The Greeks used to paint pictures of gods on their pots; we, probably, cannot do as much, but we may put some pictures of insects on them, and reptiles;—butterflies, and frogs, if nothing better. There was an excellent old potter in France who used to put frogs and vipers into his dishes, to the admiration of mankind; we can surely put something nicer than that. Little by little, some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us; and feeble rays of science may dawn upon us. Botany, though too dull to dispute the existence of flowers; and history, though too simple to question the nativity of men;—nay—even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude Magi, presenting, at such nativity, gifts of gold and frankincense.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

LETTER VI.

DENMARK HILL, 1st June, 1871.¹

MY FRIENDS,—

The main purpose of these letters having been stated in the last of them, it is needful that I should tell you why I approach the discussion of it in this so desultory way, writing (as it is too true that I must continue to write,) "of things that you little care for, in words that you cannot easily understand."

I write of things you little care for, knowing that what you least care for is, at this juncture, of the greatest moment to you.

And I write in words you are little likely to understand, because I have no wish (rather the contrary) to tell you anything that you can understand without taking trouble. You usually read so fast that you can catch nothing but the echo of your own opinions, which, of course, you are pleased to see in print. I neither wish to please nor displease you ; but to provoke you to think ; to lead you to think accurately ; and help you to form, perhaps, some different opinions from those you have now.

Therefore, I choose that you shall pay me the price of two pots of beer, twelve times in the year, for my advice, each of you who wants it. If you like to think of me as a

¹ I think it best to publish this letter as it was prepared for press on the morning of the 25th of last month, at Abingdon, before the papers of that day had reached me. You may misinterpret its tone ; and think it is written without feeling ; but I will endeavor to give you in my next letter, a brief statement of the meaning, to the French and to all other nations, of this war, and its results : in the meantime, trust me, there is probably no other man living to whom, in the abstract, and irrespective of loss of family and property, the ruin of Paris is so great a sorrow as it is to me.

quack doctor, you are welcome ; and you may consider the large margins, and thick paper, and ugly pictures of my books, as my caravan, drum, and skeleton. You would probably, if invited in that manner, buy my pills ; and I should make a great deal of money out of you ; but being an honest doctor, I still mean you to pay me what you ought. You fancy, doubtless, that I write—as most other political writers do—my “opinions” ; and that one man’s opinion is as good as another’s. You are much mistaken. When I only opine things, I hold my tongue ; and work till I more than opine—until I know them. If the things prove unknowable, I with final perseverance, hold my tongue about them, and recommend a like practice to other people. If the things prove knowable, as soon as I know them, I am ready to write about them, if need be ; not till then. That is what people call my “arrogance.” They write and talk themselves, habitually, of what they know nothing about ; they cannot in any wise conceive the state of mind of a person who will not speak till he knows ; and then tells them, serenely, “This is so ; you may find it out for yourselves, if you choose ; but, however little you may choose it, the thing is still so.”

Now it has cost me twenty years of thought, and of hard reading, to learn what I have to tell you in these pamphlets ; and you will find, if you choose to find, it is true ; and may prove, if you choose to prove, that it is useful : and I am not in the least minded to compete for your audience with the “opinions” in your damp journals, morning and evening, the black of them coming off on your fingers, and beyond all washing, into your brains. It is no affair of mine whether you attend to me or not ; but yours wholly ; my hand is weary of pen-holding, my heart is sick of thinking ; for my own part, I would not write you these pamphlets though you would give me a barrel of beer, instead of two

pints, for them ;— I write them wholly for your sake ; I choose that you shall have them decently printed on cream-colored paper, and with a margin underneath, which you can write on, if you like. That is also for your sake ; it is a proper form of book for any man to have who can keep his books clean ; and if he cannot, he has no business with books at all ; it costs me ten pounds to print a thousand copies, and five more to give you a picture ; and a penny off my sevenpence to send you the book — a thousand sixpences are twenty-five pounds ; when you have bought a thousand *Fors* of me, I shall therefore have five pounds for my trouble — and my single shopman, Mr. Allen, five pounds for his ; we won't work for less, either of us ; not that we would not, were it good for you ; but it would be by no means good. And I mean to sell all my large books, henceforward, in the same way ; well printed, well bound, and at a fixed price ; and the trade may charge a proper and acknowledged profit for the trouble in retailing the book. Then the public know what they are about, and so will tradesmen ; I, the first producer, answer, to the best of my power, for the quality of the book ;— paper, binding, eloquence, and all : the retail-dealer charges what he ought to charge, openly ; and if the public do not choose to give it, they can't get the book. That is what I call legitimate business. Then as for this misunderstanding of me — remember that it is really not easy to understand anything, which you have not heard before, if it relates to a complex subject ; also it is quite easy to misunderstand things that you are hearing every day — which seem to you of the intelligiblest sort. But I *can* only write of things in my own way and as they come into my head ; and of the things I care for, whether you care for them or not, as yet. I will answer for it, you must care for some of them, in time.

To take an instance close to my hand : you would of

course think it little conducive to your interests that I should give you any account of the wild hyacinths which are opening in flakes of blue fire, this day, within a couple of miles of me, in the glades of Bagley wood through which the Empress Maude fled in the snow (and which, by the way, I slink through, myself, in some discomfort, lest the game-keeper of the college of the gracious Apostle St. John should catch sight of me ; not that he would ultimately decline to make a distinction between a poacher and a professor, but that I dislike the trouble of giving an account of myself). Or, if even you would bear with a scientific sentence or two about them, explaining to you that they were only green leaves turned blue, and that it was of no consequence whether they were either; and that, as flowers, they were scientifically to be considered as not in existence, — you will, I fear, throw my letter, even though it has cost you seven-pence, aside at once, when I remark to you that these wood-hyacinths of Bagley have something to do with the battle of Marathon, and if you knew it, are of more vital interest to you than even the Match Tax.

Nevertheless, as I shall feel it my duty, some day, to speak to you of Theseus and his vegetable soup, so to-day, I think it necessary to tell you that the wood-hyacinth is the best English representative of the tribe of flowers which the Greeks called "Asphodel," and which they thought the heroes who had fallen in the battle of Marathon, or in any other battle, fought in just quarrel, were to be rewarded, and enough rewarded, by living in fields full of ; fields called, by them, Elysian, or the Fields of Coming, as you and I talk of the good time "Coming," though with perhaps different views as to the nature of the to be expected goodness.

Now what the Chancellor of the Exchequer said the other day to the Civil Engineers (see *Saturday Review*, April 29th) is entirely true ; namely, that in any of our colliery

or cartridge-manufactory explosions, we send as many men (or women) into Elysium as were likely to get there after the battle of Marathon;¹ and that is, indeed, like the rest of our economic arrangements, very fine, and pleasant to think upon; neither may it be doubted on modern principles of religion and equality, that every collier and cartridge-filler is as fit for Elysium as any heathen could be; and that in all these respects the battle of Marathon is no more deserving of English notice. But what I want you to reflect upon, as of moment to you, is whether you *really* care for the hyacinthine Elysium you are going to? and if you do, why you should not live a little while in Elysium here, instead of waiting so patiently, and working so hardly, to be blown or flattened into it? The hyacinths will grow well enough on the top of the ground, if you will leave off digging away at the bottom of it; and another plant of the asphodel species, which the Greeks thought of more importance even than hyacinths—onions; though, indeed, one dead hero is represented by Lucian as finding something to complain of even in Elysium, because he got nothing but onions there to eat. But it is simply, I assure you, because the French did not understand that hyacinths and onions were the principal things to fill their existing Elysian Fields, or Champs Elysées, with, but chose to have carriages, and roundabouts instead, that a tax on matches in those fields would be, now-a-days, so much more productive than one on Asphodel; and I see that only a day or two since even a poor Punch's show could not play out its play in Elysian peace, but had its corner knocked off by a shell from Mont Valérien, and the dog Toby "seriously alarmed."

¹ Of course this was written, and in type, before the late catastrophe in Paris, and the one at Dunkirk is, I suppose, long since forgotten, much more our own good beginning at—Birmingham—was it? I forget, myself, now.

One more instance of the things you don't care for, that are vital to you, may be better told now than hereafter.

In my plan for our practical work, in last number, you remember I said, we must try and make some pottery, and have some music, and that we would have no steam-engines. On this I received a singular letter from a resident at Birmingham, advising me that the colors for my pottery must be ground by steam, and my musical instruments constructed by it. To this, as my correspondent was an educated person, and knew Latin, I ventured to answer that porcelain had been painted before the time of James Watt; that even music was not entirely a recent invention; that my poor company, I feared, would deserve no better colors than Apelles and Titian made shift with, or even the Chinese; and that I could not find any notice of musical instruments in the time of David, for instance, having been made by steam.

To this my correspondent again replied that he supposed David's "twangling upon the harp" would have been unsatisfactory to modern taste; in which sentiment I concurred with him (thinking of the Cumberland procession, without dancing, after its sacred, cylindrical Ark). We shall have to be content, however, for our part, with a little "twangling" on such roughly-made harps, or even shells, as the Jews and Greeks got their melody out of, though it must indeed be little conceivable in a modern manufacturing town that a nation could ever have existed which imaginarily dined on onions in Heaven, and made harps of the near relations of turtles on Earth. But, to keep to our crockery, you know I told you that for some time we should not be able to put any pictures of Gods on it; and you might think that would be of small consequence: but it is of moment that we should at least try—for indeed that old French potter, Palissy, was nearly the last of potters in

France, or England either, who could have done so, if anybody had wanted Gods. But nobody in his time did;—they only wanted Goddesses, of a demi-divine-monde pattern; Palissy, not well able to produce such, took to moulding innocent frogs and vipers instead, in his dishes; but at Sèvres and other places for shaping of courtly clay, the charmingest things were done, as you probably saw at the great peace-promoting Exhibition of 1851; and not only the first rough potter's fields, tileries, as they called them, or Tuileries, but the little den where Palissy long after worked under the Louvre, were effaced and forgotten in the glory of the House of France; until the House of France forgot also that to it, no less than the House of Israel, the words were spoken, not by a painted God, “As the clay is in the hands of the potter, so are ye in mine”; and thus the stained and vitrified show of it lasted, as you have seen, until the Tuileries again become the Potter's field, to bury, not strangers in, but their own souls, no more ashamed of Traitorhood, but invoking Traitorhood, as if it covered, instead of constituting, uttermost shame;—until, of the kingdom and its glory there is not a shard left, to take fire out of the hearth.

Left—to men's eyes, I should have written. To their thoughts, is left yet much; for true kingdoms and true glories cannot pass away. What France has had of such remain to her. What any of us can find of such, will remain to us. Will you look back, for an instant, again to the end of my last letter, page 99, and consider the state of life described there:—“No liberty, but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality, but recognition of every bitterness and reprobation of every worseness; and none idle but the dead.”

I beg you to observe that last condition especially. You will debate for many a day to come the causes that have

brought this misery upon France, and there are many ; but one is chief—chief cause, now and always, of evil everywhere ; and I see it at this moment, in its deadliest form, out of the window of my quiet English inn. It is the 21st of May, and a bright morning, and the sun shines, for once, warmly on the wall opposite, a low one, of ornamental pattern, imitative in brick of wood-work (as if it had been of wood-work, it would, doubtless, have been painted to look like brick). Against this low decorative edifice leans a ruddy-faced English boy of seventeen or eighteen, in a white blouse and brown corduroy trousers, and a domical felt hat ; with the sun, as much as can get under the rim, on his face, and his hands in his pockets ; listlessly watching two dogs at play. He is a good boy, evidently, and does not care to turn the play into a fight ;¹ still it is not interesting enough to him, as play, to relieve the extreme distress of his idleness, and he occasionally takes his hands out of his pockets, and claps them at the dogs to startle them.

The ornamental wall he leans against surrounds the county police-office, and the residence at the end of it, appropriately called “Gaol Lodge.” This county gaol, police-office, and a large gasometer, have been built by the good people of Abingdon to adorn the principal entrance to their town from the south. It was once quite one of the loveliest, as well as historically interesting, scenes in England. A few cottages and their gardens, sloping down to the river-side, are still left, and an arch or two of the great monastery ; but the principal object from the road is now the gaol, and from the river the gasometer. It is curious that since the English have believed (as you will find the editor of the Liverpool *Daily Post*, quoting to

¹ This was at seven in the morning ; he had them fighting at half-past nine.

you from Macaulay, in his leader of the 9th of this month), “the only cure for Liberty is more liberty” (which is true enough, for when you have got all you can, you will be past physic), they always make their gaols conspicuous and ornamental. Now, I have no objection, myself, detesting, as I do, every approach to liberty, to a distinct manifestation of gaol, in proper quarters ; nay, in the highest, and in the close neighborhood of palaces ; perhaps, even, with a convenient passage, and Ponte de’ Sospiri, from one to the other, or, at least, a pleasant access by water-gate and down the river ; but I do not see why in these days of “incurable” liberty, the prospect in approaching a quiet English county town should be gaol, and nothing else.

That being so, however, the country-boy, in his white blouse, leans placidly against the prison-wall this bright Sunday morning, little thinking what a luminous sign-post he is making of himself, and living gnomon of sun-dial, of which the shadow points sharply to the subtlest cause of the fall of France, and of England, as is too likely, after her.

Your hands in your own pockets, in the morning. That is the beginning of the last day ; your hands in other people’s pockets at noon ; that is the height of the last day ; and the gaol, ornamented or otherwise (assuredly the great gaol of the grave), for the night. That is the history of nations under judgment. Don’t think I say this to any single class ; least of all specially to you ; the rich are continually, now-a-days, reproaching you with your wish to be idle. It is very wrong of you ; but, do they want to work all day, themselves ? All mouths are very properly open now against the Paris Communists because they fight that they may get wages for marching about with flags. What do the upper classes fight for, then ? What have they fought for since the world became upper and lower, but that they also might have wages for walking about with

flags, and that mischievously? It is very wrong of the Communists to steal church-plate and candlesticks. Very wrong indeed; and much good may they get of their pawn-brokers' tickets. Have you any notion (I mean that you shall have some soon), how much the fathers and fathers' fathers of these men, for a thousand years back, have paid their priests, to keep them in plate and candlesticks? You need not think I am a republican, or that I like to see priests ill-treated, and their candlesticks carried off. I have many friends among priests, and should have had more had I not long been trying to make them see that they have long trusted too much in candlesticks, not quite enough in candles; not at all enough in the sun, and least of all enough in the sun's Maker. Scientific people indeed of late opine the sun to have been produced by collision, and to be a splendidly permanent railroad accident, or explosive Elysium: also I noticed, only yesterday, that gravitation itself is announced to the members of the Royal Institution as the result of vibratory motion. Some day, perhaps, the members of the Royal Institution will proceed to enquire after the cause of — vibratory motion. Be that as it may, the Beginning, or Prince of Vibration, as modern science has it,— Prince of Peace, as old science had it,— continues through all scientific analysis, His own arrangements about the sun, as also about other lights, lately hidden, or burning low. And these are primarily, that He has appointed a great power to rise and set in heaven, which gives life, and warmth, and motion, to the bodies of men, and beasts, creeping things, and flowers; and which also causes light and color in the eyes of things that have eyes. And he has set above the souls of men, on earth, a great law or Sun of Justice or Righteousness, which brings also life and health in the daily strength and spreading of it, being spoken of in the priests' language (which

they never explained to anybody, and now wonder that nobody understands), as having "healing in its wings": and the obedience to this law, as it gives strength to the heart, so it gives light to the eyes of souls that have got any eyes, so that they begin to see each other as lovely, and to love each other. That is the final law respecting the sun, and all manner of minor lights and candles, down to rush-lights; and I once got it fairly explained, two years ago, to an intelligent and obliging wax-and-tallow chandler at Abbeville, in whose shop I used to sit sketching in rainy days; and watching the cartloads of ornamental candles which he used to supply for the church at the far east end of the town (I forget what saint it belongs to, but it is opposite the late Emperor's large new cavalry barracks), where the young ladies of the better class in Abbeville had just got up a beautiful evening service, with a pyramid of candles which it took at least half-an-hour to light, and as long to put out again, and which, when lighted up to the top of the church, were only to be looked at themselves, and sung to, and not to light anybody, or anything. I got the tallow-chandler to calculate vaguely the probable cost of the candles lighted in this manner, every day, in all the churches of France; and then I asked him how many cottagers' wives he knew round Abbeville itself who could afford, without pinching, either dip or mould in the evening to make their children's clothes by, and whether, if the pink and green bees-wax of the district were divided every afternoon among them, it might not be quite as honorable to God, and as good for the candle-trade? Which he admitted readily enough; but what I should have tried to convince the young ladies themselves of, at the evening service, would probably not have been admitted so readily; — that they themselves were nothing more than an extremely graceful kind of wax-tapers which had got into their heads that they

were only to be looked at, for the honor of God, and not to light anybody.

Which is indeed too much the notion of even the masculine aristocracy of Europe at this day. One can imagine them, indeed, modest in the matter of their own luminousness, and more timid of the tax on agricultural horses and carts, than of that on lucifers ; but it would be well if they were content, here in England, however dimly phosphorescent themselves, to bask in the sunshine of May at the end of Westminster Bridge (as my boy on Abingdon Bridge), with their backs against the large edifice they have built there, an edifice, by the way, to my own poor judgment less contributing to the adornment of London, than the new police-office to that of Abingdon. But the English squire, after his fashion, sends himself to that highly decorated gaol all spring-time ; and cannot be content with his hands in his own pockets, nor even in yours and mine ; but claps and laughs, semi-idiot that he is, at dog-fights on the floor of the House, which, if he knew it, are indeed dog-fights of the Stars in their courses, Sirius against Procyon ; and of the havock and loosed dogs of war, makes, as *The Times'* correspondent says they make, at Versailles, of the siege of Paris, "the Entertainment of the Hour."

You think that, perhaps, an unjust saying of him, as he will, assuredly himself. He would fain put an end to this wild work, if he could, he thinks.

My friends, I tell you solemnly, the sin of it all, down to this last night's doing, or undoing, (for it is Monday now, I waited before finishing my letter, to see if the Sainte Chapelle would follow the Vendôme Column ;) the sin of it, I tell you, is not that poor rabble's ; spade and pickaxe in hand among the dead ; nor yet the blasphemer's, making noise like a dog by the defiled altars of our Lady of Victories ; and round the barricades, and the ruins, of the street of Peace.

This cruelty has been done by the kindest of us, and the most honorable ; by the delicate women, by the nobly-nurtured men, who through their happy and, as they thought, holy lives, have sought, and still seek, only "the entertainment of the hour." And this robbery has been taught to the hands,—this blasphemy to the lips,—of the lost poor, by the False Prophets who have taken the name of Christ in vain, and leagued themselves with his chief enemy, "Covetousness, which is idolatry."

Covetousness, lady of Competition and of deadly Care ; idol above the altars of Ignoble Victory ; builder of streets, in cities of Ignoble Peace. I have given you the picture of her—your goddess and only Hope—as Giotto saw her : dominant in prosperous Italy as in prosperous England; and having her hands clawed then, as now, so that she can only clutch, not work ; also you shall read next month with me what one of Giotto's friends says of her—a rude versifier, one of the twangling harpers ; as Giotto was a poor painter for low price, and with colors ground by hand ; but such cheap work must serve our turn for this time.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

ANNOTATIONS.

LETTER I.

PAGE 179. **Garibaldi** (Gar-i-bald'ee) : a distinguished Italian patriot who aided in gaining independence for Italy.

180. **Robin Hood**: a famous English outlaw whose valorous deeds, generosity, and skill in archery are the themes of many ballads. His favorite haunt was Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire. He is said to have robbed only the rich, and to have given largely to the poor.

Sir John Hawkwood: an English military adventurer of the 14th century. His band ravaged the Florentine territory in Italy.

Tortona: a town of Sardinian Italy.

182. Michael Angelo: a great Italian painter and sculptor (1475-1563).

185. Giggleswick: a Yorkshire parish in West Riding, on the river Ribble; seat of a celebrated grammar school founded by Edward VI. The other places named in this connection are in the same part of England.

LETTER II.

191. Hercules: a Greek hero renowned for strength, which he used in performing deeds of superhuman valor for the good of mankind.

Ulysses: the hero of the "Odyssey," whom Homer called the "much-suffering Ulysses."

Theseus: a mythical hero of Greece.

192. Lycurgus: a Spartan law-giver.

The **Elgin room** is in the British Museum at Kensington: so called because the Grecian marbles collected by Lord Elgin are kept there.

The noblest crown: an allusion to the famous iron crown of the Lombards with which Charlemagne had himself crowned.

Ricardo: an English political economist.

193. The Cambridge catechism: refers to a Manual of Political Economy by John Stuart Mill, whom Ruskin calls, sarcastically, "*The Greatest thinker of England.*"

196. Aberfoil: a parish in Perthshire, Scotland, scene of a large part of Scott's "Rob Roy."

Nicol Jarvie: a Glasgow magistrate in "Rob Roy."

201. La Traviata: a well-known opera.

Don Juan or Don Giovanni: prince of Spanish libertines, whose career has been made the subject of an opera by Mozart.

Dean Stanley: a distinguished clergyman and writer; made Dean of Westminster in 1864.

201. Fra Angelico: a celebrated Italian painter (1387-1455).

Jan. 17, 1871: The extract refers to the horrors of the siege of Paris by the Germans.

204. Woolwich: a naval port, nine miles from London ; seat of the largest arsenal in Great Britain and of a royal military academy.

Wapping: a suburb of London bordering on the Thames.

LETTER III.

207. St. Louis: Louis IX of France, a leader of the seventh and eighth Crusades.

A Nation's Husband: Frederick William I, second king of Prussia, whose reign was marked by economy and great administrative power.

210. Soles: salt-water fish.

211. Tenterden Steeple: referring to the church tower in Tenterden, a town built on an eminence in Kent.

212. One of your own kings: Henry II, whose wife, Eleanor, instigated her sons to rebel against their father.

213. The blood burst from his nostrils: an allusion to an old belief that if a murderer should come into the presence of his victim, blood would flow from the corpse.

Rosamond's son: Geoffrey, who became Archbishop of York ; son of Henry II and his mistress, Rosamond Clifford.

The prince who stood unforgiven: Richard I.

214. Temple Bar: an edifice in London, used for holding the two inns of court. The workmen referred to are lawyers ; those of Woolwich dockyards are shipbuilders.

217. Ascalon: a port of Syria to which Richard retreated after giving up the attempt to take Jerusalem.

Poitou: a former French province.

218. Vidomar: a French vassal of Richard I.

LETTER IV.

222. John Kepler: a German astronomer (1571–1630), who discovered the laws of planetary motion.

Sir Henry Wotton: an English author (1568–1639).

Donau: the Danube river.

224. Vulgarizing his terms: expressing his ideas in plain, every-day English.

226. Thirty pieces: see Matt. xxvi. 14–16.

227. Paul Veronese: an Italian painter of the 16th century.

The Duke of Bedford: commander of the English forces in the invasion of France in the 15th century.

Joan of Arc: the peasant girl of Domrémy, by whose inspiration the French were enabled to defeat the English. She was afterwards given up on a charge of sorcery, and burned at the stake.

The Bastard of Vendome: the Duke of Orleans, leader of the French troops in the same war.

228. Marylebone: a suburb of London where Ruskin, aided by Miss Octavia Hill, attempted, by offering comfortable houses at a low rent, to induce the poor to live in a wholesome manner.

229. Sitting at the receipt of Custom: see Luke v. 27.

230. Froissart: a French chronicler of the 14th century.

234. Crécy, Agincourt and Poictiers are all scenes of English victories during the Hundred Years' War.

235. That worthy and economical king: Stephen I.

Lown: foolish fellow.

Harry Switch of Broom: Henry II, first of the Plantagenet line, so-called from the broom plant (*planta genesta*) which was adopted as the family symbol.

236. Dion: a Greek rhetorician whose writings are distinguished for elegance of style.

Samson's lion: see Judges xiv. 5–14.

Virgil: a great Latin poet, author of the *Aeneid*.

Pliny, the Elder: a Roman writer (23–79 A.D.), author of a work on Natural History.

LETTER V.

237. **A king's love-song**: see Solomon's Song ii. 11-13.
238. **Samaritan woman**: see John iv.
240. **Iota**: the Greek letter I.
242. **Goethe**: a distinguished German poet (1749-1832).
The father of English poetry: Chaucer, who lived in the 14th century. This refers to one of his poems, "The Flower and the Leaf," in which the leaf is used as the symbol of constancy.
243. **Albert Durer**: a celebrated German painter (1471-1528).
244. **Vale of Tempe**: a beautiful valley in Greece, between Mt. Olympus and Mt. Ossa.
- Apollo**: the sun-god; embodiment of wisdom; hence the patron of music, poetry, etc.
247. **Arcadia**: a state of southern Greece, noted for its abundant pasturage.
250. **Demeter**: Ceres, goddess of agriculture.
251. **Tisiphone**: one of the three Furies, who sits at hell-gate, armed with a whip.
254. *An excellent old potter in France*: Bernard Palissy (1510-1590).
- Magi**: see Matt. ii. 1-11.

LETTER VI.

258. **The Empress Maude**: Matilda, daughter of Henry I and mother of Henry II. The reference is to her flight from Arundel Castle during the civil war which she had instituted in order to eject Stephen from the throne of England.

The college of the gracious Apostle St. John: one of the colleges of Cambridge University; it was founded in 1511.

Marathon: a battle fought between the Greeks and the invading Persians, in which the former were victorious,—490 B.C.

259. **Lucian**: a Greek author and rhetorician of the 2d century.

260. **Apelles**: the most celebrated of Greek painters.

Titian: one of the greatest of Italian painters (1477-1576).

"Made harps of the near relations of turtles": an allusion to the fabled origin of the lyre, viz., by stretched cords across a tortoise shell.

263. **Ponte de' Sospiri**: the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, which connects the Doge's palace with the prison: so-called because condemned prisoners crossed it only to meet their death.

This is true of all Greek myths, that they have many opposite lights and shades ; they are as changeful as opal, and, like opal, usually have one color by reflected, and another by transmitted light. But they are true jewels for all that, and full of noble enchantment for those who can use them. — RUSKIN.

This is the thing which I *know* — that in Reverence is the chief joy and power of life ; — Reverence for that which is pure and bright in your own youth, for what is true and tried in the age of others ; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvelous in the Powers that cannot die. — *Letters*.

THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

INTRODUCTORY.

I.

IT was formerly customary to consider myths as the fanciful, grotesque product of a diseased imagination, or a corrupt moral state. The work of philologists like Max Müller, however, has discovered a poetic symbolism in mythical names, that throws light upon the meaning of many dark fables and allegories. The reverent spirit of Mr. Ruskin, combined with his keen sense of beauty, makes him especially fitted to become the interpreter of the spiritual meaning in the Greek myths.

The first condition of understanding them is, as he says, to rid ourselves of the notion that the thoughts of the old time were nothing but superstitious folly. For a myth is, in truth, a story with a meaning other than appears from the every-day use of the words. To discover and interpret this hidden meaning is the task of the thoughtful student. To the Greek mind, Hercules was no mere dragon-killer, but the "perpetual type and mirror of heroism."

Some myths were, undoubtedly, based upon an actual historical occurrence, but to ferret out the incident which gave rise to the legend is, at this day, well-nigh impossible. But the same sky is over our heads as overarched the hills of Greece, and since Nature speaks to us also with the

same voices, if we listen to these voices with reverent love, we may learn to understand the language of ancient myth.

Every great myth, Mr. Ruskin thinks, has its root in some physical phenomenon ; but it has grown in two directions : first, the imagination has clothed it with a personal reality, so that it has become to man an embodiment of human passion ; second, it has become transfigured with a spiritual significance, so that it is a teacher of moral truth.

Greek mythology contains a symbolic expression of religious belief. From its study, we may learn what the Greeks thought about God, and duty, and the soul. Greek religion reached its highest, and, therefore, its purest development in the fifth century B.C. An examination of it, at this culminating period, shows a belief in one governing Lord and four subordinate elemental forces, each commanded by a Spirit : the *earth*, presided over by Demeter, who is, therefore, called the Earth-mother ; the *sea*, whose ruler is Neptune ; *fire*, or pure light, governed by the sun-god, Apollo ; and the *air*, whose penetrating presence fitly typifies the Spirit of Wisdom — Athena, the Queen of the Air. Since the Spirit of Wisdom is the Lord of Life, this is the myth selected by Mr. Ruskin for special interpretation.

In the form which Greek imagination gave to Athena, the four cardinal virtues are symbolized. Prudence, or foresight, is indicated by her attribute, owl-eyed ; Justice ("the righteous bestowal of favor or indignation") clothes her now with a robe of light, to denote her pleased approval of the good, now with a serpent-fringed garment fastened with the aegis, on which appears a Gorgon head, to express vengeful wrath against evil ; Fortitude crowns her with the crested helmet ; and Temperance keeps her always the embodiment of stainless virtue.

As Queen of the Air, a large circle of myths gather about her name as a center. Aeolus is ruler of the winds : he dwells in a floating island with his twelve strong children, whose very variableness is a source of blessing to man ; — evidence of the thoughtful beneficence of Divine Wisdom ; they are the bringers of health and a store of wealth. Boreas, the north wind, purifies the air which the Harpies, tropical winds, had befouled with miasma. The deeper spiritual significance is seen in the action of hot gusts of passion, which, sweeping over the soul, do, like the Harpies, defile and destroy.

Sisters of the Harpies are the Sirens, whose songs entice as do the constant, never-satisfied desires for pleasure. But the yielding to these lower animal desires must bring punishment. To describe the heart-sickness that follows as a natural consequence of such unworthy action the Greeks invented several myths, such as that of Tantalus, who was punished for gluttony by being made to suffer a gnawing hunger which he could never satisfy, and that of the daughters of Pandareos, who, though taught by goddesses, were led away by vain, selfish desires and became slaves of the Furies.

Physically, the second division of Athena myths includes those of the clouds. The highest cloud deity, Hermes, or Mercury, has a wide ministry, by means of the beneficent dew and rain. As clouds hide the brightness of the sun, however, so to Hermes are attributed the habits of concealment, and theft, and lying. Mountains are the great cloud-gatherers and mist-formers ; hence the birthplace of Hermes is said to be the Arcadian mountains. As he rises in a fleecy cloud, he blinds the eyes of Argus, *i.e.*, he shuts out the stars from the sight of men.

In the days when wealth consisted largely in flocks and herds, it was natural that the deity of woolly, fleecy clouds should become the god of commerce.

Devotion to gain, however, is likely to degenerate into avarice, so Hermes became eventually the deceiver of the minds of men with false dreams of covetousness, and the fable of Sisyphus denotes the punishment of the rage for gain.

In the myths of Semele, mother of Bacchus, is hinted the fruit-giving power of the cloud. Connected with these is the cycle of Gorgonian myths, which symbolize the storm and the tempest, whose office is to purify by destroying evil.

The functions of Athena as the ambient air with all its freight of cloud, *etc.*, are five-fold.

First, — she is air as the spirit of life. By reference to familiar experience, the health-giving power of Athena is made to serve in the interpretation of Homer's language descriptive of the acts of the goddess of Wisdom, as she imparts strength to the warrior's arm, adds beauty and grace to the womanly dignity of Penelope, and calms unworthy passion.

Secondly, — Athena is the air giving vegetative impulse to the earth. Therefore she lives in the lilies of the field and the trees of the forest; and she is the guardian of the spring, when everything wakes to newness of life.

Thirdly, — Athena is the air in its power over the sea. That the Greeks thought of her in this way is proved by the fact that Athena is sometimes represented with a dolphin on her shield.

Fourthly, — Athena is the air nourishing artificial light. Thus she represents the illumination of the spirit by the light of truth.

Lastly, — Athena is the air conveying vibration of sound.

As the sun — Apollo — is thought of as the master of time and rhythm, so the air, — Athena, — the sustaining power of the voice, is the symbol of moral passion.

Therefore it is that so many music myths are associated with Athena. The ethical influence of music in education was perfectly understood by the Greeks. Noble music is the most effective of all instruments of moral instruction, but if employed to express sensual passion, its influence is vicious.

With such high faith and earnest moral purpose were the great Greek myths invented, and they became inspiring motives to noble conduct.

II.

Athena as the Spirit of Life in material organism is the theme of the second division of this study.

The mystery of life is the undiscovered secret which baffles the utmost effort of chemical analysis. To have resolved all living form into its ultimate element, protoplasm, is to have given it a name, but here, as everywhere, the letter killeth: the Spirit which giveth life defies all analysis. Nevertheless, Spirit is the great reality, and that the Greeks well understood this fact is evident from their representing Athena spiritually, as the "queen of all glowing virtue, the unconsuming fire and inner lamp of life."

This is the vitalizing power that catches from chaos the elements of charcoal, lime, *etc.*, and gives them form in plant and animal.

In glowing language Mr. Ruskin portrays the rapturous life of the plant which finds expression in the beauty of the flower. The bird's form seems to be merely a chamber for imprisoned air; its song sounds like the wild voice of the wind-cloud; its plumes gleam with the gold, and ruby, and vermillion of the cloud crest, or deepen into the "melted

blue of the deep wells of the sky." "And so the Spirit of the Air is put into this created form" which has been, in all ages, the symbol of the divine Spirit of blessing. The varied symbolism in the serpent-myths of different countries marks the mysterious, fascinating influence produced upon the mind by the arrowy, soundless movement of that "running brook of horror."

Mr. Ruskin thinks that the myths of bird and serpent reveal the fineness of intelligence and the state of morals in the people who invent them.

To the races whose ideal was purity and immortality, the serpent and vulture served as lofty emblems ; but, when they were conscious of loss of moral vigor, the serpent became a fiery scourge, and the vulture an eating vengeance.

"The groves were God's first temples." Tree-worship prevailed among all early nations. The wind whispered to them from the leaves ; and, in the sheltering branches, they felt the protecting presence of God. With subtle analysis, Mr. Ruskin unfolds the secrets hidden in the various plant and flower myths, and discovers their ethical teachings. In all the manifold forms of nature resides an effluence of divine intelligence whose power man has felt, and, according to his own virtue and passion, has interpreted in the language of myth.

As Athena is a "goddess of counsel, she has 'eyes full of light' ; so color plays a prominent part in the Greek conception of this goddess ; the flesh was snow-white, the keen eyes were pale blue ; a crocus-colored robe extended to her feet with an aegis of thunderous purple; and her noble head was crowned with a golden helmet." With the colors of the iris, the Spirit of Wisdom dyes the earth tapestry woven by her deft fingers.

III.

Athena in the Heart means the wisdom that inspires human virtue and human art. Mr. Ruskin discriminates between the intellectual wisdom as displayed by the Muses, and the wise guidance of life and inventive art as controlled by the moral passion of Athena.

Here Mr. Ruskin reaffirms his belief that all art is, in its roots, moral : for in the work of his hand man has revealed his own weakness or virtue ; so the nature and quality of his art creations become the infallible measure of his moral state. It has been only through perseverance in rightness of conduct for several generations that high human art has been possible.

The law of life is inexorable. Every fault or folly lessens the power to do and to enjoy ; every effort after rightness of action strengthens the will and enlightens the judgment.

Athena was, to the Greeks, the warrior maid ; for the qualities developed and manifested in righteous warfare are the qualities essential to virtue, the valor of the soul. Although Mr. Ruskin generally opposes war as unreasoning cruelty and wicked sacrifice of life, yet he maintains that the soldier nation cultivates manhood, while the mercantile nation thinks only of increasing its possessions, and thus "its moral and poetic powers vanish."

Athena was also the presiding genius of industry. But national economy is wise only when its industries are so regulated that the willing laborer shall find wholesome employment and receive a just reward for his labor ; for the well-being of a nation depends upon the number of its happily and usefully employed citizens.

The principles of public economy which Mr. Ruskin had so earnestly advocated in his previous writings are here

shown to proceed from the Spirit of Wisdom, which is Athena in the Heart.

It is Mr. Ruskin's theory that the state can never do perfect justice until labor shall be organized and directed by the Government. An important part of this provision for the public welfare is the establishing of schools for training in all the arts.

To set a proper estimate upon the worth of all work,—our own, as well as others,—we must apply the measure of Modesty which is not Self-depreciation, but the just estimation of one's powers. This test, universally applied, will lead to each person's working in his own true place, *i.e.*, the place for which he is fitted.

The second function of Modesty, the recognition of law, and the delight in obedience to just law, is opposed to that Spirit of License which often hides itself under the name of Liberty.

The words freedom and liberty are often wildly used. True freedom, found only in obedience to higher law, is what Mr. Ruskin is really advocating under all his satire upon the freedom which unthinking or lawless people seek.

By contrasting the work produced by erratic followers of what is falsely called freedom, and that of those who hold their genius under the control of law, Mr. Ruskin makes his real attitude known.

He finds in Greek art, "sound knowledge, simple aims, mastered craft, vivid invention, strong common sense, and eternally true and wise meaning": therefore he advises its study, not for imitation, but for inspiration.

I. ATHENA CHALINITIS.¹

ATHENA IN THE HEAVENS.

Lecture on the Greek Myths of Storm, given (partly) in University College, London, March 9th, 1869.

1. I WILL not ask your pardon for endeavoring to interest you in the subject of Greek Mythology; but I must ask your permission to approach it in a temper differing from that in which it is frequently treated. We cannot justly interpret the religion of any people, unless we are prepared to admit that we ourselves, as well as they, are liable to error in matters of faith; and that the convictions of others, however singular, may, in some points, have been well founded, while our own, however reasonable, may, in some particulars, be mistaken. You must forgive me, therefore, for not always distinctively calling the creeds of the past "superstition," and the creeds of the present day "religion"; as well as for assuming that a faith now confessed may sometimes be superficial, and that a faith long forgotten may once have been sincere. It is the task of the Divine to condemn the errors of antiquity, and of the Philologist to account for them; I will only pray you to read, with patience, and human sympathy, the thoughts of men who lived without blame in a darkness they could not dispel; and to remember that, whatever charge of folly may justly attach to the saying,—"There is no God," the folly is prouder, deeper, and less pardonable, in saying, "There is no God but for me."

2. A Myth, in its simplest definition, is a story with a meaning attached to it, other than it seems to have at first;

¹ "Athena the Restrainer." The name is given to her as having helped Bellerophon to bridle Pegasus, the flying cloud.

and the fact that it has such a meaning is generally marked by some of its circumstances being extraordinary, or, in the common use of the word, unnatural. Thus, if I tell you that Hercules killed a water-serpent in the lake of Lerna, and if I mean, and you understand, nothing more than that fact, the story, whether true or false, is not a myth. But if by telling you this, I mean that Hercules purified the stagnation of many streams from deadly miasmata, my story, however simple, is a true myth ; only, as, if I had left it in that simplicity, you would probably look for nothing beyond, it will be wise in me to surprise your attention by adding some singular circumstance ; for instance, that the water-snake had several heads, which revived as fast as they were killed, and which poisoned even the foot that trode upon them as they slept. And in proportion to the fullness of intended meaning I shall probably multiply and refine upon these improbabilities ; as, suppose, if, instead of desiring only to tell you that Hercules purified a marsh, I wished you to understand that he contended with the venom and vapor of envy and evil ambition, whether in other men's souls or in his own, and choked *that* malaria only by supreme toil,—I might tell you that this serpent was formed by the Goddess whose pride was in the trial of Hercules ; and that its place of abode was by a palm-tree ; and that for every head of it that was cut off, two rose up with renewed life ; and that the hero found at last he could not kill the creature at all by cutting its heads off or crushing them ; but only by burning them down ; and that the midmost of them could not be killed even that way, but had to be buried alive. Only in proportion as I mean more, I shall certainly appear more absurd in my statement ; and at last, when I get unendurably significant, all practical persons will agree that I was talking mere nonsense from the beginning, and never meant anything at all.

3. It is just possible, however, also, that the story-teller may all along have meant nothing but what he said ; and that, incredible as the events may appear, he himself literally believed — and expected you also to believe — all this about Hercules, without any latent moral or history whatever. And it is very necessary, in reading traditions of this kind, to determine, first of all, whether you are listening to a simple person, who is relating what, at all events, he believes to be true (and may, therefore, possibly have been so to some extent), or to a reserved philosopher, who is veiling a theory of the universe under the grotesque of a fairy tale. It is, in general, more likely that the first supposition should be the right one ; — simple and credulous persons are, perhaps fortunately, more common than philosophers ; and it is of the highest importance that you should take their innocent testimony as it was meant, and not efface, under the graceful explanation which your cultivated ingenuity may suggest, either the evidence their story may contain (such as it is worth) of an extraordinary event having really taken place, or the unquestionable light which it will cast upon the character of the person by whom it was frankly believed. And to deal with Greek religion honestly, you must at once understand that this literal belief was, in the mind of the general people, as deeply rooted as ours in the legends of our own sacred book ; and that a basis of unmiraculous event was as little suspected, and an explanatory symbolism as rarely traced, by them, as by us.

You must, therefore, observe that I deeply degrade the position which such a myth as that just referred to occupied in the Greek mind, by comparing it (for fear of offending you) to our story of St. George and the Dragon. Still, the analogy is perfect in minor respects ; and though it fails to give you any notion of the vitally religious earnest-

ness of the Greek faith, it will exactly illustrate the manner in which faith laid hold of its objects.

4. This story of Hercules and the Hydra, then, was to the general Greek mind, in its best days, a tale about a real hero and a real monster. Not one in a thousand knew anything of the way in which the story had arisen, any more than the English peasant generally is aware of the plebeian origin of St. George; or supposes that there were once alive in the world, with sharp teeth and claws, real, and very ugly, flying dragons. On the other hand, few persons traced any moral or symbolical meaning in the story, and the average Greek was as far from imagining any interpretation like that I have just given you, as an average Englishman is from seeing in St. George, the Red Cross Knight of Spenser, or in the Dragon, the Spirit of Infidelity. But, for all that, there was a certain under-current of consciousness in all minds, that the figures meant more than they at first showed; and, according to each man's own faculties of sentiment, he judged and read them; just as a Knight of the Garter reads more in the jewel on his collar than the George and Dragon of a public-house expresses to the host or to his customers. Thus, to the mean person the myth always meant little; to the noble person, much; and the greater their familiarity with it, the more contemptible it became to the one, and the more sacred to the other; until vulgar commentators explained it entirely away, while Virgil made it the crowning glory of his choral hymn to Hercules:—

“ Around thee, powerless to infect thy soul,
Rose, in his crested crowd, the Lerna worm.”

“ Non te rationis egentem
Lernaeus turbâ capitum circumstetit anguis.”

And although, in any special toil of the hero's life, the moral interpretation was rarely with definiteness attached

to its event, yet in the whole course of the life, not only a symbolical meaning, but the warrant for the existence of a real spiritual power, was apprehended of all men. Hercules was no dead hero, to be remembered only as a victor over monsters of the past — harmless now, as slain. He was the perpetual type and mirror of heroism, and its present and living aid against every ravenous form of human trial and pain.

5. But, if we seek to know more than this, and to ascertain the manner in which the story first crystallized into its shape, we shall find ourselves led back generally to one or other of two sources — either to actual historical events, represented by the fancy under figures personifying them ; or else to natural phenomena similarly endowed with life by the imaginative power, usually more or less under the influence of terror. The historical myths we must leave the masters of history to follow ; they, and the events they record, being yet involved in great, though attractive and penetrable, mystery. But the stars, and hills, and storms are with us now, as they were with others of old ; and it only needs that we look at them with the earnestness of those childish eyes to understand the first words spoken of them by the children of men. And then, in all the most beautiful and enduring myths, we shall find, not only a literal story of a real person, — not only a parallel imagery of moral principle, — but an underlying worship of natural phenomena, out of which both have sprung, and in which both forever remain rooted. Thus, from the real sun, rising and setting ; — from the real atmosphere, calm in its dominion of unfading blue, and fierce in its descent of tempest, — the Greek forms first the idea of two entirely personal and corporeal gods, whose limbs are clothed in divine flesh, and whose brows are crowned with divine beauty ; yet so real that the quiver rattles at their shoulder,

and the chariot bends beneath their weight. And, on the other hand, collaterally with these corporeal images, and never for one instant separated from them, he conceives also two omnipresent spiritual influences, of which one illuminates, as the sun, with a constant fire, whatever in humanity is skillful and wise ; and the other, like the living air, breathes the calm of heavenly fortitude, and strength of righteous anger, into every human breast that is pure and brave.

6. Now, therefore, in nearly every myth of importance, and certainly in every one of those of which I shall speak to-night, you have to discern these three structural parts—the root and the two branches :—the root, in physical existence, sun, or sky, or cloud, or sea ; then the personal incarnation of that ; becoming a trusted and companionable deity, with whom you may walk hand in hand, as a child with its brother or its sister ; and, lastly, the moral significance of the image, which is in all the great myths eternally and beneficently true.

7. The great myths ; that is to say, myths made by great people. For the first plain fact about myth-making is one which has been most strangely lost sight of,—that you cannot make a myth unless you have something to make it of. You cannot tell a secret which you don't know. If the myth is about the sky, it must have been made by somebody who had looked at the sky. If the myth is about justice and fortitude, it must have been made by some one who knew what it was to be just or patient. According to the quantity of understanding in the person, will be the quantity of significance in his fable ; and the myth of a simple and ignorant race must necessarily mean little, because a simple and ignorant race have little to mean. So the great question in reading a story is always, not what wild hunter dreamed, or what childish race first dreaded

it ; but what wise man first perfectly told, and what strong people first perfectly lived by it. And the real meaning of any myth is that which it has at the noblest age of the nation among whom it is current. The farther back you pierce, the less significance you will find, until you come to the first narrow thought, which, indeed, contains the germ of the accomplished tradition; but only as the seed contains the flower. As the intelligence and passion of the race develop, they cling to and nourish their beloved and sacred legend ; leaf by leaf it expands under the touch of more pure affections, and more delicate imagination, until at last the perfect fable bourgeons out into symmetry of milky stem and honeyed bell.

8. But through whatever changes it may pass, remember that our right reading of it is wholly dependent on the materials we have in our own minds for an intelligent answering sympathy. If it first arose among a people who dwelt under stainless skies, and measured their journeys by ascending and declining stars, we certainly cannot read their story, if we have never seen anything above us in the day, but smoke ; nor anything round us in the night but candles. If the tale goes on to change clouds or planets into living creatures,—to invest them with fair forms,—and inflame them with mighty passions, we can only understand the story of the human-hearted things, in so far as we ourselves take pleasure in the perfectness of visible form, or can sympathize, by an effort of imagination, with the strange people who had other loves than that of wealth, and other interests than those of commerce. And, lastly, if the myth complete itself to the fulfilled thoughts of the nation, by attributing to the gods, whom they have carved out of their fantasy, continual presence with their own souls ; and their every effort for good is finally guided by the sense of the companionship, the praise, and the pure will of Immortals,

we shall be able to follow them into this last circle of their faith only in the degree in which the better parts of our own beings have been also stirred by the aspects of nature, or strengthened by her laws. It may be easy to prove that the ascent of Apollo in his chariot signifies nothing but the rising of the sun. But what does the sunrise itself signify to us? If only languid return to frivolous amusement, or fruitless labor, it will, indeed, not be easy for us to conceive the power, over a Greek, of the name of Apollo. But if, for us also, as for the Greek, the sunrise means daily restoration to the sense of passionate gladness and of perfect life—if it means the thrilling of new strength through every nerve,—the shedding over us of a better peace than the peace of night, in the power of the dawn,—and the purging of evil vision and fear by the baptism of its dew;—if the sun itself is an influence to us also, of spiritual good,—and becomes thus in reality, not in imagination, to us also, a spiritual power,—we may then soon over-pass the narrow limit of conception which kept that power impersonal, and rise with the Greek to the thought of an angel who rejoiced as a strong man to run his course, whose voice, calling to life and to labor, rang round the earth, and whose going forth was to the ends of heaven.

9. The time, then, at which I shall take up for you, as well as I can decipher it, the tradition of the Gods of Greece, shall be near the beginning of its central and formed faith,—about 500 B.C.,—a faith of which the character is perfectly represented by Pindar and Aeschylus, who are both of them outspokenly religious, and entirely sincere men; while we may always look back to find the less developed thought of the preceding epoch given by Homer, in a more occult, subtle, half-instinctive, and involuntary way.

10. Now, at that culminating period of the Greek religion, we find, under one governing Lord of all things, four subor-

dinate elemental forces, and four spiritual powers living in them, and commanding them. The elements are of course the well-known four of the ancient world—the earth, the waters, the fire, and the air; and the living powers of them are Demeter, the Latin Ceres; Poseidon, the Latin Neptune; Apollo, who has retained always his Greek name; and Athena, the Latin Minerva. Each of these is descended from, or changed from, more ancient, and therefore more mystic deities of the earth and heaven, and of a finer element of ether supposed to be beyond the heavens;¹ but at this time we find the four quite definite, both in their kingdoms and in their personalities. They are the rulers of the earth that we tread upon, and the air that we breathe; and are with us as closely, in their vivid humanity, as the dust that they animate, and the winds that they bridle. I shall briefly define for you the range of their separate dominions, and then follow, as far as we have time, the most interesting of the legends which relate to the queen of the air.

11. The rule of the first spirit, Demeter, the earth mother, is over the earth, first, as the origin of all life—the dust from whence we were taken: secondly, as the receiver of all things back at last into silence—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." And, therefore, as the most tender image of this appearing and fading life, in the birth and fall of flowers, her daughter Proserpine plays in the fields of Sicily, and thence is torn away into darkness, and becomes the Queen of Fate—not merely of death, but of the gloom which closes over and ends, not beauty only, but sin; and chiefly of sins the sin against the life she gave: so that she is, in her highest power, Persephone, the avenger and purifier of blood,—"The voice of thy brother's

¹ And by modern science now also asserted, and with probability argued to exist.

blood cries to me *out of the ground.*" Then, side by side with this queen of the earth, we find a demigod of agriculture by the plough — the lord of grain, or of the thing ground by the mill. And it is a singular proof of the simplicity of Greek character at this noble time, that of all representations left to us of their deities by their art, few are so frequent, and none perhaps so beautiful, as the symbol of this spirit of agriculture.

12. Then the dominant spirit of the element of water is Neptune, but subordinate to him are myriads of other water spirits, of whom Nereus is the chief, with Palaemon, and Leucothea, the "white lady" of the sea, and Thetis, and nymphs innumerable, who, like her, could "suffer a sea change," while the river deities had each independent power, according to the preciousness of their streams to the cities fed by them,— the "fountain Arethuse, and thou, honored flood, smooth sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds." And, spiritually, this king of the waters is lord of the strength and daily flow of human life — he gives it material force and victory ; which is the meaning of the dedication of the hair, as the sign of the strength of life, to the river of the native land.

13. Demeter, then, over the earth, and its giving and receiving of life. Neptune over the waters, and the flow and force of life,— always among the Greeks typified by the horse, which was to them as a crested sea-wave, animated and bridled. Then the third element, fire, has set over it two powers : over earthly fire, the assistant of human labor, is set Hephaestus, lord of all labor in which is the flush and the sweat of the brow ; and over heavenly fire, the source of day, is set Apollo, the spirit of all kindling, purifying, and illuminating intellectual wisdom, each of these gods having also their subordinate or associated powers — servant, or sister, or companion muse.

14. Then, lastly, we come to the myth which is to be our subject of closer inquiry—the story of Athena and of the deities subordinate to her. This great goddess, the Neith of the Egyptians, the Athena or Athenaia of the Greeks, and, with broken power, half usurped by Mars, the Minerva of the Latins, is, physically, the queen of the air; having supreme power both over its blessing of calm and wrath of storm; and, spiritually, she is the queen of the breath of man, first of the bodily breathing which is life to his blood and strength to his arm in battle; and then of the mental breathing, or inspiration, which is his moral health and habitual wisdom; wisdom of conduct and of the heart, as opposed to the wisdom of imagination and the brain; moral, as distinct from intellectual; inspired, as distinct from illuminated.

15. By a singular, and fortunate, though I believe wholly accidental coincidence, the heart-virtue, of which she is the spirit, was separated by the ancients into four divisions, which have since obtained acceptance from all men as rightly discerned, and have received, as if from the quarters of the four winds of which Athena is the natural queen, the name of "Cardinal" virtues: namely, Prudence (the right seeing, and foreseeing, of events through darkness); Justice (the righteous bestowal of favor and of indignation); Fortitude (patience under trial by pain); and Temperance (patience under trial by pleasure). With respect to these four virtues, the attributes of Athena are all distinct. In her prudence, or sight in darkness, she is "Glaukopis," "owl-eyed."¹ In her justice, which is the dominant virtue, she wears two robes, one of light and one of darkness; the robe of light, saffron color, or the color of the daybreak, falls to her feet, covering her wholly with favor and love,—

¹ There are many other meanings in the epithet; see, farther on, § 91.

the calm of the sky in blessing ; it is embroidered along its edge with her victory over the giants (the troublous powers of the earth), and the likeness of it was woven yearly by the Athenian maidens and carried to the temple of their own Athena,— not to the Parthenon, that was the temple of all the world's Athena,— but this they carried to the temple of their own only one, who loved them, and stayed with them always. Then her robe of indignation is worn on her breast and left arm only, fringed with fatal serpents, and fastened with Gorgonian cold, turning men to stone ; physically, the lightning and the hail of chastisement by storm. Then in her fortitude she wears the crested and unstooping helmet ;¹ and lastly, in her temperance, she is the queen of maidenhood—stainless as the air of heaven.

16. But all these virtues mass themselves in the Greek mind into the two main ones—of Justice, or noble passion, and Fortitude, or noble patience ; and of these, the chief powers of Athena, the Greeks had divinely written for them, and all men after them, two mighty songs,—one, of the Menis,² mens, passion, or zeal, of Athena, breathed into a mortal whose name is “Ache of heart,” and whose short life is only the incarnate brooding and burst of storm ; and the other is of the foresight and fortitude of Athena, maintained by her in the heart of a mortal whose name is given to him from a longer grief, Odysseus, the “full of sorrow, the much-enduring, and the long-suffering.”

17. The minor expressions by the Greeks in word, in symbol, and in religious service, of this faith, are so many

¹ I am compelled, for clearness' sake, to mark only one meaning at a time. Athena's helmet is sometimes a mask—sometimes a sign of anger—sometimes of the highest light of ether ; but I cannot speak of all this at once.

² This word of the *Iliad*, Menis, afterwards passes into the Latin Mens ; is the root of the Latin name for Athena, “Minerva,” and so of the English “mind.”

and so beautiful, that I hope some day to gather at least a few of them into a separate body of evidence respecting the power of Athena and its relations to the ethical conception of the Homeric poems, or, rather, to their ethical nature ; for they are not conceived didactically, but are didactic in their essence, as all good art is. There is an increasing insensibility to this character, and even an open denial of it among us now, which is one of the most curious errors of modernism,— the peculiar and judicial blindness of an age which, having long practiced art and poetry for the sake of pleasure only, has become incapable of reading their language when they were both didactic : and also, having been itself accustomed to a professedly didactic teaching, which yet, for private interests, studiously avoids collision with every prevalent vice of its day (and especially with avarice), has become equally dead to the intensely ethical conceptions of a race which habitually divided all men into two broad classes of worthy or worthless ;— good, and good for nothing. And even the celebrated passage of Horace about the “Iliad” is now misread or disbelieved, as if it was impossible that the “Iliad” could be instructive because it is not like a sermon. Horace does not say that it is like a sermon, and would have been still less likely to say so, if he ever had had the advantage of hearing a sermon. “I have been reading that story of Troy again” (thus he writes to a noble youth of Rome whom he cared for), “quietly at Praeneste, while you have been busy at Rome ; and truly I think that what is base and what is noble, and what useful and useless, may be better learned from that than from all Chrysippus’ and Crantor’s talk put together.”¹ Which is profoundly true, not of the “Iliad” only, but of all other great

¹ Note, once for all, that unless when there is question about some particular expression, I never translate literally, but give the real force of what is said, as I best can, freely

art whatsoever ; for all pieces of such art are didactic in the purest way, indirectly and occultly, so that, first, you shall only be bettered by them if you are already hard at work in bettering yourself ; and when you *are* bettered by them, it shall be partly with a general acceptance of their influence, so constant and subtle that you shall be no more conscious of it than of the healthy digestion of food ; and partly by a gift of unexpected truth, which you shall only find by slow mining for it ; — which is withheld on purpose, and close-locked, that you may not get it till you have forged the key of it in a furnace of your own heating. And this withholding of their meaning is continual, and confessed, in the great poets. Thus Pindar says of himself : “There is many an arrow in my quiver, full of speech to the wise, but, for the many, they need interpreters.” And neither Pindar nor Aeschylus, nor Hesiod, nor Homer, nor any of the greater poets or teachers of any nation or time, ever spoke but with intentional reservation ; nay, beyond this, there is often a meaning which they themselves cannot interpret, — which it may be for ages long after them to interpret, — in what they said, so far as it recorded true imaginative vision. For all the greatest myths have been seen, by the men who tell them, involuntarily and passively, — seen by them with as great distinctness (and in some respects, though not in all, under conditions as far beyond the control of their will) as a dream sent to any of us by night when we dream clearest ; and it is this veracity of vision that could not be refused, and of moral that could not be foreseen, which in modern historical inquiry has been left wholly out of account : being indeed the thing which no merely historical investigator can understand, or even believe ; for it belongs exclusively to the creative or artistic group of men, and can only be interpreted by those of their race, who themselves, in some measure also, see visions and dream dreams.

So that you may obtain a more truthful idea of the nature of Greek religion and legend from the poems of Keats, and the nearly as beautiful, and, in general grasp of subject, far more powerful, recent work of Morris, than from frigid scholarship, however extensive. Not that the poet's impressions or renderings of things are wholly true, but their truth is vital, not formal. They are like sketches from the life by Reynolds or Gainsborough, which may be demonstrably inaccurate or imaginary in many traits, and indistinct in others, yet will be in the deepest sense like, and true ; while the work of historical analysis is too often weak with loss, through the very labor of its miniature touches, or useless in clumsy or vapid veracity of externals, and complacent security of having done all that is required for the portrait, when it has measured the breadth of the forehead, and the length of the nose.

18. The first of requirements, then, for the right reading of myths, is the understanding of the nature of all true vision by noble persons ; namely, that it is founded on constant laws common to all human nature ; that it perceives, however darkly, things which are for all ages true ; — that we can only understand it so far as we have some perception of the same truth ; — and that its fullness is developed and manifested more and more by the reverberation of it from minds of the same mirror-temper, in succeeding ages. You will understand Homer better by seeing his reflection in Dante, as you may trace new forms and softer colors in a hill-side, redoubled by a lake.

I shall be able partly to show you, even to-night, how much, in the Homeric vision of Athena, has been made clearer by the advance of time, being thus essentially and eternally true ; but I must, in the outset, indicate the relation to that central thought of the imagery of the inferior deities of storm.

19. And first I will take the myth of Aeolus (the “sage Hippotades” of Milton), as it is delivered pure by Homer from the early times.

Why do you suppose Milton calls him “sage”? One does not usually think of the winds as very thoughtful or deliberate powers. But hear Homer: “Then we came to the Aeolian island, and there dwelt Aeolus Hippotades, dear to the deathless gods: there he dwelt in a floating island, and round it was a wall of brass that could not be broken; and the smooth rock of it ran up sheer. To whom twelve children were born in the sacred chambers — six daughters and six strong sons; and they dwell forever with their beloved father, and their mother strict in duty; and with them are laid up a thousand benefits; and the misty house around them rings with fluting all the day long.” Now, you are to note first, in this description, the wall of brass and the sheer rock. You will find, throughout the fables of the tempest-group, that the brazen wall and precipice (occurring in another myth as the brazen tower of Danae) are always connected with the idea of the towering cloud lighted by the sun, here truly described as a floating island. Secondly, you hear that all treasures were laid up in them; therefore, you know this Aeolus is lord of the beneficent winds (“he bringeth the wind out of his treasuries”); and presently, afterwards Homer calls him the “steward” of the winds, the master of the storehouse of them. And this idea of gifts and preciousness in the winds of heaven is carried out in the well-known sequel of the fable:—Aeolus gives them to Ulysses, all but one, bound in leathern bags, with a glittering cord of silver; and so like bags of treasure that the sailors think they are so, and open them to see. And when Ulysses is thus driven back to Aeolus, and prays him again to help him, note the deliberate words of the King’s refusal, — “Did I not,” he says, “send thee on thy way

heartily, that thou mightest reach thy country, thy home, and whatever is dear to thee? It is not lawful for me again to send forth favorably on his journey a man hated by the happy gods." This idea of the beneficence of Aeolus remains to the latest times, though Virgil, by adopting the vulgar change of the cloud island into Lipari, has lost it a little; but even when it is finally explained away by Diodorus, Aeolus is still a kind-hearted monarch, who lived on the coast of Sorrento, invented the use of sails, and established a system of storm signals.

20. Another beneficent storm-power, Boreas, occupies an important place in early legend, and a singularly principal one in art; and I wish I could read to you a passage of Plato about the legend of Boreas and Oreithyia,¹ and the breeze and shade of the Ilissus—notwithstanding its severe reflection upon persons who waste their time on mythological studies: but I must go on at once to the fable with which you are all generally familiar, that of the Harpies.

This is always connected with that of Boreas or the north wind, because the two sons of Boreas are enemies of the Harpies, and drive them away into frantic flight. The myth in its first literal form means only the battle between the fair north wind and the foul south one: the two Harpies, "Stormswift" and "Swiftfoot," are the sisters of the rainbow—that is to say, they are the broken drifts of the showery south wind, and the clear north wind drives them back; but they quickly take a deeper and more malignant significance. You know the short, violent, spiral gusts that lift the dust before coming rain: the Harpies get identified first with these, and then with more violent whirlwinds, and so they are called "Harpies," "the Snatchers," and are thought of as entirely destructive; their manner of destroy-

¹ Translated by Max Müller in the opening of his essay on "Comparative Mythology." (*Chips from a German Workshop*, Vol. II.)

ing being twofold — by snatching away, and by defiling and polluting. This is a month in which you may really see a small Harpy at her work almost whenever you choose. The first time that there is threatening of rain after two or three days of fine weather, leave your window well open to the street, and some books or papers on the table ; and if you do not, in a little while, know what the Harpies mean, and how they snatch, and how they defile, I'll give up my Greek myths.

21. That is the physical meaning. It is now easy to find the mental one. You must all have felt the expression of ignoble anger in those fitful gusts of sudden storm. There is a sense of provocation and apparent bitterness of purpose in their thin and senseless fury, wholly different from the noble anger of the greater tempests. Also, they seem useless and unnatural, and the Greek thinks of them always as vile in malice, and opposed, therefore, to the sons of Boreas, who are kindly winds, that fill sails, and wave harvests, — full of bracing health and happy impulses. From this lower and merely malicious temper, the Harpies rise into a greater terror, always associated with their whirling motion, which is indeed indicative of the most destructive winds : and they are thus related to the nobler tempests, as Charybdis to the sea ; they are devouring and desolating, merciless, making all things disappear that come in their grasp : and so, spiritually, they are the gusts of vexatious, fretful, lawless passion, vain and overshadowing, discontented and lamenting, meager and insane, — spirits of wasted energy, and wandering disease, and unappeased famine, and unsatisfied hope. So you have, on the one side, the winds of prosperity and health, on the other, of ruin and sickness. Understand that, once, deeply — any who have ever known the weariness of vain desires ; the pitiful, unconquerable, coiling and recoiling and self-involved returns of some

sickening famine and thirst of heart :—and you will know what was in the sound of the Harpy Celaeno's shriek from her rock ; and why, in the seventh circle of the "Inferno," the Harpies make their nests in the warped branches of the trees that are the souls of suicides.

22. Now you must always be prepared to read Greek legends as you trace threads through figures on a silken damask : the same thread runs through the web, but it makes part of different figures. Joined with other colors, you hardly recognize it, and in different lights, it is dark or light. Thus the Greek fables blend and cross curiously in different directions, till they knit themselves into an arabesque where sometimes you cannot tell black from purple, nor blue from emerald—they being all the truer for this, because the truths of emotion they represent are interwoven in the same way, but all the more difficult to read, and to explain in any order. Thus the Harpies, as they represent vain desire, are connected with the Sirens, who are the spirits of constant desire : so that it is difficult sometimes in early art to know which are meant, both being represented alike as birds with women's heads ; only the Sirens are the great constant desires—the infinite sicknesses of heart—which, rightly placed, give life, and wrongly placed, waste it away ; so that there are two groups of Sirens, one noble and saving, as the other is fatal. But there are no animating or saving Harpies ; their nature is always vexing and full of weariness, and thus they are curiously connected with the whole group of legends about Tantalus.

23. We all know what it is to be tantalized ; but we do not often think of asking what Tantalus was tantalized for—what he had done, to be forever kept hungry in sight of food ? Well ; he had not been condemned to this merely for being a glutton. By Dante the same punishment is assigned to simple gluttony, to purge it away ;—but the sins

of Tantalus were of a much wider and more mysterious kind. There are four great sins attributed to him: one, stealing the food of the Gods to give it to men; another, sacrificing his son to feed the Gods themselves (it may remind you for a moment of what I was telling you of the earthly character of Demeter, that, while the other Gods all refuse, she, dreaming about her lost daughter, eats part of the shoulder of Pelops before she knows what she is doing); another sin is, telling the secrets of the Gods; and only the fourth—stealing the golden dog of Pandareos—is connected with gluttony. The special sense of this myth is marked by Pandareos receiving the happy privilege of never being troubled with indigestion; the dog, in general, however, mythically represents all utterly senseless and carnal desires; mainly that of gluttony; and in the mythic sense of Hades—that is to say, so far as it represents spiritual ruin in this life, and not a literal hell—the dog Cerberus is its gate-keeper—with this special marking of his character of sensual passion, that he fawns on all those who descend, but rages against all who would return (the Virgilian “*facilis descensus*” being a later recognition of this mythic character of Hades): the last labor of Hercules is the dragging him up to the light; and in some sort, he represents the voracity or devouring of Hades itself; and the mediaeval representation of the mouth of hell perpetuates the same thought. Then, also, the power of evil passion is partly associated with the red and scorching light of Sirius, as opposed to the pure light of the sun:—he is the dog-star of ruin; and hence the continual Homeric dwelling upon him, and comparison of the flame of anger to his swarthy light; only, in his scorching, it is thirst, not hunger, over which he rules physically; so that the fable of Icarius, his first master, corresponds, among the Greeks, to the legend of the drunkenness of Noah.

The story of Actaeón, the raging death of Hecuba, and the tradition of the white dog which ate part of Hercules' first sacrifice, and so gave name to the Cynosarges, are all various phases of the same thought—the Greek notion of the dog being throughout confused between its serviceable fidelity, its watchfulness, its foul voracity, shamelessness, and deadly madness, while, with the curious reversal or recoil of the meaning which attaches itself to nearly every great myth—and which we shall presently see notably exemplified in the relations of the serpent to Athena,—the dog becomes in philosophy a type of severity and abstinence.

24. It would carry us too far aside were I to tell you the story of Pandareos' dog—or rather, of Jupiter's dog, for Pandareos was its guardian only; all that bears on our present purpose is that the guardian of this golden dog had three daughters, one of whom was subject to the power of the Sirens, and is turned into the nightingale; and the other two were subject to the power of the Harpies, and this was what happened to them. They were very beautiful, and they were beloved by the gods in their youth, and all the great goddesses were anxious to bring them up rightly. Of all types of young ladies' education, there is nothing so splendid as that of the younger daughters of Pandareos. They have literally the four greatest goddesses for their governesses. Athena teaches them domestic accomplishments; how to weave, and sew, and the like; Artemis teaches them to hold themselves up straight; Hera, how to behave proudly and oppressively to company; and Aphrodite—delightful governess—feeds them with cakes and honey all day long. All goes well, until just the time when they are going to be brought out; then there is a great dispute whom they are to marry, and, in the midst of it, they are carried off by the Harpies, given by them to be slaves to the

Furies, and never seen more. But of course there is nothing in Greek myths ; and one never heard of such things as vain desires, and empty hopes, and clouded passions, defiling and snatching away the souls of maidens, in a London season.

I have no time to trace for you any more harpy legends, though they are full of the most curious interest ; but I may confirm for you my interpretation of this one, and prove its importance in the Greek mind, by noting that Polygnotus painted these maidens, in his great religious series of paintings at Delphi, crowned with flowers, and playing at dice ; and that Penelope remembers them in her last fit of despair, just before the return of Ulysses, and prays bitterly that she may be snatched away at once into nothingness by the Harpies, like Pandareos' daughters, rather than be tormented longer by her deferred hope, and anguish of disappointed love.

25. I have hitherto spoken only of deities of the winds. We pass now to a far more important group, the Deities of Cloud. Both of these are subordinate to the ruling power of the air, as the demigods of the fountains and minor seas are to the great deep : but, as the cloud-firmament detaches itself more from the air, and has a wider range of ministry than the minor streams and seas, the highest cloud deity, Hermes, has a rank more equal with Athena than Nereus or Proteus with Neptune ; and there is greater difficulty in tracing his character, because his physical dominion over the clouds can, of course, be asserted only where clouds are ; and, therefore, scarcely at all in Egypt :¹ so that the

¹ I believe that the conclusions of recent scholarship are generally opposed to the Herodotean ideas of any direct acceptance by the Greeks of Egyptian myths : and very certainly, Greek art is developed by giving the veracity and simplicity of real life to Eastern savage grotesque ; and not by softening the severity of pure Egyptian design. But it is of no consequence whether one conception was, or was not, in this case, derived from the other ; my object is only to mark the essential differences between them.

changes which Hermes undergoes in becoming a Greek from an Egyptian and Phoenician god, are greater than in any other case of adopted tradition. In Egypt, Hermes is a deity of historical record, and a conductor of the dead to judgment; the Greeks take away much of this historical function, assigning it to the Muses; but, in investing him with the physical power over clouds, they give him that which the Muses disdain, the power of concealment, and of theft. The snatching away by the Harpies is with brute force; but the snatching away by the clouds is connected with the thought of hiding, and of making things seem to be what they are not; so that Hermes is the god of lying, as he is of mist; and yet with this ignoble function of making things vanish and disappear, is connected the remnant of his grand Egyptian authority of leading away souls in the cloud of death (the actual dimness of sight caused by mortal wounds physically suggesting the darkness and descent of clouds, and continually being so described in the "Iliad"); while the sense of the need of guidance on the untrodden road follows necessarily. You cannot but remember how this thought of cloud guidance, and cloud receiving of souls at death, has been elsewhere ratified.

26. Without following that higher clue, I will pass to the lovely group of myths connected with the birth of Hermes on the Greek mountains. You know that the valley of Sparta is one of the noblest mountain ravines in the world, and that the western flank of it is formed by an unbroken chain of crags, forty miles long, rising, opposite Sparta, to a height of 8,000 feet, and known as the chain of Taygetus. Now, the nymph from whom that mountain ridge is named, was the mother of Lacedaemon; therefore, the mythic ancestress of the Spartan race. She is the nymph Taygeta, and one of the seven stars of spring; one of those Pleiades of whom is the question to Job, — "Canst thou bind the sweet

influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" "The sweet influences of Pleiades," of the stars of spring,—nowhere sweeter than among the pine-clad slopes of the hills of Sparta and Arcadia, when the snows of their higher summits, beneath the sunshine of April, fell into fountains, and rose into clouds; and in every ravine was a newly-awakened voice of waters,—soft increase of whisper among its sacred stones: and on every crag its forming and fading veil of radiant cloud; temple above temple, of the divine marble that no tool can pollute, nor ruin undermine. And, therefore, beyond this central valley, this great Greek vase of Arcadia, on the "*hollow*" mountain, Cyllene, or "pregnant" mountain, called also "cold," because there the vapors rest,¹ and born of the eldest of those stars of spring, that Maia, from whom your own month of May has its name, bringing to you, in the green of her garlands, and the white of her hawthorn, the unrecognized symbols of the pastures and the wreathed snows of Arcadia, where long ago she was queen of stars: there, first cradled and wrapt in swaddling-clothes; then raised, in a moment of surprise, into his wandering power,—is born the shepherd of the clouds, winged-footed and deceiving,—blinding the eyes of Argus,—escaping from the grasp of Apollo,—restless messenger between the highest sky and topmost earth,—"the herald Mercury, new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

27. Now, it will be wholly impossible, at present, to trace for you any of the minor Greek expressions of this thought, except only that Mercury, as the cloud shepherd, is especially called Eriophorus, the wool-bearer. You will recollect the name from the common woolly rush "*eriophorum*" which has a cloud of silky seed; and note also that he wears dis-

¹ On the altar of Hermes on its summit, as on that of the Lacinian Hera, no wind ever stirred the ashes. By those altars, the Gods of Heaven were appeased; and all their storms at rest.

tinctively the flat cap, *petasos*, named from a word meaning to expand ; which shaded from the sun, and is worn on journeys. You have the epithet of mountains "cloud-capped" as an established form with every poet, and the Mont Pilate of Lucerne is named from a Latin word signifying specially a *woolen* cap ; but Mercury has, besides, a general Homeric epithet, curiously and intensely concentrated in meaning, "the profitable or serviceable by wool," that is to say, by shepherd wealth ; hence, "pecuniarily," rich, or serviceable, and so he passes at last into a general mercantile deity ; while yet the cloud sense of the wool is retained by Homer always, so that he gives him this epithet when it would otherwise have been quite meaningless (in "Iliad," xxiv. 440), when he drives Priam's chariot, and breathes force into his horses, precisely as we shall find Athena drive Diomed : and yet the serviceable and profitable sense,—and something also of gentle and soothing character in the mere wool-softness, as used for dress, and religious rites,—is retained also in the epithet, and thus the gentle and serviceable Hermes is opposed to the deceitful one.

28. In connection with this driving of Priam's chariot, remember that as Autolycus is the son of Hermes the Deceiver, Myrtilus (the Auriga of the Stars) is the son of Hermes the Guide. The name Hermes itself means Impulse ; and he is especially the shepherd of the flocks of the sky, in driving, or guiding, or stealing them ; and yet his great name, Argeiphontes, not only—as in different passages of the olden poets—means "Shining White," which is said of him as being himself the silver cloud lighted by the sun ; but "Argus-Killer," the killer of brightness, which is said of him as he veils the sky, and especially the stars, which are the eyes of Argus ; or, literally, eyes of brightness, which Juno, who is, with Jupiter, part of the

type of highest heaven, keeps in her peacock's train. We know that this interpretation is right, from a passage in which Euripides describes the shield of Hippomedon, which bore for its sign, "Argus the all-seeing, covered with eyes; open towards the rising of the stars and closed towards their setting."

And thus Hermes becomes the spirit of the movement of the sky or firmament; not merely the fast flying of the transitory cloud, but the great motion of the heavens and stars themselves. Thus, in his highest power, he corresponds to the "primo mobile"¹ of the later Italian philosophy, and, in his simplest, is the guide of all mysterious and cloudy movement, and of all successful subtleties. Perhaps the prettiest minor recognition of his character is when, on the night foray of Ulysses and Diomed, Ulysses wears the helmet stolen by Autolycus, the son of Hermes.

29. The position in the Greek mind of Hermes as the Lord of cloud is, however, more mystic and ideal than that of any other deity, just on account of the constant and real presence of the cloud itself under different forms, giving rise to all kinds of minor fables. The play of the Greek imagination in this direction is so wide and complex, that I cannot even give you an outline of its range in my present limits. There is first a great series of storm-legends connected with the family of the historic Aeolus, centralized by the story of Athamas, with his two wives, "the Cloud" and the "White Goddess," ending in that of Phrixus and Helle, and of the golden fleece (which is only the cloud-burden of Hermes Eriophoros). With this, there is the fate of Salmoneus, and the destruction of Glaucus by his own horses; all these minor myths of storm concentrating themselves darkly into the legend of Bellerophon and the

¹ First cause.

Chimaera, in which there is an under-story about the vain subduing of passion and treachery, and the end of life in fading melancholy, — which, I hope, not many of you could understand even were I to show it you (the merely physical meaning of the Chimaera is the cloud of volcanic lightning, connected wholly with earthfire, but resembling the heavenly cloud in its height and its thunder). Finally, in the Aeolic group, there is the legend of Sisyphus, which I mean to work out thoroughly by itself : its root is in the position of Corinth as ruling the isthmus and the two seas — the Corinthian Acropolis, two thousand feet high, being the center of the crossing currents of the winds, and of the commerce of Greece. Therefore, Athena, and the fountain cloud Pegasus, are more closely connected with Corinth than even with Athens in their material, though not in their moral power ; and Sisyphus finds the Isthmian games in connection with a melancholy story about the sea gods ; but he himself is *κέρδιστος ἀνδρῶν*, the most “gaining” and subtle of men ; who, having the key of the Isthmus, becomes the type of transit, transfer, or trade, as such ; and of the apparent gain from it, which is not gain : and this is the real meaning of his punishment in hell — eternal toil and recoil (the modern idol of capital being, indeed, the stone of Sisyphus with a vengeance, *crushing* in its recoil). But, throughout, the old ideas of the cloud power and cloud feebleness, — the deceit of its hiding, — and the emptiness of its vanishing, — the Autolycus enchantment of making black seem white, — and the disappointed fury of Ixion (taking shadow for power), mingle in the moral meaning of this and its collateral legends ; and give an aspect, at last, not only of foolish cunning, but of impiety or literal “idolatry,” “imagination worship,” to the dreams of avarice and injustice, until this notion of atheism and insolent blindness becomes principal ; and the “Clouds” of

Aristophanes, with the personified “just” and “unjust” saying in the latter part of the play, foreshadow, almost feature by feature, in all that they were written to mock and to chastise, the worst elements of the impious “δίνος”¹ and tumult in men’s thoughts, which have followed on their avarice in the present day, making them alike forsake the laws of their ancient gods, and misapprehend or reject the true words of their existing teachers.

30. All this we have from the legends of the historic Aeolus only ; but, besides these, there is the beautiful story of Semele, the Mother of Bacchus. She is the cloud with the strength of the vine in its bosom, consumed by the light which matures the fruit ; the melting away of the cloud into the clear air at the fringe of its edges being exquisitely rendered by Pindar’s epithet for her, Semele, “with the stretched-out hair” (*ravvέθειρα*). Then there is the entire tradition of the Danaides, and of the tower of Danae and golden shower ; the birth of Perseus connecting this legend with that of the Gorgons and Graiae, who are the true clouds of thunderous and ruinous tempest. I must, in passing, mark for you that the form of the sword or sickle of Perseus, with which he kills Medusa, is another image of the whirling harpy vortex, and belongs especially to the sword of destruction or annihilation ; whence it is given to the two angels who gather for destruction the evil harvest and evil vintage of the earth (Rev. xiv. 15). I will collect afterwards and complete what I have already written respecting the Pegasean and Gorgonian legends, noting here only what is necessary to explain the central myth of Athena herself, who represents the ambient air, which included all cloud, and rain, and dew, and darkness, and peace, and wrath of heaven. Let me now try to give you, however briefly, some distinct idea of the several agencies of this great goddess :—

¹ Whirl.

31. I. She is the air giving life and health to all animals.
- II. She is the air giving vegetative power to the earth.
- III. She is the air giving motion to the sea, and rendering navigation possible.
- IV. She is the air nourishing artificial light, torch or lamplight; as opposed to that of the sun, on one hand, and of *consuming*¹ fire on the other.
- V. She is the air conveying vibration of sound.

I will give you instances of her agency in all these functions.

32. First, and chiefly, she is air as the spirit of life, giving vitality to the blood. Her psychic relation to the vital force in matter lies deeper, and we will examine it afterwards; but a great number of the most interesting passages in Homer regard her as flying over the earth in local and transitory strength, simply and merely the goddess of fresh air.

It is curious that the British city which has somewhat saucily styled itself the Modern Athens, is indeed more under her especial tutelage and favor in this respect than perhaps any other town in the island. Athena is first simply what in the Modern Athens you so practically find her, the breeze of the mountain and the sea; and wherever she comes, there is purification, and health, and power. The sea-beach round this isle of ours is the frieze of our Parthenon; every wave that breaks on it thunders with Athena's voice; nay, whenever you throw your window wide open in the morning, you let in Athena, as wisdom and fresh air at the same instant; and whenever you draw a pure, long, full breath of right heaven, you take Athena into your heart, through your blood; and, with the blood, into the thoughts of your brain.

¹ Not a scientific, but a very practical and expressive distinction.

Now this giving of strength by the air, observe, is mechanical as well as chemical. You cannot strike a good blow but with your chest full; and in hand to hand fighting, it is not the muscle that fails first, it is the breath; the longest-breathed will, on the average, be the victor,—not the strongest. Note how Shakespeare always leans on this. Of Mortimer, in “changing hardiment with great Glendower” :—

“ Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn’s flood.”

And again, Hotspur sending challenge to Prince Harry :—

“ That none might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth.”

Again, of Hamlet, before he receives his wound :—

“ He’s fat, and scant of breath.”

Again, Orlando in the wrestling :—

“ Yes ; I beseech your grace
I am not yet well breathed.”

Now of all people that ever lived, the Greeks knew best what breath meant, both in exercise and in battle; and therefore the queen of the air becomes to them at once the queen of bodily strength in war; not mere brutal muscular strength,—that belongs to Ares,—but the strength of young lives passed in pure air and swift exercise,—Camilla’s virginal force, that “flies o’er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.”

33. Now I will rapidly give you two or three instances of her direct agency in this function. First, when she wants to make Penelope bright and beautiful; and to do

away with the signs of her waiting and her grief. "Then Athena thought of another thing ; she laid her into deep sleep, and loosed all her limbs, and made her taller, and made her smoother, and fatter, and whiter than sawn ivory ; and breathed ambrosial brightness over her face ; and so she left her and went up to heaven." Fresh air and sound sleep at night, young ladies ! You see you may have Athena for lady's maid whenever you choose. Next, hark how she gives strength to Achilles when he is broken with fasting and grief. Jupiter pities him and says to her,— "‘Daughter mine, are you forsaking your own soldier, and don’t you care for Achilles any more? see how hungry and weak he is,—go and feed him with ambrosia.’ So he urged the eager Athena ; and she leaped down out of heaven like a harpy falcon, shrill voiced ; and she poured nectar and ambrosia, full of delight, into the breast of Achilles, that his limbs might not fail with famine; then she returned to the solid dome of her strong father." And then comes the great passage about Achilles arming,—for which we have no time. But here is again Athena giving strength to the whole Greek army. She came as a falcon to Achilles, straight at him ;—a sudden drift of breeze ; but to the army she must come widely,—she sweeps round them all. "As when Jupiter spreads the purple rainbow over heaven, portending battle or cold storm, so Athena, wrapping herself round with a purple cloud, stooped to the Greek soldiers, and raised up each of them." Note that purple, in Homer’s use of it, nearly always means "fiery," "full of light." It is the light of the rainbow, not the color of it, which Homer means you to think of.

34. But the most curious passage of all, and fullest of meaning, is when she gives strength to Menelaus, that he may stand unwearied against Hector. He prays to her : "And blue-eyed Athena was glad that he prayed to her,

first; and she gave him strength in his shoulders, and in his limbs, and she gave him the courage"—of what animal do you suppose? Had it been Neptune or Mars, they would have given him the courage of a bull, or a lion; but Athena gives him the courage of the most fearless in attack of all creatures—small or great—and very small it is, but wholly incapable of terror,—she gives him the courage of a fly.

35. Now this simile of Homer's is one of the best instances I can give you of the way in which great writers seize truths unconsciously which are for all time. It is only recent science which has completely shown the perfectness of this minute symbol of the power of Athena; proving that the insect's flight and breath are coördinated; that its wings are actually forcing-pumps, of which the stroke compels the thoracic respiration; and that it thus breathes and flies simultaneously by the action of the same muscles, so that respiration is carried on most vigorously during flight, "while the air-vessels, supplied by many pairs of lungs instead of one, traverse the organs of flight in far greater numbers than the capillary blood-vessels of our own system, and give enormous and untiring muscular power, a rapidity of action measured by thousands of strokes in the minute, and an endurance, by miles and hours of flight."¹

Homer could not have known this; neither that the buzzing of the fly was produced as in a wind instrument, by a constant current of air through the trachea. But he had seen, and, doubtless, meant us to remember, the marvelous strength and swiftness of the insect's flight (the glance of the swallow itself is clumsy and slow compared to the darting of common house-flies at play); he probably attributed its murmur to the wings, but in this also there was a type of what we shall presently find recognized in the name of

¹ Ormerod. *Natural History of Wasps.*

Pallas,—the vibratory power of the air to convey sound,—while, as a purifying creature, the fly holds its place beside the old symbol of Athena in Egypt, the vulture; and as a venomous and tormenting creature, has more than the strength of the serpent in proportion to its size, being thus entirely representative of the influence of the air both in purification and pestilence; and its courage is so notable that, strangely enough, forgetting Homer's simile, I happened to take the fly for an expression of the audacity of freedom in speaking of quite another subject. Whether it should be called courage, or mere mechanical instinct, may be questioned, but assuredly no other animal, exposed to continual danger, is so absolutely without sign of fear.

36. You will, perhaps, have still patience to hear two instances, not of the communication of strength, but of the personal agency of Athena as the air. When she comes down to help Diomed against Ares, she does not come to fight instead of him, but she takes his charioteer's place.

“ She snatched the reins, she lashed with all her force,
And full on Mars impelled the foaming horse.”

Ares is the first to cast his spear ; then, note this, Pope says :—

“ Pallas opposed her hand, and caused to glance,
Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.”

She does not oppose her hand in the Greek—the wind could not meet the lance straight—she catches it in her hand, and throws it off. There is no instance in which a lance is so parried by a mortal hand in all the “Iliad,” and it is exactly the way the wind would parry it, catching it, and turning it aside. If there are any good rifleshots here—they know something about Athena's parrying—and in old times the English masters of feathered artillery knew more yet.

Compare also the turning of Hector's lance from Achilles.
“Iliad” xx. 439.

37. The last instance I will give you is as lovely as it is subtle. Throughout the “Iliad,” Athena is herself the will or Menis of Achilles. If he is to be calmed, it is she who calms him ; if angered, it is she who inflames him. In the first quarrel with Atrides, when he stands at pause, with the great sword half drawn, “Athena came from heaven, and stood behind him, and caught him by the yellow hair.” Another god would have stayed his hand upon the hilt, but Athena only lifts his hair. “And he turned and knew her, and her dreadful eyes shone upon him.” There is an exquisite tenderness in this laying her hand upon his hair, for it is the talisman of his life, vowed to his own Thessalian river if he ever returned to its shore, and cast upon Patroclus’ pile, so ordaining that there should be no return.

38. Secondly—Athena is the air giving vegetative impulse to the earth. She is the wind and the rain—and yet more the pure air itself, getting at the earth fresh turned by spade or plough—and, above all, feeding the fresh leaves ; for though the Greeks knew nothing about carbonic acid, they did know that trees fed on air.

Now, note first in this, the myth of the air getting at ploughed ground. You know I told you the Lord of all labor by which man lived was Hephaestus ; therefore Athena adopts a child of his, and of the Earth,—Erichthonius,—literally, “the tearer up of the ground”—who is the head (though not in direct line,) of the kings of Attica ; and having adopted him, she gives him to be brought up by the three nymphs of the dew. Of these, Aglauros, the dweller in the fields, is the envy or malice of the earth ; she answers nearly to the envy of Cain, the tiller of the ground, against his shepherd brother, in her own envy against her two sisters, Herse, the cloud dew, who is the beloved of the shepherd

Mercury; and Pandrosos, the diffused dew, or dew of heaven. Literally, you have in this myth the words of the blessing of Esau—"Thy dwelling shall be of the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above." Aglauros is for her envy turned into a black stone; and hers is one of the voices,—the other being that of Cain,—which haunts the circle of envy in the "Purgatory":—

"Io sono Aglauro, chi divenne sasso."

But to her two sisters, with Erichthonius, (or the hero Erectheus,) is built the most sacred temple of Athena in Athens; the temple to their own dearest Athena—to her, and to the dew together; so that it was divided into two parts: one, the temple of Athena of the city, and the other that of the dew. And this expression of her power, as the air bringing the dew to the hill pastures, in the central temple of the central city of the heathen, dominant over the future intellectual world, is, of all the facts connected with her worship as the spirit of life, perhaps the most important. I have no time now to trace for you the hundredth part of the different ways in which it bears both upon natural beauty, and on the best order and happiness of men's lives. I hope to follow out some of these trains of thought in gathering together what I have to say about field herbage; but I must say briefly here that the great sign, to the Greeks, of the coming of spring in the pastures, was not, as with us, in the primrose, but in the various flowers of the asphodel tribe (of which I will give you some separate account presently); therefore it is that the earth answers with crocus flame to the cloud on Ida; and the power of Athena in eternal life is written by the light of the asphodel on the Elysian fields.

But farther, Athena is the air, not only to the lilies of the field, but to the leaves of the forest. We saw before the

reason why Hermes is said to be the son of Maia, the eldest of the sister stars of spring. Those stars are called not only Pleiades, but Vergiliae, from a word mingling the ideas of the turning or returning of spring-time with the outpouring of rain. The mother of Virgil bearing the name of Maia, Virgil himself received his name from the seven stars; and he, in forming, first, the mind of Dante, and through him that of Chaucer (besides whatever special minor influence came from the Pastorals and Georgics) became the fountain-head of all the best literary power connected with the love of vegetative nature among civilized races of men. Take the fact for what it is worth; still it is a strange seal of coincidence, in word and in reality, upon the Greek dream of the power over human life, and its purest thoughts, in the stars of spring. But the first syllable of the name of Virgil has relation also to another group of words, of which the English ones, virtue and virgin, bring down the force to modern days. It is a group containing mainly the idea of "spring," or increase of life in vegetation—the rising of the new branch of the tree out of the bud, and of the new leaf out of the ground. It involves, secondarily, the idea of greenness and of strength, but primarily, that of living increase of a new rod from a stock, stem, or root; ("There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse";) and chiefly the stem of certain plants—either of the rose tribe, as in the budding of the almond rod of Aaron; or of the olive tribe, which has triple significance in this symbolism, from the use of its oil for sacred anointing, for strength in the gymnasium, and for light. Hence, in numberless divided and reflected ways, it is connected with the power of Hercules and Athena: Hercules plants the wild olive, for its shade, on the course of Olympia, and it thenceforward gives the Olympic crown, of consummate honor and rest; while the prize at the Panathenaic games is a vase of its oil.

(meaning encouragement to continuance of effort); and from the paintings on these Panathenaic vases we get the most precious clue to the entire character of Athena. Then to express its propagation by slips, the trees from which the oil was to be taken were called "Moriai," trees of division (being all descendants of the sacred one in the Erechtheum). And thus, in one direction, we get to the "children like olive plants round about thy table," and the olive grafting of St. Paul; while the use of the oil for anointing gives chief name to the rod itself of the stem of Jesse, and to all those who were by that name signed for his disciples first in Antioch. Remember, farther, since that name was first given, the influence of the symbol, both in extreme unction, and in consecration of priests and kings to their "divine right"; and think, if you can reach with any grasp of thought, what the influence on the earth has been, of those twisted branches whose leaves give gray bloom to the hill-sides under every breeze that blows from the midland sea. But, above and beyond all, think how strange it is that the chief Agonia of humanity, and the chief giving of strength from heaven for its fulfillment, should have been under its night shadow in Palestine.

39. Thirdly—Athena is the air in its power over the sea.

On the earliest Panathenaic vase known—the "Burgon" vase in the British Museum—Athena has a dolphin on her shield. The dolphin has two principal meanings in Greek symbolism. It means, first, the sea; secondarily, the ascending and descending course of any of the heavenly bodies from one sea horizon to another—the dolphins' arching rise and replunge (in a summer evening, out of calm sea, their black backs roll round with exactly the slow motion of a water-wheel; but I do not know how far Aristotle's exaggerated account of their leaping or their swiftness has any foundation) being taken as a type of the emergence

of the sun or stars from the sea in the east, and plunging beneath in the west. Hence, Apollo, when in his personal power he crosses the sea, leading his Cretan colonists to Pytho, takes the form of a dolphin, becomes Apollo Delphinus, and names the founded colony "Delphi." The lovely drawing of the Delphic Apollo on the hydria of the Vatican (Le Normand and De Witte, Vol. II. p. 6) gives the entire conception of this myth. Again, the beautiful coins of Tarentum represent Taras coming to found the city, riding on a dolphin, whose leaps and plunges have partly the rage of the sea in them, and partly the spring of the horse, because the splendid riding of the Tarentines had made their name proverbial in *Magna Graecia*. The story of Arion is a collateral fragment of the same thought; and, again, the plunge before their transformation, of the ships of Aeneas. Then, this idea of career upon, or conquest of the sea, either by the creatures themselves, or by dolphin-like ships (compare the Merlin prophecy,—

"They shall ride
Over ocean wide
With hempen bridle, and horse of tree,")

connects itself with the thought of undulation, and of the wave-power in the sea itself, which is always expressed by the serpentine bodies either of the sea-gods or of the sea-horse; and when Athena carries, as she does often in later work, a serpent for her shield-sign, it is not so much the repetition of her own aegis-snakes as the farther expression of her power over the sea-wave; which, finally, Virgil gives in its perfect unity with her own anger, in the approach of the serpents against Laocoön from the sea; and then, finally, when her own storm-power is fully put forth on the ocean also, and the madness of the aegis-snake is given to the wave-snake, the sea-wave becomes the devouring hound

at the waist of Scylla, and Athena takes Scylla for her helmet-crest; while yet her beneficent and essential power on the ocean, in making navigation possible, is commemorated in the Panathenaic festival by her peplus being carried to the Erechtheum suspended from the mast of a ship.

In Plate cxv. of Vol. II., Le Normand, are given two sides of a vase, which, in rude and childish way, assembles most of the principal thoughts regarding Athena in this relation. In the first, the sunrise is represented by the ascending chariot of Apollo, foreshortened; the light is supposed to blind the eyes, and no face of the god is seen (Turner, in the Ulysses and Polyphemus sunrise, loses the form of the god in light, giving the chariot-horses only; rendering in his own manner, after 2,200 years of various fall and revival of the arts, precisely the same thought as the old Greek potter). He ascends out of the sea; but the sea itself has not yet caught the light. In the second design, Athena as the morning breeze, and Hermes as the morning cloud, fly over the sea before the sun. Hermes turns back his head; his face is unseen in the cloud, as Apollo's in the light: the grotesque appearance of an animal's face is only the cloud-phantasm modifying a frequent form of the hair of Hermes beneath the back of his cap. Under the morning breeze, the dolphins leap from the rippled sea, and their sides catch the light.

The coins of the Lucanian Heracleia give a fair representation of the helmed Athena, as imagined in later Greek art, with the embossed Scylla.

40. Fourthly—Athena is the air nourishing artificial light—unconsuming fire. Therefore, a lamp was always kept burning in the Erechtheum; and the torch-race belongs chiefly to her festival, of which the meaning is to show the danger of the perishing of the light even by excess of the air that nourishes it: and so that the race is not

to the swift, but to the wise. The household use of her constant light is symbolized in the lovely passage in the "Odyssey," where Ulysses and his son move the armor while the servants are shut in their chambers, and there is no one to hold torches for them ; but Athena herself, "having a golden lamp," fills all the rooms with light. Her presence in war-strength with her favorite heroes is always shown by the "unwearied" fire hovering on their helmets and shields : and the image gradually becomes constant and accepted, both for the maintenance of household watchfulness, as in the parable of the ten virgins, or as the symbol of direct inspiration, in the rushing wind and divided flames of Pentecost : but, together with this thought of unconsuming and constant fire, there is always mingled in the Greek mind the sense of the consuming by excess, as of the flame by the air, so also of the inspired creature by its own fire (thus, again, "the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up"—"my zeal hath consumed me, because of thine enemies," and the like), and especially Athena has this aspect towards the truly sensual and bodily strength ; so that to Ares, who is himself insane and consuming, the opposite wisdom seems to be insane and consuming : "All we the other gods have thee against us, O Jove ! when we would give grace to men ; for thou hast begotten the maid without a mind — the mischievous creature, the doer of unseemly evil. All we obey thee, and are ruled by thee. Her only thou wilt not resist in anything she says or does, because thou didst bear her — consuming child as she is."

41. Lastly — Athena is the air, conveying vibration of sound.

In all the loveliest representations in central Greek art of the birth of Athena, Apollo stands close to the sitting Jupiter, singing, with a deep, quiet joyfulness, to his lyre. The sun is always thought of as the master of time and

rhythm, and as the origin of the composing and inventive discovery of melody ; but the air, as the actual element and substance of the voice, the prolonging and sustaining power of it, and the symbol of its moral passion. Whatever in music is measured and designed, belongs therefore to Apollo and the Muses ; whatever is impulsive and passionate, to Athena : hence her constant strength of voice or cry (as when she aids the shout of Achilles) curiously opposed to the dumbness of Demeter. The Apolline lyre, therefore, is not so much the instrument producing sound, as its measurer and divider by length or tension of string into given notes ; and I believe it is in a double connection with its office as a measurer of time or motion, and its relation to the transit of the sun in the sky, that Hermes forms it from the tortoise-shell, which is the image of the dappled concave of the cloudy sky. Thenceforward all the limiting or restraining modes of music belong to the Muses ; but the passionate music is wind music, as in the Doric flute. Then, when this inspired music becomes degraded in its passion, it sinks into the pipe of Pan, and the double pipe of Marsyas, and is then rejected by Athena. The myth which represents her doing so is, that she invented the double pipe from hearing the hiss of the Gorgonian serpents ; but when she played upon it, chancing to see her face reflected in water, she saw that it was distorted, whereupon she threw down the flute, which Marsyas found. Then, the strife of Apollo and Marsyas represents the enduring contest between music in which the words and thought lead, and the lyre measures or melodizes them (which Pindar means when he calls his hymns “kings over the lyre”), and music in which the words are lost, and the wind or impulse leads, — generally, therefore, between intellectual, and brutal, or meaningless music. Therefore, when Apollo prevails, he flays Marsyas, taking the limit and external bond of his shape from him, which is death, without

touching the mere muscular strength ; yet shameful and dreadful in dissolution.

42. And the opposition of these two kinds of sound is continually dwelt upon by the Greek philosophers, the real fact at the root of all their teaching being this,— that true music is the natural expression of a lofty passion for a right cause ; that in proportion to the kingliness and force of any personality, the expression either of its joy or suffering becomes measured, chastened, calm, and capable of interpretation only by the majesty of ordered, beautiful, and worded sound. Exactly in proportion to the degree in which we become narrow in the cause and conception of our passions, incontinent in the utterance of them, feeble of perseverance in them, sullied or shameful in the indulgence of them, their expression by musical sound becomes broken, mean, fatuous, and at last impossible ; the measured waves of the air of heaven will not lend themselves to expression of ultimate vice, it must be forever sunk into discordance or silence. And since, as before stated, every work of right art has a tendency to reproduce the ethical state which first developed it, this, which of all the arts is most directly ethical in origin, is also the most direct in power of discipline ; the first, the simplest, the most effective of all instruments of moral instruction ; while in the failure and betrayal of its functions, it becomes the subtlest aid of moral degradation. Music is thus, in her health, the teacher of perfect order, and is the voice of the obedience of angels, and the companion of the course of the spheres of heaven ; and in her depravity she is also the teacher of perfect disorder and disobedience, and the *Gloria in Excelsis* becomes the *Marseillaise*. In the third section of this volume, I reprint two chapters from another essay of mine, ("The Cestus of Aglaia"), on modesty or measure, and on liberty, containing farther reference to music in her two powers ; and I do this

now, because, among the many monstrous and misbegotten fantasies which are the spawn of modern license, perhaps the most impishly opposite to the truth is the conception of music which has rendered possible the writing, by educated persons, and, more strangely yet, the tolerant criticism, of such words as these :—“*This so persuasive art is the only one that has no didactic efficacy, that engenders no emotions save such as are without issue on the side of moral truth, that expresses nothing of God, nothing of reason, nothing of human liberty.*” I will not give the author’s name ; the passage is quoted in the *Westminster Review* for last January, p. 153.

43. I must, also, anticipate something of what I have to say respecting the relation of the power of Athena to organic life, so far as to note that her name, Pallas, probably refers to the quivering or vibration of the air ; and to its power, whether as vital force, or communicated wave, over every kind of matter, in giving it vibratory movement ; first, and most intense, in the voice and throat of the bird ; which is the air incarnate ; and so descending through the various orders of animal life to the vibrating and semi-voluntary murmur of the insect ; and, lower still, to the hiss, or quiver of the tail, of the half-lunged snake and deaf adder ; all these, nevertheless, being wholly under the rule of Athena as representing either breath, or vital nervous power ; and therefore, also, in their simplicity, the “oaten pipe and pastoral song,” which belong to her dominion over the asphodel meadows, and breathe on their banks of violets.

Finally, is it not strange to think of the influence of this one power of Pallas in vibration (we shall see a singular mechanical energy of it presently in the serpent’s motion) in the voices of war and peace ? How much of the repose — how much of the wrath, folly, and misery of men, has literally depended on this one power of the air ;—on the

sound of the trumpet and of the bell—on the lark's song, and the bee's murmur.

44. Such is the general conception in the Greek mind of the physical power of Athena. The spiritual power associated with it is of two kinds;—first, she is the Spirit of Life in material organism; not strength in the blood only, but formative energy in the clay; and, secondly, she is inspired and impulsive wisdom in human conduct and human art, giving the instinct of infallible decision, and of faultless invention.

It is quite beyond the scope of my present purpose—and, indeed, will only be possible for me at all after marking the relative intention of the Apolline myths—to trace for you the Greek conception of Athena as the guide of moral passion. But I will at least endeavor, on some near occasion,¹ to define some of the actual truths respecting the vital force in created organism, and inventive fancy in the works of man, which are more or less expressed by the Greeks, under the personality of Athena. You would, perhaps, hardly bear with me if I endeavored farther to show you—what is, nevertheless, perfectly true—the analogy between the spiritual power of Athena in her gentle ministry, yet irresistible anger, with the ministry of another Spirit whom we, also, holding for the universal power of life, are forbidden, at our worst peril, to quench or to grieve.²

45. But, I think, to-night, you should not let me close, without requiring of me an answer on one vital point, namely, how far these imaginations of Gods—which are vain to us—were vain to those who had no better trust, and what real belief the Greek had in these creations of his own spirit, practical and helpful to him in the sorrow of earth? I am able to answer you explicitly in this.

¹ I have tried to do this in mere outline in the two following sections of this volume.

² 1 Thessalonians v. 19.

The origin of his thoughts is often obscure, and we may err in endeavoring to account for their form of realization ; but the effect of that realization on his life is not obscure at all. The Greek creed was, of course, different in its character, as our own creed is, according to the class of persons who held it. The common people's was quite literal, simple, and happy; their idea of Athena was as clear as a good Roman Catholic peasant's idea of the Madonna. In Athens itself, the center of thought and refinement, Pisistratus obtained the reins of government through the ready belief of the populace that a beautiful woman, armed like Athena, was the goddess herself. Even at the close of the last century, some of this simplicity remained among the inhabitants of the Greek islands ; and when a pretty English lady first made her way into the grotto of Antiparos, she was surrounded, on her return, by all the women of the neighboring village, believing her to be divine, and praying her to heal them of their sicknesses.

46. Then, secondly, the creed of the upper classes was more refined and spiritual, but quite as honest, and even more forcible in its effect on the life. You might imagine that the employment of the artifice just referred to implied utter unbelief in the persons contriving it ; but it really meant only that the more worldly of them would play with a popular faith for their own purposes, as doubly-minded persons have often done since, all the while sincerely holding the same ideas themselves in a more abstract form ; while the good and unworldly men, the true Greek heroes, lived by their faith as firmly as St. Louis, or the Cid, or the Chevalier Bayard.

47. Then, thirdly, the faith of the poets and artists was, necessarily, less definite, being continually modified by the involuntary action of their own fancies ; and by the necessity of presenting, in clear verbal or material form, things of which they had no authoritative knowledge. Their faith

was, in some respects, like Dante's or Milton's; firm in general conception, but not able to vouch for every detail in the forms they gave it; but they went considerably farther, even in that minor sincerity, than subsequent poets; and strove with all their might to be as near the truth as they could. Pindar says, quite simply, "I cannot think so-and-so of the Gods. It must have been this way—it cannot have been that way—that the thing was done." And as late among the Latins as the days of Horace, this sincerity remains. Horace is just as true and simple in his religion as Wordsworth; but all power of understanding any of the honest classic poets has been taken away from most English gentlemen by the mechanical drill in verse-writing at school. Throughout the whole of their lives afterwards, they never can get themselves quit of the notion that all verses were written as an exercise, and that Minerva was only a convenient word for the last of an hexameter, and Jupiter for the last but one.

48. It is impossible that any notion can be more fallacious or more misleading in its consequences. All great song, from the first day when human lips contrived syllables, has been sincere song. With deliberate didactic purpose the tragedians—with pure and native passion the lyrists—fitted their perfect words to their dearest faiths. "Operosa parvus carmina fingo." "I, little thing that I am, weave my laborious songs" as earnestly as the bee among the bells of thyme on the Matin mountains. Yes, and he dedicates his favorite pine to Diana, and he chants his autumnal hymn to the Faun that guards his fields, and he guides the noble youths and maids of Rome in their choir to Apollo, and he tells the farmer's little girl that the Gods will love her, though she has only a handful of salt and meal to give them—just as earnestly as ever English gentleman taught Christian faith to English youth in England's truest days.

49. Then, lastly, the creed of the philosophers or sages varied according to the character and knowledge of each; — their relative acquaintance with the secrets of natural science — their intellectual and sectarian egotism — and their mystic or monastic tendencies, for there is a classic as well as a mediaeval monasticism. They ended in losing the life of Greece in play upon words ; but we owe to their early thought some of the soundest ethics, and the foundation of the best practical laws, yet known to mankind.

50. Such was the general vitality of the heathen creed in its strength. Of its direct influence on conduct, it is, as I said, impossible for me to speak now ; only, remember always, in endeavoring to form a judgment of it, that what of good or right the heathens did, they did looking for no reward. The purest forms of our own religion have always consisted in sacrificing less things to win greater ; — time, to win eternity, — the world, to win the skies. The order, “sell that thou hast,” is not given without the promise, — “thou shalt have treasure in heaven”; and well for the modern Christian if he accepts the alternative as his Master left it — and does not practically read the command and promise thus : “Sell that thou hast in the best market, and thou shalt have treasure in eternity also.” But the poor Greeks of the great ages expected no reward from heaven but honor, and no reward from earth but rest ; — though, when, on those conditions, they patiently, and proudly, fulfilled their task of the granted day, an unreasoning instinct of an immortal benediction broke from their lips in song : and they, even they, had sometimes a prophet to tell them of a land “where there is sun alike by day, and alike by night — where they shall need no more to trouble the earth by strength of hands for daily bread — but the ocean breezes blow around the blessed islands, and golden flowers burn on their bright trees forever more.”

II. ATHENA KERAMITIS.¹

ATHENA IN THE EARTH.

Study, supplementary to the preceding lecture, of the supposed, and actual, relations of Athena to the vital force in material organism.

51. It has been easy to decipher approximately the Greek conception of the physical power of Athena in cloud and sky, because we know ourselves what clouds and skies are, and what the force of the wind is in forming them. But it is not at all easy to trace the Greek thoughts about the power of Athena in giving life, because we do not ourselves know clearly what life is, or in what way the air is necessary to it, or what there is, besides the air, shaping the forms that it is put into. And it is comparatively of small consequence to find out what the Greeks thought or meant, until we have determined what we ourselves think, or mean, when we translate the Greek word for "breathing" into the Latin-English word "spirit."

52. But it is of great consequence that you should fix in your minds—and hold, against the baseness of mere materialism on the one hand, and against the fallacies of controversial speculation on the other—the certain and practical sense of this word "spirit";—the sense in which you all know that its reality exists, as the power which shaped you into your shape, and by which you love, and hate, when you have received that shape. You need not fear on the one hand, that either the sculpturing or the loving power can ever be beaten down by the philosophers into a metal, or evolved by them into a gas: but, on the other hand, take care that you yourselves, in trying to

¹ "Athena, fit for being made into pottery." I coin the expression as a counterpart of γῆ παρθένια, "Clay intact."

elevate your conception of it, do not lose its truth in a dream, or even in a word. Beware always of contending for words : you will find them not easy to grasp, if you know them in several languages. This very word, which is so solemn in your mouths, is one of the most doubtful. In Latin it means little more than breathing, and may mean merely accent ; in French it is not breath, but wit, and our neighbors are therefore obliged, even in their most solemn expressions, to say "wit" when we say "ghost." In Greek, "pneuma," the word we translate "ghost," means either wind or breath, and the relative word "psyche" has, perhaps, a more subtle power ; yet St. Paul's words "pneumatic body" and "psychic body" involve a difference in his mind which no words will explain. But in Greek and in English, and in Saxon and in Hebrew, and in every articulate tongue of humanity, the "spirit of man" truly means his passion and virtue, and is stately according to the height of his conception, and stable according to the measure of his endurance.

53. Endurance, or patience, that is the central sign of spirit ; a constancy against the cold and agony of death ; and as, physically, it is by the burning power of the air that the heat of the flesh is sustained, so this Athena, spiritually, is the queen of all glowing virtue, the unconsuming fire and inner lamp of life. And thus, as Hephaestus is lord of the fire of the hand, and Apollo of the fire of the brain, so Athena of the fire of the heart ; and as Hercules wears for his chief armor the skin of the Nemean lion, his chief enemy, whom he slew ; and Apollo has for his highest name "the Pythian," from his chief enemy, the Python, slain ; so Athena bears always on her breast the deadly face of her chief enemy slain, the Gorgonian cold, and venomous agony, that turns living men to stone.

54. And so long as you have the fire of the heart within you, and know the reality of it, you need be under no alarm

as to the possibility of its chemical or mechanical analysis. The philosophers are very humorous in their ecstasy of hope about it ; but the real interest of their discoveries in this direction is very small to human-kind. It is quite true that the tympanum of the ear vibrates under sound, and that the surface of the water in a ditch vibrates too : but the ditch hears nothing for all that ; and my hearing is still to me as blessed a mystery as ever, and the interval between the ditch and me, quite as great. If the trembling sound in my ears was once of the marriage-bell which began my happiness, and is now of the passing-bell which ends it, the difference between those two sounds to me cannot be counted by the number of concussions. There have been some curious speculations lately as to the conveyance of mental consciousness by "brain-waves." What does it matter how it is conveyed ? The consciousness itself is not a wave. It may be accompanied here or there by any quantity of quivers and shakes, up or down, of anything you can find in the universe that is shakable — what is that to me ? My friend is dead, and my — according to modern views — vibratory sorrow is not one whit less, or less mysterious, to me, than my old quiet one.

55. Beyond, and entirely unaffected by, any questionings of this kind, there are, therefore, two plain facts which we should all know : first, that there is a power which gives their several shapes to things, or capacities of shape ; and, secondly, a power which gives them their several feelings, or capacities of feeling ; and that we can increase or destroy both of these at our will. By care and tenderness, we can extend the range of lovely life in plants and animals ; by our neglect and cruelty, we can arrest it, and bring pestilence in its stead. Again, by right discipline we can increase our strength of noble will and passion, or destroy both. And whether these two forces are local conditions of the elements

in which they appear, or are part of a great force in the universe, out of which they are taken, and to which they must be restored, is not of the slightest importance to us in dealing with them ; neither is the manner of their connection with light and air. What precise meaning we ought to attach to expressions such as that of the prophecy to the four winds that the dry bones might be breathed upon, and might live, or why the presence of the vital power should be dependent on the chemical action of the air, and its awful passing away materially signified by the rendering up of that breath or ghost, we cannot at present know, and need not at any time dispute. What we assuredly know is that the states of life and death are different, and the first more desirable than the other, and by effort attainable, whether we understand being "born of the spirit" to signify having the breath of heaven in our flesh, or its power in our hearts.

56. As to its power on the body, I will endeavor to tell you, having been myself much led into studies involving necessary reference both to natural science and mental phenomena, what, at least, remains to us after science has done its worst ; — what the Myth of Athena, as a Formative and Decisive power — a Spirit of Creation and Volition, must eternally mean for all of us.

57. It is now (I believe I may use the strong word) "ascertained" that heat and motion are fixed in quantity, and measurable in the portions that we deal with. We can measure out portions of power, as we can measure portions of space ; while yet, as far as we know, space may be infinite, and force infinite. There may be heat as much greater than the sun's, as the sun's heat is greater than a candle's ; and force as much greater than the force by which the world swings, as that is greater than the force by which a cobweb trembles. Now, on heat and force, life is inseparably dependent ; and I believe, also, on a form of

substance, which the philosophers call "protoplasm." I wish they would use English instead of Greek words. When I want to know why a leaf is green, they tell me it is colored by "chlorophyll," which at first sounds very instructive; but if they would only say plainly that a leaf is colored green by a thing which is called "green leaf," we should see more precisely how far we had got. However, it is a curious fact that life is connected with a cellular structure called protoplasm, or, in English, "first stuck together": whence, conceivably through deuteroplasms, or second stickings, and tritoplasms, or third stickings,¹ we reach the highest plastic phase in the human pottery, which differs from common chinaware, primarily, by a measurable degree of heat, developed in breathing, which it borrows from the rest of the universe while it lives, and which it as certainly returns to the rest of the universe, when it dies.

58. Again, with this heat certain assimilative powers are connected, which the tendency of recent discovery is to simplify more and more into modes of one force; or finally into mere motion, communicable in various states, but not destructible. We will assume that science has done its utmost; and that every chemical or animal force is demonstrably resolvable into heat or motion, reciprocally changing into each other. I would myself like better, in order of thought, to consider motion as a mode of heat than heat as a mode of motion: still, granting that we have got thus far,

¹ Or, perhaps, we may be indulged with one consummating gleam of "glycasm"—visible "Sweetness,"—according to the good old monk "Full moon," or "All moonshine." I cannot get at his original Greek, but am content with M. Durand's clear French (*Manuel d'Iconographie Chrétienne*. Paris, 1845):—"Lorsque vous aurez fait le proplasme, et esquisssé un visage, vous ferez les chairs avec le glycarme dont nous avons donné la recette. Chez les vieillards, vous indiquerez les rides, et chez les jeunes gens, les angles des yeux. C'est ainsi que l'on fait les chairs, suivant Panselinos."

we have yet to ask, What is heat? or what motion? What is this "primo mobile," this transitional power, in which all things live, and move, and have their being? It is by definition something different from matter, and we may call it as we choose — "first cause," or "first light," or "first heat"; but we can show no scientific proof of its not being personal, and coinciding with the ordinary conception of a supporting spirit in all things.

59. Still, it is not advisable to apply the word "spirit" or "breathing" to it, while it is only enforcing chemical affinities; but, when the chemical affinities are brought under the influence of the air, and of the sun's heat, the formative force enters an entirely different phase. It does not now merely crystallize indefinite masses, but it gives to limited portions of matter the power of gathering, selectively, other elements proper to them, and binding these elements into their own peculiar and adopted form.

This force, now properly called life, or breathing, or spirit, is continually creating its own shells of definite shape out of the wreck round it: and this is what I mean by saying, in the "Ethics of the Dust": — "you may always stand by form against force." For the mere force of junction is not spirit; but the power that catches out of chaos charcoal, water, lime, or what not, and fastens them down into a given form, is properly called "spirit"; and we shall not diminish, but strengthen our conception of this creative energy by recognizing its presence in lower states of matter than our own; — such recognition being enforced upon us by a delight we instinctively receive from all the forms of matter which manifest it; and yet more, by the glorifying of those forms, in the parts of them that are most animated, with the colors that are pleasantest to our senses. The most familiar instance of this is the best, and also the most wonderful: the blossoming of plants.

60. The Spirit in the plant,—that is to say, its power of gathering dead matter out of the wreck round it, and shaping it into its own chosen shape,—is of course strongest at the moment of its flowering, for it then not only gathers, but forms, with the greatest energy.

And where this life is in it at full power, its form becomes invested with aspects that are chiefly delightful to our own human passions ; namely, first, with the loveliest outlines of shape ; and, secondly, with the most brilliant phases of the primary colors, blue, yellow, and red or white, the unison of all ; and, to make it all more strange, this time of peculiar and perfect glory is associated with relations of the plants or blossoms to each other, correspondent to the joy of love in human creatures, and having the same object in the continuance of the race. Only, with respect to plants, as animals, we are wrong in speaking as if the object of this strong life were only the bequeathing of itself. The flower is the end or proper object of the seed, not the seed of the flower. The reason for seeds is that flowers may be ; not the reason of flowers that seeds may be. The flower itself is the creature which the spirit makes ; only, in connection with its perfectness, is placed the giving- birth to its successor.

61. The main fact, then, about a flower is that it is the part of the plant's form developed at the moment of its intensest life : and this inner rapture is usually marked externally for us by the flush of one or more of the primary colors. What the character of the flower shall be, depends entirely upon the portion of the plant into which this rapture of spirit has been put. Sometimes the life is put into its outer sheath, and then the outer sheath becomes white and pure, and full of strength and grace ; sometimes the life is put into the common leaves, just under the blossom, and they become scarlet or purple ; sometimes the

life is put into the stalks of the flower, and they flush blue ; sometimes into its outer enclosure or calyx ; mostly into its inner cup ; but, in all cases, the presence of the strongest life is asserted by characters in which the human sight takes pleasure, and which seem prepared with distinct reference to us, or rather, bear, in being delightful, evidence of having been produced by the power of the same spirit as our own.

62. And we are led to feel this still more strongly because all the distinctions of species,¹ both in plants and animals, appear to have similar connection with human character. Whatever the origin of species may be, or however those species, once formed, may be influenced by external accident, the groups into which birth or accident reduce them have distinct relation to the spirit of man. It is perfectly possible, and ultimately conceivable, that the crocodile and the lamb may have descended from the same ancestral atom of protoplasm : and that the physical laws of the operation of calcareous slime and of meadow grass, on that protoplasm, may in time have developed the opposite natures and aspects of the living frames ; but the practically important fact for us is the existence of a power which creates that calcareous earth itself ; — which creates, that separately — and quartz, separately ; and gold, separately ; and charcoal, separately ; and then so directs the relation of these elements as that the gold shall destroy the souls of men by being yellow ; and the charcoal destroy their souls by being hard and bright ; and the quartz represent to them an ideal purity ; and the calcareous earth, soft, shall beget

¹ The facts on which I am about to dwell are in nowise antagonistic to the theories which Mr. Darwin's unwearied and unerring investigations are every day rendering more probable. The aesthetic relations of species are independent of their origin. Nevertheless, it has always seemed to me, in what little work I have done upon organic forms, as if the species mocked us by their deliberate imitation of each other when they met : yet did not pass one into another.

crocodiles, and dry and hard, sheep ; and that the aspects and qualities of these two products, crocodiles and lambs, shall be, the one repellent to the spirit of man, the other attractive to it, in a quite inevitable way ; representing to him states of moral evil and good ; and becoming myths to him of destruction or redemption, and, in the most literal sense, "words" of God.

63. And the force of these facts cannot be escaped from by the thought that there are species innumerable, passing into each other by regular gradations, out of which we choose what we most love or dread, and say they were indeed prepared for us. Species are not innumerable ; neither are they now connected by consistent gradation. They touch at certain points only ; and even then are connected, when we examine them deeply, in a kind of reticulated way, not in chains, but in chequers ; also, however connected, it is but by a touch of the extremities, as it were, and the characteristic form of the species is entirely individual. The rose nearly sinks into a grass in the sanguisorba ; but the formative spirit does not the less clearly separate the ear of wheat from the dog-rose, and oscillate with tremulous constancy round the central forms of both, having each their due relation to the mind of man. The great animal kingdoms are connected in the same way. The bird through the penguin drops towards the fish, and the fish in the cetacean reascends to the mammal, yet there is no confusion of thought possible between the perfect forms of an eagle, a trout, and a war-horse, in their relations to the elements, and to man.

64. Now we have two orders of animals to take some note of in connection with Athena, and one vast order of plants, which will illustrate this matter very sufficiently for us.

The orders of animals are the serpent and the bird ; the serpent, in which the breath or spirit is less than in any

other creature, and the earth-power greatest :—the bird, in which the breath or spirit is more full than in any other creature, and the earth-power least.

65. We will take the bird first. It is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes ; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like blown flame : it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it :—is the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also, into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice ; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

66. Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air : on these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness ; the rubies of the clouds, that are not the price of Athena, but *are* Athena ; the vermillion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky—all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven by Athena herself into films and threads of plume ; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea-sand ;—even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.

And so the Spirit of the Air is put into, and upon, this created form ; and it becomes, through twenty centuries, the symbol of divine help, descending, as the Fire, to speak, but as the Dove, to bless.

67. Next, in the serpent, we approach the source of a group of myths, world-wide, founded on great and common human instincts, respecting which I must note one or two points which bear intimately on all our subject. For it seems to me that the scholars who are at present occupied in interpretation of human myths have most of them forgotten that there are any such things as natural myths ; and that the dark sayings of men may be both difficult to read, and not always worth reading ; but the dark sayings of nature will probably become clearer for the looking into, and will very certainly be worth reading. And, indeed, all guidance to the right sense of the human and variable myths will probably depend on our first getting at the sense of the natural and invariable ones. The dead hieroglyph may have meant this or that — the living hieroglyph means always the same ; but remember, it is just as much a hieroglyph as the other ; nay, more, — a “sacred or reserved sculpture,” a thing with an inner language. The serpent crest of the king’s crown, or of the god’s, on the pillars of Egypt, is a mystery ; but the serpent itself, gliding past the pillar’s foot, is it less a mystery ? Is there, indeed, no tongue, except the mute forked flash from its lips, in that running brook of horror on the ground ?

68. Why that horror ? We all feel it, yet how imaginative it is, how disproportioned to the real strength of the creature ! There is more poison in an ill-kept drain, — in a pool of dish-washings at a cottage-door, than in the deadliest asp of Nile. Every back-yard which you look down into from the railway, as it carries you out by Vauxhall or Deptford, holds its coiled serpent : all the walls of those

ghastly suburbs are enclosures of tank temples for serpent-worship ; yet you feel no horror in looking down into them, as you would if you saw the livid scales and lifted head. There is more venom, mortal, inevitable, in a single word, sometimes, or in the gliding entrance of a wordless thought, than ever “*vanti Libia con sua rena.*” But that horror is of the myth, not of the creature. There are myriads lower than this, and more loathsome, in the scale of being ; the links between dead matter and animation drift everywhere unseen. But it is the strength of the base element that is so dreadful in the serpent ; it is the very omnipotence of the earth. That rivulet of smooth silver—how does it flow, think you ? It literally rows on the earth, with every scale for an oar ; it bites the dust with the ridges of its body. Watch it, when it moves slowly :—A wave, but without wind ! a current, but with no fall ! all the body moving at the same instant, yet some of it to one side, some to another, or some forward, and the rest of the coil backwards ; but all with the same calm will and equal way—no contraction, no extension ; one soundless, causeless, march of sequent rings, and spectral procession of spotted dust, with dissolution in its fangs, dislocation in its coils. Startle it ;—the winding stream will become a twisted arrow ;—the wave of poisoned life will lash through the grass like a cast lance.¹ It scarcely breathes with its one lung (the

¹ I cannot understand this swift forward motion of serpents. The seizure of prey by the constrictor, though invisibly swift, is quite simple in mechanism ; it is simply the return to its coil of an opened watch-spring, and is just as instantaneous. But the steady and continuous motion, without a visible fulcrum (for the whole body moves at the same instant, and I have often seen even small snakes glide as fast as I could walk), seems to involve a vibration of the scales quite too rapid to be conceived. The motion of the crest and dorsal fin of the hippocampus, which is one of the intermediate types between serpent and fish, perhaps gives some resemblance of it, dimly visible, for the quiver-

other shriveled and abortive); it is passive to the sun and shade, and is cold or hot like a stone; yet "it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the zebra, outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger."¹ It is a divine hieroglyph of the demoniac power of the earth,—of the entire earthly nature. As the bird is the clothed power of the air, so this is the clothed power of the dust; as the bird the symbol of the spirit of life, so this of the grasp and sting of death.

69. Hence the continual change in the interpretation put upon it in various religions. As the worm of corruption, it is the mightiest of all adversaries of the gods—the special adversary of their light and creative power—Python against Apollo. As the power of the earth against the air, the giants are serpent-bodied in the Giganto-machia; but as the power of the earth upon the seed—consuming it into new life ("that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die")—serpents sustain the chariot of the spirit of agriculture.

70. Yet, on the other hand, there is a power in the earth to take away corruption, and to purify (hence the very fact of burial, and many uses of earth, only lately known); and in this sense, the serpent is a healing spirit,—the representative of Aesculapius, and of Hygieia; and is a sacred earth-type in the temple of the Dew;—being there especially a symbol of the native earth of Athens; so that its departure from the temple was a sign to the Athenians that they were to leave their homes. And then, lastly, as there is a strength and healing in the earth, no less than the strength of air, so there is conceived to be a wisdom of earth no less than a wisdom of the spirit; and when its

ing turns the fin into a mere mist. The entrance of the two barbs of a bee's sting by alternate motion, "the teeth of one barb acting as a fulcrum for the other," must be something like the serpent motion on a small scale.

¹ Richard Owen.

deadly power is killed, its guiding power becomes true ; so that the Python serpent is killed at Delphi, where yet the oracle is from the breath of the earth.

71. You must remember, however, that in this, as in every other instance, I take the myth at its central time. This is only the meaning of the serpent to the Greek mind which could conceive an Athena. Its first meaning to the nascent eyes of men, and its continued influence over degraded races, are subjects of the most fearful mystery. Mr. Fergusson has just collected the principal evidence bearing on the matter in a work of very great value, and if you read his opening chapters, they will put you in possession of the circumstances needing chiefly to be considered. I cannot touch upon any of them here, except only to point out that, though the doctrine of the so-called "corruption of human nature," asserting that there is nothing but evil in humanity, is just as blasphemous and false as a doctrine of the corruption of physical nature would be, asserting there was nothing but evil in the earth,—there is yet the clearest evidence of a disease, plague, or cretinous imperfection of development, hitherto allowed to prevail against the greater part of the races of men ; and this in monstrous ways, more full of mystery than the serpent-being itself. I have gathered for you to-night only instances of what is beautiful in Greek religion ; but even in its best time there were deep corruptions in other phases of it, and degraded forms of many of its deities, all originating in a misunderstood worship of the principle of life ; while in the religions of lower races, little else than these corrupted forms of devotion can be found ;—all having a strange and dreadful consistency with each other, and infecting Christianity, even at its strongest periods, with fatal terror of doctrine, and ghastliness of symbolic conception, passing through fear into frenzied grotesque, and thence into sensuality.

In the Psalter of St. Louis itself, half of its letters are twisted snakes ; there is scarcely a wreathed ornament, employed in Christian dress, or architecture, which cannot be traced back to the serpent's coil ; and there is rarely a piece of monkish decorated writing in the world, that is not tainted with some ill-meant vileness of grotesque — nay, the very leaves of the twisted ivy-pattern of the fourteenth century can be followed back to wreaths for the foreheads of bacchanalian gods. And truly, it seems to me, as I gather in my mind the evidences of insane religion, degraded art, merciless war, sullen toil, detestable pleasure, and vain or vile hope, in which the nations of the world have lived since first they could bear record of themselves — it seems to me, I say, as if the race itself were still half-serpent, not extricated yet from its clay ; a lacertine breed of bitterness — the glory of it emaciate with cruel hunger, and blotted with venomous stain : and the track of it, on the leaf a glittering slime, and in the sand a useless furrow.

72. There are no myths, therefore, by which the moral state and fineness of intelligence of different races can be so deeply tried or measured, as by those of the serpent and the bird ; both of them having an especial relation to the kind of remorse for sin, or grief in fate, of which the national minds that spoke by them had been capable. The serpent and vulture are alike emblems of immortality and purification among races which desired to be immortal and pure: and as they recognize their own misery, the serpent becomes to them the scourge of the Furies, and the vulture finds its eternal prey in their breast. The bird long contests among the Egyptians with the still received serpent symbol of power. But the Draconian image of evil is established in the serpent Apap ; while the bird's wings, with the globe, become part of a better symbol of deity, and the entire form of the vulture, as an emblem of purification, is associated

with the earnest conception of Athena. In the type of the dove with the olive branch, the conception of the spirit of Athena in renewed life prevailing over ruin, is embodied for the whole of futurity; while the Greeks, to whom, in a happier climate and higher life than that of Egypt, the vulture symbol of cleansing became unintelligible, took the eagle, instead, for their hieroglyph of supreme spiritual energy, and it thenceforward retains its hold on the human imagination, till it is established among Christian myths as the expression of the most exalted form of evangelistic teaching. The special relation of Athena to her favorite bird we will trace presently: the peacock of Hera, and dove of Aphrodite, are comparatively unimportant myths: but the bird power is soon made entirely human by the Greeks in their flying angel of victory (partially human, with modified meaning of evil, in the Harpy and Siren); and thenceforward it associates itself with the Hebrew cherubim, and has had the most singular influence on the Christian religion by giving its wings to render the conception of angels mysterious and untenable, and check rational endeavor to determine the nature of subordinate spiritual agency; while yet it has given to that agency a vague poetical influence of the highest value in its own imaginative way.

73. But with the early serpent-worship there was associated another—that of the groves—of which you will also find the evidence exhaustively collected in Mr Fergusson's work. This tree-worship may have taken a dark form when associated with the Draconian one; or opposed, as in Judea, to a purer faith; but in itself, I believe, it was always healthy, and though it retains little definite hieroglyphic power in subsequent religion, it becomes, instead of symbolic, real; the flowers and trees are themselves beheld and beloved with a half-worshiping delight, which is always noble and healthful.

And it is among the most notable indications of the volition of the animating power, that we find the ethical signs of good and evil set on these also, as well as upon animals ; the venom of the serpent, and in some respects its image also, being associated even with the passionless growth of the leaf out of the ground ; while the distinctions of species seem appointed with more definite ethical address to the intelligence of man as their material products become more useful to him.

74. I can easily show this, and, at the same time, make clear the relation to other plants of the flowers which especially belong to Athena, by examining the natural myths in the groups of the plants which would be used at any country dinner, over which Athena would, in her simplest household authority, cheerfully rule, here, in England. Suppose Horace's favorite dish of beans, with the bacon ; potatoes ; some savory stuffing of onions and herbs with the meat ; celery, and a radish or two, with the cheese ; nuts and apples for dessert, and brown bread.

75. The beans are, from earliest time, the most important and interesting of the seeds of the great tribe of plants from which came the Latin and French name for all kitchen vegetables,—things that are gathered with the hand—podded seeds that cannot be reaped, or beaten, or shaken down, but must be gathered green. “Leguminous” plants, all of them having flowers like butterflies, seeds in (frequently pendent) pods,—“laetum siliqua quassante legumen”—smooth and tender leaves, divided into many minor ones ;—strange adjuncts of tendril, for climbing (and sometimes of thorn);—exquisitely sweet, yet pure, scents of blossom, and almost always harmless, if not serviceable, seeds. It is, of all tribes of plants, the most definite ; its blossoms being entirely limited in their parts, and not passing into other forms. It is also the most usefully extended

in range and scale ; familiar in the height of the forest — acacia, laburnum, Judas-tree ; familiar in the sown field — bean and vetch and pea ; familiar in the pasture — in every form of clustered clover and sweet trefoil tracery ; the most entirely serviceable and human of all orders of plants.

76. Next, in the potato, we have the scarcely innocent underground stem of one of a tribe set aside for evil ; having the deadly nightshade for its queen, and including the henbane, the witch's mandrake, and the worst natural curse of modern civilization — tobacco.¹ And the strange thing about this tribe is, that though thus set aside for evil, they are not a group distinctly separate from those that are happier in function. There is nothing in other tribes of plants like the form of the bean blossom ; but there is another family with forms and structure closely connected with this venomous one. Examine the purple and yellow bloom of the common hedge-nightshade ; you will find it constructed exactly like some of the forms of the cyclamen : and, getting this clue, you will find at last the whole poisonous and terrible group to be — sisters of the primulas !

The nightshades are, in fact, primroses with a curse upon them ; and a sign set in their petals, by which the deadly and condemned flowers may always be known from the innocent ones, — that the stamens of the nightshades are between the lobes, and of the primulas, opposite the lobes, of the corolla.

77. Next, side by side, in the celery and radish, you have the two great groups of umbelliferous and cruciferous plants ; alike in conditions of rank among herbs : both flowering in clusters ; but the umbelliferous group, flat, the

¹ It is not easy to estimate the demoralizing effect on the youth of Europe of the cigar, in enabling them to pass their time happily in idleness.

crucifers, in spires :— both of them mean and poor in the blossom, and losing what beauty they have by too close crowding :— both of them having the most curious influence on human character in the temperate zones of the earth, from the days of the parsley crown, and hemlock drink, and mocked Euripidean chervil, until now : but chiefly among the northern nations, being especially plants that are of some humble beauty, and (the crucifers) of endless use, when they are chosen and cultivated ; but that run to wild waste, and are the signs of neglected ground, in their rank or ragged leaves, and meager stalks, and pursed or podded seed clusters. Capable, even under cultivation, of no perfect beauty, though reaching some subdued delightfulness in the lady's smock and the wallflower ; for the most part, they have every floral quality meanly, and in vain,— they are white, without purity ; golden, without preciousness ; redundant, without richness ; divided, without fineness ; massive, without strength ; and slender, without grace. Yet think over that useful vulgarity of theirs ; and of the relations of German and English peasant character to its food of kraut and cabbage (as of Arab character to its food of palm-fruit), and you will begin to feel what purposes of the forming spirit are in these distinctions of species.

78. Next we take the nuts and apples,— the nuts representing one of the groups of catkin trees, whose blossoms are only tufts and dust ; and the other, the rose tribe, in which fruit and flower alike have been the types, to the highest races of men, of all passionate temptation, or pure delight, from the coveting of Eve to the crowning of the Madonna, above the

“ Rose sempiterna,
Che si dilata, rigrada, e ridole
Odor di lode al Sol.”

We have no time now for these, we must go on to the humblest group of all, yet the most wonderful, that of the grass, which has given us our bread ; and from that we will go back to the herbs.

79. The vast family of plants which, under rain, make the earth green for man, and, under sunshine, give him bread, and, in their springing in the early year, mixed with their native flowers, have given us (far more than the new leaves of trees) the thought and word of “spring,” divide themselves broadly into three great groups—the grasses, sedges, and rushes. The grasses are essentially a clothing for healthy and pure ground, watered by occasional rain, but in itself dry, and fit for all cultivated pasture and corn. They are distinctively plants with round and jointed stems, which have long green flexible leaves, and heads of seed, independently emerging from them. The sedges are essentially the clothing of waste and more or less poor or uncultivable soils, coarse in their structure, frequently triangular in stem—hence called “acute” by Virgil—and with their heads of seed not extricated from their leaves. Now, in both the sedges and grasses, the blossom has a common structure, though undeveloped in the sedges, but composed always of groups of double husks, which have mostly a spinous process in the center, sometimes projecting into a long awn or beard; this central process being characteristic also of the ordinary leaves of mosses, as if a moss were a kind of ear of corn made permanently green on the ground, and with a new and distinct fructification. But the rushes differ wholly from the sedge and grass in their blossom structure. It is not a dual cluster, but a twice threefold one, so far separate from the grasses, and so closely connected with a higher order of plants, that I think you will find it convenient to group the rushes at once with that higher order, to which, if you will for the present let me

give the general name of Drosidae, or dew-plants, it will enable me to say what I have to say of them much more shortly and clearly.

80. These Drosidae, then, are plants delighting in interrupted moisture— moisture which comes either partially or at certain seasons— into dry ground. They are not water-plants ; but the signs of water resting among dry places. Many of the true water-plants have triple blossoms, with a small triple calyx holding them ; in the Drosidae, the floral spirit passes into the calyx also, and the entire flower becomes a six-rayed star, bursting out of the stem laterally, as if it were the first of flowers, and had made its way to the light by force through the unwilling green. They are often required to retain moisture or nourishment for the future blossom through long times of drought ; and this they do in bulbs under ground, of which some become a rude and simple, but most wholesome, food for man.

81. So now, observe, you are to divide the whole family of the herbs of the field into three great groups— Drosidae, Carices,¹ Graminae— dew-plants, sedges, and grasses. Then, the Drosidae are divided into five great orders— lilies, asphodels, amaryllids, irids, and rushes. No tribes of flowers have had so great, so varied, or so healthy an influence on man as this great group of Drosidae, depending, not so much on the whiteness of some of their blossoms, or the radiance of others, as on the strength and delicacy of the substance of their petals ; enabling them to take forms of faultless elastic curvature, either in cups, as the crocus, or expanding bells, as the true lily, or heath-like bells, as the hyacinth, or bright and perfect stars, like the star of Bethlehem, or, when they are affected by the strange reflex of the serpent nature

¹ I think Carex will be found ultimately better than Cyperus for the generic name, being the Virgilian word, and representing a larger sub-species.

which forms the labiate group of all flowers, closing into forms of exquisitely fantastic symmetry in the gladiolus. Put by their side their Nereid sisters, the water-lilies, and you have in them the origin of the loveliest forms of ornamental design and the most powerful floral myths yet recognized among human spirits, born by the streams of Ganges, Nile, Arno, and Avon.

82. For consider a little what each of those five tribes¹ has been to the spirit of man. First, in their nobleness : the Lilies gave the lily of the Annunciation ; the Asphodels, the flower of the Elysian fields ; the Irids, the *fleur-de-lys* of chivalry ; and the Amaryllids, Christ's lily of the field ; while the rush, trodden always under foot, became the emblem of humility. Then take each of the tribes, and consider the extent of their lower influence. Perdita's "The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds," are the first tribe ; which, giving the type of perfect purity in the Madonna's lily, have, by their lovely form, influenced the entire decorative design of Italian sacred art ; while ornament of war was continually enriched by the curves of the triple petals of the Florentine "giglio," and French *fleur-de-lys* ; so that it is impossible to count their influence for good in the middle ages, partly as a symbol of womanly character, and partly of the utmost brightness and refinement of chivalry in the city which was the flower of cities.

Afterwards, the group of the turban-lilies, or tulips, did some mischief (their splendid stains having made them the favorite caprice of florists) ; but they may be pardoned all such guilt for the pleasure they have given in cottage gardens, and are yet to give, when lowly life may again be pos-

¹ Take this rough distinction of the four tribes :—Lilies, superior ovary, white seeds ; Asphodels, superior ovary, black seeds ; Irids, inferior ovary, style (typically) rising into central crest ; Amaryllids, inferior ovary, stamens (typically) joined in central cup. Then the rushes are a dark group, through which they stoop to the grasses.

sible among us ; and the crimson bars of the tulips in their trim beds, with their likeness in crimson bars of morning above them, and its dew glittering heavy, globed in their glossy cups, may be loved better than the gray nettles of the ash heap, under gray sky, unveined by vermillion or by gold.

83. The next great group, of the Asphodels, divides itself also into two principal families ; one, in which the flowers are like stars, and clustered characteristically in balls, though opening sometimes into looser heads ; and the other, in which the flowers are in long bells, opening suddenly at the lips, and clustered in spires on a long stem, or drooping from it, when bent by their weight.

The star-group, of the squills, garlies, and onions, has always caused me great wonder. I cannot understand why its beauty, and serviceableness, should have been associated with the rank scent which has been really among the most powerful means of degrading peasant life, and separating it from that of the higher classes.

The belled group, of the hyacinth and convallaria, is as delicate as the other is coarse : the unspeakable azure light along the ground of the wood hyacinth in English spring ; the grape hyacinth, which is in south France, as if a cluster of grapes and a hive of honey had been distilled and compressed together into one small boss of celled and beaded blue ; the lilies of the valley everywhere, in each sweet and wild recess of rocky lands ;—count the influences of these on childish and innocent life ; then measure the mythic power of the hyacinth and asphodel as connected with Greek thoughts of immortality ; finally take their useful and nourishing power in ancient and modern peasant life, and it will be strange if you do not feel what fixed relation exists between the agency of the creating spirit in these, and in us who live by them.

84. It is impossible to bring into any tenable compass for our present purpose, even hints of the human influence of the two remaining orders of Amaryllids and Irises;—only note this generally, that while these in northern countries share with the Primulas the fields of spring, it seems that in Greece, the primulaceae are not an extended tribe, while the crocus, narcissus, and Amaryllis lutea, the “lily of the field” (I suspect also that the flower whose name we translate “violet” was in truth an Iris), represented to the Greek the first coming of the breath of life on the renewed herbage; and became in his thoughts the true embroidery of the saffron robe of Athena. Later in the year, the dianthus (which, though belonging to an entirely different race of plants, has yet a strange look of having been made out of the grasses by turning the sheath-membrane at the root of their leaves into a flower) seems to scatter, in multitudinous families, its crimson stars far and wide. But the golden lily and crocus, together with the asphodel, retain always the old Greek’s fondest thoughts—they are only “golden” flowers that are to burn on the trees, and float on the streams of paradise.

85. I have but one tribe of plants more to note at our country feast—the savory herbs; but must go a little out of my way to come at them rightly. All flowers whose petals are fastened together, and most of those whose petals are loose, are best thought of first as a kind of cup or tube opening at the mouth. Sometimes the opening is gradual, as in the convolvulus or campanula; oftener there is a distinct change of direction between the tube and expanding lip, as in the primrose; or even a contraction under the lip, making the tube into a narrow-necked phial or vase, as in the heaths, but the general idea of a tube expanding into a quatrefoil, cinquefoil, or sixfoil, will embrace most of the forms.

86. Now it is easy to conceive that flowers of this kind, growing in close clusters, may, in process of time, have extended their outside petals rather than the interior ones (as the outer flowers of the clusters of many umbellifers actually do) and thus, elongated and variously distorted forms have established themselves; then if the stalk is attached to the side instead of the base of the tube, its base becomes a spur, and thus all the grotesque forms of the mints, violets, and larkspurs, gradually might be composed. But, however this may be, there is one great tribe of plants separate from the rest, and of which the influence seems shed upon the rest in different degrees; and these would give the impression, not so much of having been developed by change, as of being stamped with a character of their own, more or less serpentine or dragon-like. And I think you will find it convenient to call these generally, *Draconidae*; disregarding their present ugly botanical name, which I do not care even to write once—you may take for their principal types the Foxglove, Snapdragon, and Calceolaria; and you will find they all agree in a tendency to decorate themselves by spots, and with bosses or swollen places in their leaves, as if they had been touched by poison. The spot of the Foxglove is especially strange, because it draws the color out of the tissue all around it, as if it had been stung, and as if the central color was really an inflamed spot, with paleness round. Then also they carry to its extreme the decoration by bulging or pouting the petals;—often beautifully used by other flowers in a minor degree, like the beating out of bosses in hollow silver, as in the kalmia, beaten out apparently in each petal by the stamens instead of a hammer; or the borage, pouting inwards; but the snapdragons and calceolarias carry it to its extreme.

87. Then the spirit of these Draconidae seems to pass more or less into other flowers, whose forms are properly

pure vases ; but it affects some of them slightly,—others not at all. It never strongly affects the heaths ; never once the roses ; but it enters like an evil spirit into the buttercup, and turns it into a larkspur, with a black, spotted, grotesque center, and a strange, broken blue, gorgeous and intense, yet impure, glittering on the surface as if it were strewn with broken glass, and stained or darkening irregularly into red. And then at last the serpent charm changes the ranunculus into monkshood ; and makes it poisonous. It enters into the forget-me-not, and the star of heavenly turquoise is corrupted into the viper's bugloss, darkened with the same strange red as the larkspur, and fretted into a fringe of thorn ; it enters, together with a strange insect-spirit, into the asphodels, and (though with a greater interval between the groups) they change into spotted orchideae : it touches the poppy, it becomes a fumaria ; the iris, and it pouts into a gladiolus ; the lily, and it chequers itself into a snake's-head, and secretes in the deep of its bell, drops, not of venom indeed, but honey-dew, as if it were a healing serpent. For there is an Aesculapian as well as an evil serpentry among the Draconidae, and the fairest of them, the "erba della Madonna" of Venice (*Linaria Cymbalaria*), descends from the ruins it delights in to the herbage at their feet, and touches it ; and behold, instantly, a vast group of herbs for healing,—all draconid in form,—spotted, and crested, and from their lip-like corollas named "labiateæ"; full of various balm, and warm strength for healing, yet all of them without splendid honor or perfect beauty, "ground ivies," richest when crushed under the foot ; the best sweet-nest and gentle brightness of the robes of the field,—thyme, and marjoram, and Euphrasy.

88. And observe, again and again, with respect to all these divisions and powers of plants ; it does not matter in the least by what concurrences of circumstance or necessity

they may gradually have been developed : the concurrence of circumstance is itself the supreme and inexplicable fact. We always come at last to a formative cause, which directs the circumstance, and mode of meeting it. If you ask an ordinary botanist the reason of the form of a leaf, he will tell you it is a "developed tubercle," and that its ultimate form "is owing to the direction of its vascular threads." But what directs its vascular threads? "They are seeking for something they want," he will probably answer. What made them want that? What made them seek for it thus? Seek for it, in five fibres or in three? Seek for it, in serration, or in sweeping curves? Seek for it, in servile tendrils, or impetuous spray? Seek for it, in woolen wrinkles rough with stings, or in glossy surfaces, green with pure strength, and winterless delight?

89. There is no answer. But the sum of all is, that over the entire surface of the earth and its waters, as influenced by the power of the air under solar light, there is developed a series of changing forms, in clouds, plants, and animals, all of which have reference in their action, or nature, to the human intelligence that perceives them ; and on which, in their aspects of horror and beauty, and their qualities of good and evil, there is engraved a series of myths, or words of the forming power, which, according to the true passion and energy of the human race, they have been enabled to read into religion. And this forming power has been by all nations partly confused with the breath or air through which it acts, and partly understood as a creative wisdom, proceeding from the Supreme Deity; but entering into and inspiring all intelligences that work in harmony with Him. And whatever intellectual results may be in modern days obtained by regarding this effluence only as a motion of vibration, every formative human art hitherto, and the best states of human happiness and order, have depended on the

apprehension of its mystery (which is certain), and of its personality, which is probable.

90. Of its influence on the formative arts, I have a few words to say separately: my present business is only to interpret, as we are now sufficiently enabled to do, the external symbols of the myth under which it was represented by the Greeks as a goddess of counsel, taken first into the breast of their supreme Deity, then created out of his thoughts, and abiding closely beside him; always sharing and consummating his power.

91. And in doing this we have first to note the meaning of the principal epithet applied to Athena, "Glaukopis," "with eyes full of light," the first syllable being connected, by its root, with words signifying sight, not with words signifying color. As far as I can trace the color perception of the Greeks, I find it all founded primarily on the degree of connection between color and light; the most important fact to them in the color of red being its connection with fire and sunshine; so that "purple" is, in its original sense, "fire-color," and the scarlet, or orange, of dawn, more than any other fire-color. I was long puzzled by Homer's calling the sea purple; and misled into thinking he meant the color of cloud shadows on green sea; whereas he really means the gleaming blaze of the waves under wide light. Aristotle's idea (partly true) is that light, subdued by blackness, becomes red; and blackness, heated or lighted, also becomes red. Thus, a color may be called purple because it is light subdued (and so death is called "purple" or "shadowy" death); or else it may be called purple as being shade kindled with fire, and thus said of the lighted sea; or even of the sun itself, when it is thought of as a red luminary opposed to the whiteness of the moon: "purpureos inter soles, et candida lunae sidera"; or of golden hair: "pro purpureo poenam solvens scelerata capillo":

while both ideas are modified by the influence of an earlier form of the word, which has nothing to do with fire at all, but only with mixing or staining ; and then, to make the whole group of thoughts inextricably complex, yet rich and subtle in proportion to their intricacy, the various rose and crimson colors of the murexdye,—the crimson and purple of the poppy, and fruit of the palm,—and the association of all these with the hue of blood ;—partly direct, partly through a confusion between the word signifying “slaughter” and “palm-fruit color,” mingle themselves in, and renew the whole nature of the old word ; so that, in later literature, it means a different color, or emotion of color, in almost every place where it occurs ; and casts forever around the reflection of all that has been dipped in its dyes.

92. So that the word is really a liquid prism, and stream of opal. And then, last of all, to keep the whole history of it in the fantastic course of a dream, warped here and there into wild grotesque, we moderns, who have preferred to rule over coal-mines instead of the sea (and so have turned the everlasting lamp of Athena into a Davy’s safety-lamp in the hand of Britannia, and Athenian heavenly lightning into British subterranean “damp”), have actually got our purple out of coal instead of the sea ! And thus, grotesquely, we have had enforced on us the doubt that held the old word between blackness and fire, and have completed the shadow, and the fear of it, by giving it a name from battle, “Magenta.”

93. There is precisely a similar confusion between light and color in the word used for the blue of the eyes of Athena—a noble confusion, however, brought about by the intensity of the Greek sense that the heaven is light, more than that it is blue. I was not thinking of this when I wrote, in speaking of pictorial chiaroscuro, “The sky is not blue color merely : it is blue fire, and cannot be painted”

(“Modern Painters,” IV. p. 36); but it was this that the Greeks chiefly felt of it, and so “Glaukopis” chiefly means gray-eyed: gray standing for a pale or luminous blue; but it only means “owl-eyed” in thought of the roundness and expansion, not from the color; this breadth and brightness being, again, in their moral sense typical of the breadth, intensity, and singleness of the sight in prudence (“if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light”). Then the actual power of the bird to see in twilight enters into the type, and perhaps its general fineness of sense. “Before the human form was adopted, her (Athena’s) proper symbol was the owl, a bird which seems to surpass all other creatures in acuteness of organic perception, its eye being calculated to observe objects which to all others are enveloped in darkness, its ear to hear sounds distinctly, and its nostrils to discriminate effluvia with such nicety that it has been deemed prophetic, from discovering the putridity of death even in the first stages of disease.”¹

I cannot find anywhere an account of the first known occurrence of the type; but, in the early ones on Attic coins, the wide round eyes are clearly the principal things to be made manifest.

94. There is yet, however, another color of great importance in the conception of Athena — the dark blue of her aegis. Just as the blue or gray of her eyes was conceived as more light than color, so her aegis was dark blue, because the Greeks thought of this tint more as shade than color, and, while they used various materials in ornamentation, lapislazuli, carbonate of copper, or perhaps, smalt, with real enjoyment of the blue tint, it was yet in their minds as distinctly representative of darkness as scarlet was of light,

¹ Payne Knight in his *Inquiry into the Symbolical Language of Ancient Art*, not trustworthy, being little more than a mass of conjectural memoranda, but the heap is suggestive, if well sifted.

and, therefore, anything dark,¹ but especially the color of heavy thunder-cloud, was described by the same term. The physical power of this darkness of the aegis, fringed with lightning, is given quite simply when Jupiter himself uses it

¹ In the breastplate and shield of Atrides the serpents and bosses are all of this dark color, yet the serpents are said to be like rainbows; but through all this splendor and opposition of hue, I feel distinctly that the literal "splendor," with its relative shade, are prevalent in the conception; and that there is always a tendency to look through the hue to its cause. And in this feeling about color the Greeks are separated from the eastern nations, and from the best designers of Christian times. I cannot find that they take pleasure in color for its own sake; it may be in something more than color, or better; but it is not in the hue itself. When Homer describes cloud breaking from a mountain summit, the crags became visible in light, not in color; he feels only their flashing out in bright edges and trenchant shadows: above, the "infinite," "unspeakable" ether is torn open—but not the *blue* of it. He has scarcely any abstract pleasure in blue, or green, or gold; but only in their shade or flame.

I have yet to trace the causes of this (which will be a long task, belonging to art questions, not to mythological ones); but it is, I believe, much connected with the brooding of the shadow of death over the Greeks without any clear hope of immortality. The restriction of the color on their vases to dim red (or yellow) with black and white, is greatly connected with their sepulchral use, and with all the melancholy of Greek tragic thought; and in this gloom the failure of color-perception is partly noble, partly base: noble, in its earnestness, which raises the design of Greek vases as far above the designing of mere colorist nations like the Chinese, as men's thoughts are above children's; and yet it is partly base and earthly; and inherently defective in one human faculty: and I believe it was one cause of the perishing of their art so swiftly, for indeed there is no decline so sudden, or down to such utter loss and ludicrous depravity, as the fall of Greek design on its vases from the fifth to the third century, B.C. On the other hand, the pure colored-gift, when employed for pleasure only, degrades in another direction; so that among the Indians, Chinese, and Japanese, all intellectual progress in art has been for ages rendered impossible by the prevalence of that faculty: and yet it is, as I have said again and again, the spiritual power of art; and its true brightness is the essential characteristic of all healthy schools.

to overshadow Ida and the Plain of Troy, and withdraws it at the prayer of Ajax for light ; and again when he grants it to be worn for a time by Apollo, who is hidden by its cloud when he strikes down Patroclus : but its spiritual power is chiefly expressed by a word signifying deeper shadow ; — the gloom of Erebus, or of our evening, which, when spoken of the aegis, signifies, not merely the indignation of Athena, but the entire hiding or withdrawal of her help, and beyond even this, her deadliest of all hostility, — the darkness by which she herself deceives and beguiles to final ruin those to whom she is wholly adverse ; this contradiction of her own glory being the uttermost judgment upon human falsehood. Thus it is she who provokes Pandarus to the treachery which purposed to fulfill the rape of Helen by the murder of her husband in time of truce ; and *then* the Greek King, holding his wounded brother's hand, prophesies against Troy the darkness of the aegis which shall be over all, and forever.¹

95. This, then, finally, was the perfect color-conception of Athena ; — the flesh, snow-white (the hands, feet, and face of marble, even when the statue was hewn roughly in wood) ; the eyes of keen pale blue, often in statues represented by jewels ; the long robe to the feet, crocus-colored ; and the aegis thrown over it of thunderous purple ; the helmet golden ("Iliad," V. 744), and I suppose its crest also, as that of Achilles.

If you think carefully of the meaning and character which is now enough illustrated for you in each of these colors ; and remember that the crocus-color and the purple were both of them developments, in opposite directions, of the great central idea of fire-color, or scarlet, you will see that this form of the creative spirit of the earth is conceived as robed in the blue, and purple, and scarlet, the white, and

¹ ἐρευνήν Αἰγίδα πᾶσι. — *Iliad*, IV. 166.

the gold, which have been recognized for the sacred chord of colors, from the day when the cloud descended on a Rock more mighty than Ida.

96. I have spoken throughout, hitherto, of the conception of Athena, as it is traceable in the Greek mind; not as it was rendered by Greek art. It is matter of extreme difficulty, requiring a sympathy at once affectionate and cautious, and a knowledge reaching the earliest springs of the religion of many lands, to discern through the imperfection, and, alas! more dimly yet, through the triumphs of formative art, what kind of thoughts they were that appointed for it the tasks of its childhood, and watched by the awakening of its strength.

The religious passion is nearly always vividest when the art is weakest; and the technical skill only reaches its deliberate splendor when the ecstasy which gave it birth has passed away forever. It is as vain an attempt to reason out the visionary power or guiding influence of Athena in the Greek heart, from anything we now read, or possess, of the work of Phidias, as it would be for the disciples of some new religion to infer the spirit of Christianity from Titian's "Assumption." The effective vitality of the religious conception can be traced only through the efforts of trembling hands, and strange pleasures of untaught eyes; and the beauty of the dream can no more be found in the first symbols by which it is expressed, than a child's idea of fairyland can be gathered from its pencil scrawl, or a girl's love for her broken doll explained by the defaced features. On the other hand, the Athena of Phidias was, in very fact, not so much the deity, as the darling of the Athenian people. Her magnificence represented their pride and fondness, more than their piety; and the great artist, in lavishing upon her dignities which might be ended abruptly by the pillage they provoked, resigned, apparently

without regret, the awe of her ancient memory; and (with only the careless remonstrance of a workman too strong to be proud,) even the perfectness of his own art. Rejoicing in the protection of their goddess, and in their own hour of glory, the people of Athena robed her, at their will, with the preciousness of ivory and gems; forgot or denied the darkness of the breastplate of judgment, and vainly bade its unappeasable serpents relax their coils in gold.

97. It will take me many a day yet—if days, many or few, are given me—to disentangle in any wise the proud and practiced disguises of religious creeds from the instinctive arts which, grotesquely and indecorously, yet with sincerity, strove to embody them, or to relate. But I think the reader, by help even of the imperfect indications already given to him, will be able to follow, with a continually increasing security, the vestiges of the Myth of Athena; and to reanimate its almost evanescent shade, by connecting it with the now recognized facts of existent nature, which it, more or less dimly, reflected and foretold. I gather these facts together in brief sum.

98. The deep of air that surrounds the earth enters into union with the earth at its surface, and with its waters; so as to be the apparent cause of their ascending into life. First, it warms them, and shades, at once, staying the heat of the sun's rays in its own body, but warding their force with its clouds. It warms and cools at once, with traffic of balm and frost; so that the white wreaths are withdrawn from the field of the Swiss peasant by the glow of Libyan rock. It gives its own strength to the sea; forms and fills every cell of its foam; sustains the precipices, and designs the valleys of its waves; gives the gleam to their moving under the night, and the white fire to their plains under sunrise; lifts their voices along the rocks, bears above them the spray of birds, pencils through them

the dimpling of unfooted sands. It gathers out of them a portion in the hollow of its hand; dyes, with that, the hills into dark blue, and their glaciers with dying rose; inlays with that, for sapphire, the dome in which it has to set the cloud; shapes out of that the heavenly flocks; divides them, numbers, cherishes, bears them on its bosom, calls them to their journeys, waits by their rest; feeds from them the brooks that cease not, and strews with them the dews that cease. It spins and weaves their fleece into wild tapestry, rends it, and renewes; and flits and flames, and whispers, among the golden threads, thrilling them with a plectrum of strange fire that traverses them to and fro, and is enclosed in them like life.

It enters into the surface of the earth, subdues it, and falls together with it into fruitful dust, from which can be moulded flesh; it joins itself, in dew, to the substance of adamant; and becomes the green leaf out of the dry ground; it enters into the separated shapes of the earth it has tempered, commands the ebb and flow of the current of their life, fills their limbs with its own lightness, measures their existence by its indwelling pulse, moulds upon their lips the words by which one soul can be known to another; is to them the hearing of the ear, and the beating of the heart; and, passing away, leaves them to the peace that hears and moves no more.

99. This was the Athena of the greatest people of the days of old. And opposite to the temple of this Spirit of the breath, and life-blood, of man and of beast, stood, on the Mount of Justice, and near the chasm which was haunted by the goddess-Avengers, an altar to a God unknown;—proclaimed at last to them, as one who, indeed, gave to all men life, and breath, and all things; and rain from heaven, filling their hearts with food and gladness;—a God who had made of one blood all nations of men

who dwell on the face of all the earth, and had determined the times of their fate, and the bounds of their habitation.

100. We ourselves, fretted here in our narrow days, know less, perhaps, in very deed, than they, what manner of spirit we are of, or what manner of spirit we ignorantly worship. Have we, indeed, desired the Desire of all nations? And will the Master whom we meant to seek, and the Messenger in whom we thought we delighted, confirm, when He comes to his Temple,—or not find in its midst,—the tables heavy with gold for bread, and the seats that are bought with the price of the dove? Or is our own land also to be left by its angered Spirit;—left among those, where sunshine vainly sweet, and passionate folly of storm, waste themselves in the silent places of knowledge that has passed away, and of tongues that have ceased?

This only we may discern assuredly: this, every true light of science, every mercifully-granted power, every wisely-restricted thought, teach us more clearly day by day, that in the heavens above, and the earth beneath, there is one continual and omnipotent presence of help, and of peace, for all men who know that they Live, and remember that they Die.

III. ATHENA ERGANE.¹

ATHENA IN THE HEART.

Various Notes relating to the Conception of Athena as the Directress of the Imagination and Will.

101. I HAVE now only a few words to say, bearing on what seems to me present need, respecting the third function of Athena, conceived as the directress of human passion, resolution, and labor.

¹ “Athena the worker, or having rule over work.” The name was first given to her by the Athenians.

Few words, for I am not yet prepared to give accurate distinction between the intellectual rule of Athena and that of the Muses ; but, broadly, the Muses, with their king, preside over meditative, historical, and poetic arts, whose end is the discovery of light or truth, and the creation of beauty ; but Athena rules over moral passion, and practically useful art. She does not make men learned, but prudent and subtle ; she does not teach them to make their work beautiful, but to make it right.

In different places of my writings, and through many years of endeavor to define the laws of art, I have insisted on this rightness in work, and on its connection with virtue of character, in so many partial ways, that the impression left on the reader's mind — if, indeed, it was ever impressed at all — has been confused and uncertain. In beginning the series of my corrected works, I wish this principle (in my own mind the foundation of every other) to be made plain, if nothing else is ; and will try, therefore, to make it so, so far as, by any effort, I can put it into unmistakable words. And, first, here is a very simple statement of it, given lately in a lecture on the Architecture of the Valley of the Somme, which will be better read in this place than in its incidental connection with my account of the porches of Abbeville.

102. I had used, in a preceding part of the lecture, the expression, "by what faults" this Gothic architecture fell. We continually speak thus of works of art. We talk of their faults and merits, as of virtues and vices. What do we mean by talking of the faults of a picture, or the merits of a piece of stone ?

The faults of a work of art are the faults of its workman, and its virtues his virtues.

Great art is the expression of the mind of a great man, and mean art, that of the want of mind of a weak man. A

foolish person builds foolishly, and a wise one sensibly ; a virtuous one, beautifully ; and a vicious one, basely. If stone work is well put together, it means that a thoughtful man planned it, and a careful man cut it, and an honest man cemented it. If it has too much ornament, it means that its carver was too greedy of pleasure ; if too little that he was rude, or insensitive, or stupid, and the like. So that when once you have learned how to spell these most precious of all legends, — pictures and buildings, — you may read the characters of men, and of nations, in their art, as in a mirror : — nay, as in a microscope, and magnified a hundred-fold ; for the character becomes passionate in the art, and intensifies itself in all its noblest or meanest delights. Nay, not only as in a microscope, but as under a scalpel, and in dissection ; for a man may hide himself from you, or misrepresent himself to you, every other way ; but he cannot in his work : there, be sure, you have him to the inmost. All that he likes, all that he sees, — all that he can do, — his imagination, his affections, his perseverance, his impatience, his clumsiness, cleverness, everything is there. If the work is a cobweb, you know it was made by a spider ; if a honeycomb, by a bee ; a worm-cast is thrown up by a worm, and a nest wreathed by a bird ; and a house built by a man, worthily, if he is worthy, and ignobly, if he is ignoble.

And always, from the least to the greatest, as the made thing is good or bad, so is the maker of it.

103. You all use this faculty of judgment more or less, whether you theoretically admit the principle or not. Take that floral gable ;¹ you don't suppose the man who built Stonehenge could have built that, or that the man who built that, *would* have built Stonehenge ? Do you think an

¹ The elaborate pediment above the central porch at the west end of Rouen Cathedral, pierced into a transparent web of tracery, and enriched with a border of "twisted eglantine."

old Roman would have liked such a piece of filigree work? or that Michael Angelo would have spent his time in twisting these stems of roses in and out? Or, of modern handcraftsmen, do you think a burglar, or a brute, or a pick-pocket could have carved it? Could Bill Sykes have done it? or the Dodger, dexterous with finger and tool? You will find in the end, that *no man could have done it but exactly the man who did it*; and by looking close at it, you may, if you know your letters, read precisely the manner of man he was.

104. Now I must insist on this matter, for a grave reason. Of all facts concerning art, this is the one most necessary to be known, that, while manufacture is the work of hands only, art is the work of the whole spirit of man; and as that spirit is, so is the deed of it: and by whatever power of vice or virtue any art is produced, the same vice or virtue it reproduces and teaches. That which is born of evil begets evil; and that which is born of valor and honor, teaches valor and honor. All art is either infection or education. It *must* be one or other of these.

105. This, I repeat, of all truths respecting art, is the one of which understanding is the most precious, and denial the most deadly. And I assert it the more, because it has of late been repeatedly, expressly, and with contumely, denied; and that by high authority: and I hold it one of the most sorrowful facts connected with the decline of the arts among us, that English gentlemen, of high standing as scholars and artists, should have been blinded into the acceptance, and betrayed into the assertion of a fallacy which only authority such as theirs could have rendered for an instant credible. For the contrary of it is written in the history of all great nations; it is the one sentence always inscribed on the steps of their thrones; the one concordant voice in which they speak to us out of their dust.

All such nations first manifest themselves as a pure and beautiful animal race, with intense energy and imagination. They live lives of hardship by choice, and by grand instinct of manly discipline : they become fierce and irresistible soldiers ; the nation is always its own army, and their king, or chief head of government, is always their first soldier. Pharaoh, or David, or Leonidas, or Valerius, or Barbarossa, or Coeur de Lion, or St. Louis or Dandolo, or Frederick the Great :— Egyptian, Jew, Greek, Roman, German, English, French, Venetian,— that is inviolable law for them all ; their king must be their first soldier, or they cannot be in progressive power. Then, after their great military period, comes the domestic period ; in which, without betraying the discipline of war, they add to their great soldiership the delights and possessions of a delicate and tender home-life : and then, for all nations, is the time of their perfect art, which is the fruit, the evidence, the reward of their national ideal of character, developed by the finished care of the occupations of peace. That is the history of all true art that ever was, or can be : palpably the history of it,— unmistakably,— written on the forehead of it in letters of light,— in tongues of fire, by which the seal of virtue is branded as deep as ever iron burnt into a convict's flesh the seal of crime. But always, hitherto, after the great period, has followed the day of luxury, and pursuit of the arts for pleasure only. And all has so ended.

106. Thus far of Abbeville building. Now I have here asserted two things,— first, the foundation of art in moral character ; next; the foundation of moral character in war. I must make both these assertions clearer, and prove them.

First, of the foundation of art in moral character. Of course art-gift and amiability of disposition are two different things. A good man is not necessarily a painter, nor does an eye for color necessarily imply an honest mind. But

great art implies the union of both powers: it is the expression, by an art-gift, of a pure soul. If the gift is not there, we can have no art at all; and if the soul—and a right soul too—is not there, the art is bad, however dexterous.

107. But also, remember, that the art-gift itself is only the result of the moral character of generations. A bad woman may have a sweet voice; but that sweetness of voice comes of the past morality of her race. That she can sing with it at all, she owes to the determination of laws of music by the morality of the past. Every act, every impulse, of virtue and vice, affects in any creature, face, voice, nervous power, and vigor and harmony of invention, at once. Perseverance in rightness of human conduct, renders, after a certain number of generations, human art possible; every sin clouds it, be it ever so little a one; and persistent vicious living and following of pleasure render, after a certain number of generations, all art impossible. Men are deceived by the long-suffering of the laws of nature; and mistake, in a nation, the reward of the virtue of its sires for the issue of its own sins. The time of their visitation will come, and that inevitably; for, it is always true, that if the fathers have eaten sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge. And for the individual, as soon as you have learned to read, you may, as I said, know him to the heart's core, through his art. Let his art-gift be never so great, and cultivated to the height by the schools of a great race of men; and it is still but a tapestry thrown over his own being and inner soul; and the bearing of it will show, infallibly, whether it hangs on a man, or on a skeleton. If you are dim-eyed, you may not see the difference in the fall of the folds at first, but learn how to look, and the folds themselves will become transparent, and you shall see through them the death's shape.

or the divine one, making the tissue above it as a cloud of light, or as a winding-sheet.

108. Then farther, observe, I have said (and you will find it true, and that to the uttermost) that, as all lovely art is rooted in virtue, so it bears fruit of virtue, and is didactic in its own nature. It is often didactic also in actually expressed thought, as Giotto's, Michael Angelo's, Durer's, and hundreds more ; but that is not its special function,—it is didactic chiefly by being beautiful; but beautiful with haunting thought, no less than with form, and full of myths that can be read only with the heart.

For instance, at this moment there is open beside me as I write, a page of Persian manuscript, wrought with wreathed azure and gold, and soft green, and violet, and ruby, and scarlet, into one field of pure resplendence. It is wrought to delight the eyes only ; and does delight them ; and the man who did it assuredly had eyes in his head ; but not much more. It is not didactic art, but its author was happy : and it will do the good, and the harm, that mere pleasure can do. But, opposite me, is an early Turner drawing of the lake of Geneva, taken about two miles from Geneva, on the Lausanne road, with Mont Blanc in the distance. The old city is seen lying beyond the waveless waters, veiled with a sweet misty veil of Athena's weaving : a faint light of morning, peaceful exceedingly, and almost colorless, shed from behind the Voirons, increases into soft amber along the slope of the Saleve, and is just seen, and no more, on the fair warm fields of its summit, between the folds of a white cloud that rests upon the grass, but rises, high and tower-like, into the zenith of dawn above.

109. There is not as much color in that low amber light upon the hill-side as there is in the palest dead leaf. The lake is not blue, but gray in mist, passing into deep shadow beneath the Voirons' pines ; a few dark clusters of leaves,

a single white flower — scarcely seen — are all the gladness given to the rocks of the shore. One of the ruby spots of the eastern manuscript would give color enough for all the red that is in Turner's entire drawing. For the mere pleasure of the eye, there is not so much in all those lines of his, throughout the entire landscape, as in half an inch square of the Persian's page. What made him take pleasure in the low color that is only like the brown of a dead leaf? in the cold gray of dawn — in the one white flower among the rocks — in these — and no more than these?

110. He took pleasure in them because he had been bred among English fields and hills ; because the gentleness of a great race was in his heart, and its powers of thought in his brain ; because he knew the stories of the Alps, and of the cities at their feet ; because he had read the Homeric legends of the clouds, and beheld the gods of dawn, and the givers of dew to the fields ; because he knew the faces of the crags, and the imagery of the passionate mountains, as a man knows the face of his friend ; because he had in him the wonder and sorrow concerning life and death, which are the inheritance of the Gothic soul from the days of its first sea kings ; and also the compassion and the joy that are woven into the innermost fabric of every great imaginative spirit, born now in countries that have lived by the Christian faith with any courage or truth. And the picture contains also, for us, just this which its maker had in him to give ; and can convey it to us, just so far as we are of the temper in which it must be received. It is didactic if we are worthy to be taught, no otherwise. The pure heart, it will make more pure ; the thoughtful, more thoughtful. It has in it no words for the reckless or the base.

111. As I myself look at it, there is no fault nor folly of my life, — and both have been many and great, — that does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten

my power of possession, of sight, of understanding. And every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightness or good in it, is with me now, to help me in my grasp of this art, and its vision. So far as I can rejoice in, or interpret either, my power is owing to what of right there is in me. I dare to say it, that, because through all my life I have desired good, and not evil ; because I have been kind to many ; have wished to be kind to all ; have willfully injured none ; and because I have loved much, and not selfishly ;—therefore, the morning light is yet visible to me on those hills, and you, who read, may trust my thought and word in such work as I have to do for you ; and you will be glad afterwards that you have trusted them.

112. Yet remember,—I repeat it again and yet again,—that I may for once, if possible, make this thing assuredly clear :—the inherited art-gift must be there, as well as the life in some poor measure, or rescued fragment, right. This art-gift of mine could not have been won by any work, or by any conduct : it belongs to me by birthright, and came by Athena's will, from the air of English country villages, and Scottish hills. I will risk whatever charge of folly may come on me, for printing one of my many childish rhymes, written on a frosty day in Glen Farg, just north of Loch Leven. It bears date 1st January, 1828. I was born on the 8th of February, 1819 ; and all that I ever could be, and all that I cannot be, the weak little rhyme already shows :—

“ Papa, how pretty those icicles are,
That are seen so near,—that are seen so far ;
— Those dropping waters that come from the rocks
And many a hole, like the haunt of a fox.
That silvery stream that runs babbling along,
Making a murmuring, dancing song.
Those trees that stand waving upon the rock's side,
And men, that, like spectres, among them glide.

And waterfalls that are heard from far,
 And come in sight when very near.
 And the water-wheel that turns slowly round,
 Grinding the corn that—requires to be ground,—

(Political Economy of the future !)

— And mountains at a distance seen,
 And rivers winding through the plain.
 And quarries with their craggy stones,
 And the wind among them moans.”

So foretelling “Stones of Venice,” and this essay on Athena.
 Enough now concerning myself.

113. Of Turner’s life, and of its good and evil, both great, but the good immeasurably the greater, his work is in all things a perfect and transparent evidence. His biography is simply,—“He did this, nor will ever another do its like again.” Yet read what I have said of him, as compared with the great Italians, in the passages taken from the “Cestus of Aglaia,” farther on, § 158, p. 412.

114. This then is the nature of the connection of morals with art. Now, secondly, I have asserted the foundation of both these, at least, hitherto, in war. The reason of this too manifest fact is, that, until now, it has been impossible for any nation, except a warrior one, to fix its mind wholly on its men, instead of on their possessions. Every great soldier nation thinks, necessarily, first of multiplying its bodies and souls of men, in good temper and strict discipline. As long as this is its political aim, it does not matter what it temporarily suffers, or loses, either in numbers or in wealth; its morality and its arts (if it have national art-gift) advance together; but so soon as it ceases to be a warrior nation, it thinks of its possessions instead of its men; and then the moral and poetic powers vanish together.

115. It is thus, however, absolutely necessary to the virtue of war that it should be waged by personal strength, not by

money or machinery. A nation that fights with a mercenary force, or with torpedoes instead of its own arms, is dying. Not but that there is more true courage in modern than even in ancient war; but this is, first, because all the remaining life of European nations is with a morbid intensity thrown into their soldiers; and, secondly, because their present heroism is the culmination of centuries of inbred and traditional valor, which Athena taught them by forcing them to govern the foam of the sea-wave and of the horse,—not the steam of kettles.

116. And farther, note this, which is vital to us in the present crisis : If war is to be made by money and machinery, the nation which is the largest and most covetous multitude will win. You may be as scientific as you choose ; the mob that can pay more for sulphuric acid and gun-powder will at last poison its bullets, throw acid in your faces, and make an end of you ;—of itself, also, in good time, but of you first. And to the English people the choice of its fate is very near now. It may spasmodically defend its property with iron walls a fathom thick, a few years longer—a very few. No walls will defend either it, or its havings, against the multitude that is breeding and spreading, faster than the clouds, over the habitable earth. We shall be allowed to live by small peddler's business, and ironmongery—since we have chosen those for our line of life—as long as we are found useful black servants to the Americans ; and are content to dig coals and sit in the cinders ; and have still coals to dig,—they once exhausted, or got cheaper elsewhere, we shall be abolished. But if we think more wisely, while there is yet time, and set our minds again on multiplying Englishmen, and not on cheapening English wares ; if we resolve to submit to wholesome laws of labor and economy, and, setting our political squabbles aside, try how many strong creatures, friendly and faithful to each other, we can crowd into every spot of English dominion, neither poison nor iron will prevail

against us ; nor traffic—nor hatred : the noble nation will yet by the grace of Heaven, rule over the ignoble, and force of heart hold its own against fire-balls.

117. But there is yet a farther reason for the dependence of the arts on war. The vice and injustice of the world are constantly springing anew, and are only to be subdued by battle ; the keepers of order and law must always be soldiers. And now, going back to the myth of Athena, we see that though she is first a warrior maid, she detests war for its own sake ; she arms Achilles and Ulysses in just quarrels, but she *disarms* Ares. She contends, herself, continually against disorder and convulsion, in the Earth giants ; she stands by Hercules' side in victory over all monstrous evil : in justice only she judges and makes war. But in this war of hers she is wholly implacable. She has little notion of converting criminals. There is no faculty of mercy in her when she has been resisted. Her word is only, “I will mock when your fear cometh.” Note the words that follow: “when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction as a whirlwind”;¹ for her wrath is of irresistible tempest : once roused, it is blind and deaf,—rabies—madness of anger—darkness of the Dies Iræ.

And that is, indeed, the sorrowfullest fact we have to know about our own several lives. Wisdom never forgives. Whatever resistance we have offered to her law, she avenges forever ;—the lost hour can never be redeemed, and the accomplished wrong never atoned for. The best that can be done afterwards, but for that, had been better ;—the falsest of all the cries of peace, where there is no peace, is that of the pardon of sin, as the mob expect it. Wisdom can “put away” sin, but she cannot pardon it ; and she is apt, in her haste, to put away the sinner as well, when the black aegis is on her breast.

¹ Proverbs i. 26, 27.

118. And this is also a fact we have to know about our national life, that it is ended as soon as it has lost the power of noble Anger. When it paints over, and apologizes for its pitiful criminalities ; and endures its false weights, and its adulterated food ;—dares not to decide practically between good and evil, and can neither honor the one, nor smite the other, but sneers at the good, as if it were hidden evil, and consoles the evil with pious sympathy, and conserves it in the sugar of its leaden heart,—the end is come.

119. The first sign, then, of Athena's presence with any people, is that they become warriors, and that the chief thought of every man of them is to stand rightly in his rank, and not fail from his brother's side in battle. Wealth, and pleasure, and even love, are all, under Athena's orders, sacrificed to this duty of standing fast in the rank of war.

But farther : Athena presides over industry, as well as battle ; typically, over women's industry ; that brings comfort with pleasantness. Her word to us all is :—“Be well exercised, and rightly clothed. Clothed, and in your right minds ; not insane and in rags, nor in soiled fine clothes clutched from each other's shoulders. Fight and weave. Then I myself will answer for the course of the lance, and the colors of the loom.”

And now I will ask the reader to look with some care through these following passages respecting modern multitudes and their occupations, written long ago, but left in fragmentary form, in which they must now stay, and be of what use they can.

120. It is not political economy to put a number of strong men down on an acre of ground, with no lodging, and nothing to eat. Nor is it political economy to build a city on good ground, and fill it with store of corn and treasure, and put a score of lepers to live in it. Political economy creates together the means of life, and the living

persons who are to use them ; and of both, the best and the most that it can, but imperatively the best, not the most. A few good and healthy men, rather than a multitude of diseased rogues ; and a little real milk and wine, rather than much chalk and petroleum ; but the gist of the whole business is that the men and their property must both be produced together—not one to the loss of the other. Property must not be created in lands desolate by exile of their people, nor multiplied and depraved humanity in lands barren of bread.

121. Nevertheless, though the men and their possessions are to be increased at the same time, the first object of thought is always to be the multiplication of a worthy people. The strength of the nation is in its multitude, not in its territory ; but only in its sound multitude. It is one thing, both in a man and a nation, to gain flesh, and another to be swollen with putrid humors. Not that multitude ever ought to be inconsistent with virtue. Two men should be wiser than one, and two thousand than two ; nor do I know another so gross fallacy in the records of human stupidity as that excuse for neglect of crime by greatness of cities. As if the first purpose of congregation were not to devise laws and repress crimes ! as if bees and wasps could live honestly in flocks,—men, only in separate dens !—as if it was easy to help one another on the opposite sides of a mountain, and impossible on the opposite sides of a street ! But when the men are true and good, and stand shoulder to shoulder, the strength of any nation is in its quantity of life, not in its land nor gold. The more good men a state has, in proportion to its territory, the stronger the state. And as it has been the madness of economists to seek for gold instead of life, so it has been the madness of kings to seek for land instead of life. They want the town on the other side of the river, and seek it at the spear point : it never enters their stupid heads

that to double the honest souls in the town on *this* side of the river, would make them stronger kings ; and that this doubling might be done by the ploughshare instead of the spear, and through happiness instead of misery.

Therefore, in brief, this is the object of all true policy and true economy : “utmost multitude of good men on every given space of ground”—imperatively always, good, sound, honest men, not a mob of white-faced thieves. So that, on the one hand, all aristocracy is wrong which is inconsistent with numbers ; and, on the other, all numbers are wrong which are inconsistent with breeding.

122. Then, touching the accumulation of wealth for the maintenance of such men, observe, that you must never use the terms “money” and “wealth” as synonymous. Wealth consists of the good, and therefore useful, things in the possession of the nation : money is only the written or coined sign of the relative qualities of wealth in each person’s possession. All money is a divisible title-deed, of immense importance as an expression of right to property ; but absolutely valueless, as property itself. Thus, supposing a nation isolated from all others, the money in its possession is, at its maximum value, worth all the property of the nation, and no more, because no more can be got for it. And the money of all nations is worth, at its maximum, the property of all nations, and no more, for no more can be got for it. Thus, every article of property produced increases, by its value, the value of all the money in the world, and every article of property destroyed, diminishes the value of all the money in the world. If ten men are cast away on a rock, with a thousand pounds in their pockets, and there is on the rock neither food nor shelter, their money is worth simply nothing ; for nothing is to be had for it : if they build ten huts, and recover a cask of biscuit from the wreck, then their thousand pounds, at its

maximum value, is worth ten huts and a cask of biscuit. If they make their thousand pounds into two thousand by writing new notes, their two thousand pounds are still only worth ten huts and a cask of biscuit. And the law of relative value is the same for all the world, and all the people in it, and all their property, as for ten men on a rock. Therefore, money is truly and finally lost in the degree in which its value is taken from it (ceasing in that degree to be money at all); and it is truly gained in the degree in which value is added to it. Thus, suppose the money coined by the nation to be a fixed sum, divided very minutely (say into francs and cents), and neither to be added to, nor diminished. Then every grain of food and inch of lodging added to its possessions makes every cent in its pockets worth proportionally more, and every grain of food it consumes, and inch of roof it allows to fall to ruin, makes every cent in its pockets worth less; and this with mathematical precision. The immediate value of the money at particular times and places depends, indeed, on the humors of the possessors of property; but the nation is in the one case gradually getting richer; and will feel the pressure of poverty steadily everywhere relaxing, whatever the humors of individuals may be; and, in the other case, is gradually growing poorer, and the pressure of its poverty will every day tell more and more, in ways that it cannot explain, but will most bitterly feel.

123. The actual quantity of money which it coins, in relation to its real property, is therefore only of consequence for convenience of exchange; but the proportion in which this quantity of money is divided among individuals expresses their various rights to greater or less proportions of the national property, and must not, therefore, be tampered with. The Government may at any time, with perfect justice, double its issue of coinage, if it gives

every man who had ten pounds in his pocket, another ten pounds, and every man who had ten pence, another ten pence ; for it thus does not make any of them richer ; it merely divides their counters for them into twice the number. But if it gives the newly-issued coins to other people, or keeps them itself, it simply robs the former holders to precisely that extent. This most important function of money, as a title-deed, on the non-violation of which all national soundness of commerce and peace of life depend, has been never rightly distinguished by economists from the quite unimportant function of money as a means of exchange. You can exchange goods, — at some inconvenience, indeed, but still you can contrive to do it, — without money at all ; but you cannot maintain your claim to the savings of your past life without a document declaring the amount of them, which the nation and its Government will respect.

124. And as economists have lost sight of this great function of money in relation to individual rights, so they have equally lost sight of its function as a representative of good things. That, for every good thing produced, so much money is put into everybody's pocket — is the one simple and primal truth for the public to know and for economists to teach. How many of them have taught it ? Some have ; but only incidentally ; and others will say it is a truism. If it be, do the public know it ? Does your ordinary English householder know that every costly dinner he gives has destroyed forever as much money as it is worth ? Does every well-educated girl — do even the women in high political position — know that every fine dress they wear themselves, or cause to be worn, destroys precisely so much of the national money as the labor and material of it are worth ? If this be a truism, it is one that needs proclaiming somewhat louder.

125. That, then, is the relation of money and goods. So much goods, so much money ; so little goods, so little money. But, as there is this true relation between money and "goods," or good things, so there is a false relation between money and "bads," or bad things. Many bad things will fetch a price in exchange ; but they do not increase the wealth of the country. Good wine is wealth — drugged wine is not ; good meat is wealth — putrid meat is not ; good pictures are wealth — bad pictures are not. A thing is worth precisely what it can do for you ; not what you choose to pay for it. You may pay a thousand pounds for a cracked pipkin, if you please ; but you do not by that transaction make the cracked pipkin worth one that will hold water, nor that, nor any pipkin whatsoever, worth more than it was before you paid such sum for it. You may, perhaps, induce many potters to manufacture fissured pots, and many amateurs of clay to buy them ; but the nation is, through the whole business so encouraged, rich by the addition to its wealth of so many potsherds — and there an end. The thing is worth what it CAN do for you, not what you think it can ; and most national luxuries, now-a-days, are a form of potsherd, provided for the solace of a self-complacent Job, voluntary sedent on his ash-heap.

126. And, also, so far as good things already exist, and have become media of exchange, the variations in their prices are absolutely indifferent to the nation. Whether Mr. A. buys a Titian from Mr. B. for twenty, or for two thousand, pounds, matters not sixpence to the national revenue : that is to say, it matters in nowise to the revenue whether Mr. A. has the picture, and Mr. B. the money, or Mr. B. the picture, and Mr. A. the money. Which of them will spend the money most wisely, and which of them will keep the picture most carefully, is, indeed, a matter of some importance ; but this cannot be known by the mere fact of exchange.

127. The wealth of a nation then, first, and its peace and well-being besides, depend on the number of persons it can employ in making good and useful things. I say its well-being also, for the character of men depends more on their occupations than on any teaching we can give them, or principles with which we can imbue them. The employment forms the habits of body and mind, and these are the constitution of the man ;—the greater part of his moral or persistent nature, whatever effort, under special excitement, he may make to change, or overcome them. Employment is the half, and the primal half, of education—it is the warp of it ; and the fineness or the endurance of all subsequently woven pattern depends wholly on its straightness and strength. And, whatever difficulty there may be in tracing through past history the remoter connections of event and cause, one chain of sequence is always clear : the formation, namely, of the character of nations by their employments, and the determination of their final fate by their character. The moment, and the first direction of decisive revolutions, often depend on accident ; but their persistent course, and their consequences, depend wholly on the nature of the people. The passing of the Reform Bill by the late English Parliament may have been more or less accidental : the results of the measure now rest on the character of the English people, as it has been developed by their recent interests, occupations, and habits of life. Whether, as a body, they employ their new powers for good or evil, will depend, not on their facilities of knowledge, nor even on the general intelligence they may possess ; but on the number of persons among them whom wholesome employments have rendered familiar with the duties, and modest in their estimate of the promises, of Life.

128. But especially in framing laws respecting the treatment or employment of improvident and more or less vicious

persons, it is to be remembered that as men are not made heroes by the performance of an act of heroism, but must be brave before they can perform it, so they are not made villains by the commission of a crime, but were villains before they committed it; and that the right of public interference with their conduct begins when they begin to corrupt themselves;—not merely at the moment when they have proved themselves hopelessly corrupt.

All measures of reformation are effective in exact proportion to their timeliness: partial decay may be cut away and cleansed; incipient error corrected: but there is a point at which corruption can no more be stayed, nor wandering recalled. It has been the manner of modern philanthropy to remain passive until that precise period, and to leave the sick to perish, and the foolish to stray, while it spent itself in frantic exertions to raise the dead, and reform the dust.

The recent direction of a great weight of public opinion against capital punishment is, I trust, the sign of an awakening perception that punishment is the last and worst instrument in the hands of the legislator for the prevention of crime. The true instruments of reformation are employment and reward;—not punishment. Aid the willing, honor the virtuous, and compel the idle into occupation, and there will be no need for the compelling of any into the great and last indolence of death.

129. The beginning of all true reformation among the criminal classes depends on the establishment of institutions for their active employment, while their criminality is still unripe, and their feelings of self-respect, capacities of affection, and sense of justice, not altogether quenched. That those who are desirous of employment should always be able to find it, will hardly, at the present day, be disputed: but that those who are *undesirous* of employment should of all persons be the most strictly compelled to it,

the public are hardly yet convinced ; and they must be convinced. If the danger of the principal thoroughfares in their capital city, and the multiplication of crimes more ghastly than ever yet disgraced a nominal civilization, are not enough, they will not have to wait long before they receive sterner lessons. For our neglect of the lower orders has reached a point at which it begins to bear its necessary fruit, and every day makes the fields, not whiter, but more sable, to harvest.

130. The general principles by which employment should be regulated may be briefly stated as follows :—

(1) There being three great classes of mechanical powers at our disposal, namely, (*a*) vital or muscular power ; (*b*) natural mechanical power of wind, water, and electricity ; and (*c*) artificially produced mechanical power ; it is the first principle of economy to use all available vital power first, then the inexpensive natural forces, and only at last to have recourse to artificial power. And this because it is always better for a man to work with his own hands to feed and clothe himself, than to stand idle while a machine works for him ; and if he cannot by all the labor healthily possible to him, feed and clothe himself, then it is better to use an inexpensive machine—as a windmill or watermill—than a costly one like a steam-engine, so long as we have natural force enough at our disposal. Whereas, at present, we continually hear economists regret that the water-power of the cascades or streams of a country should be lost, but hardly ever that the muscular power of its idle inhabitants should be lost ; and, again, we see vast districts, as the south of Provence, where a strong wind¹ blows steadily all day long for six days out of seven throughout the year, without a

¹ In order fully to utilize this natural power, we only require machinery to turn the variable into a constant velocity — no insurmountable difficulty.

windmill, while men are continually employed a hundred miles to the north, in digging fuel to obtain artificial power. But the principal point of all to be kept in view is, that in every idle arm and shoulder throughout the country there is a certain quantity of force, equivalent to the force of so much fuel ; and that it is there insane waste to dig for coal for our force, while the vital force is unused ; and not only unused, but, in being so, corrupting and polluting itself. We waste our coal, and spoil our humanity at one and the same instant. Therefore, wherever there is an idle arm, always save coal with it, and the stores of England will last all the longer. And precisely the same argument answers the common one about “taking employment out of the hands of the industrious laborer.” Why, what is “employment” but the putting out of vital force instead of mechanical force? We are continually in search of means of strength, —to pull, to hammer, to fetch, to carry ; we waste our future resources to get this strength, while we leave all the living fuel to burn itself out in mere pestiferous breath, and production of its variously noisome forms of ashes ! Clearly, if we want fire for force, we want men for force first. The industrious hands must already have so much to do that they can do no more, or else we need not use machines to help them. Then use the idle hands first. Instead of dragging petroleum with a steam-engine, put it on a canal, and drag it with human arms and shoulders. Petroleum cannot possibly be in a hurry to arrive anywhere. We can always order that, and many other things, time enough before we want it. So, the carriage of everything which does not spoil by keeping, may most wholesomely and safely be done by water-traction and sailing vessels ; and no healthier work can men be put to, nor better discipline, than such active portage.

131. (2d.) In employing all the muscular power at our

disposal we are to make the employments we choose as educational as possible. For a wholesome human employment is the first and best method of education, mental as well as bodily. A man taught to plough, row, or steer well, and a woman taught to cook properly, and make a dress neatly, are already educated in many essential moral habits. Labor considered as a discipline has hitherto been thought of only for criminals ; but the real and noblest function of labor is to prevent crime, and not to be *Reformatory*, but *Formatory*.

132. The third great principle of employment is, that whenever there is pressure of poverty to be met, all enforced occupation should be directed to the production of useful articles only, that is to say, of food, of simple clothing, of lodging, or of the means of conveying, distributing, and preserving these. It is yet little understood by economists, and not at all by the public, that the employment of persons in a useless business cannot relieve ultimate distress. The money given to employ ribbon-makers at Coventry is merely so much money withdrawn from what would have employed lace-makers at Honiton : or makers of something else, as useless, elsewhere. We *must* spend our money in some way, at some time, and it cannot at any time be spent without employing somebody. If we gamble it away, the person who wins it must spend it ; if we lose it in a railroad speculation, it has gone into some one else's pockets, or merely gone to pay navvies for making a useless embankment, instead of to pay ribbon or button makers for making useless ribbons or buttons ; we cannot lose it (unless by actually destroying it) without giving employment of some kind ; and therefore, whatever quantity of money exists, the relative quantity of employment must some day come out of it ; but the distress of the nation signifies that the employments given have produced nothing that will support its existence. Men cannot live on ribbons, or buttons, or velvet, or by

going quickly from place to place ; and every coin spent in useless ornament, or useless motion, is so much withdrawn from the national means of life. One of the most beautiful uses of railroads is to enable A to travel from the town of X to take away the business of B in the town of Y ; while, in the meantime, B travels from the town of Y to take away A's business in the town of X. But the national wealth is not increased by these operations. Whereas every coin spent in cultivating ground, in repairing lodging, in making necessary and good roads, in preventing danger by sea or land, and in carriage of food or fuel where they are required, is so much absolute and direct gain to the whole nation. To cultivate land round Coventry makes living easier at Honiton, and every acre of sand gained from the sea in Lincolnshire makes life easier all over England.

4th, and lastly. Since for every idle person, some one else must be working somewhere to provide him with clothes and food, and doing, therefore, double the quantity of work that would be enough for his own needs, it is only a matter of pure justice to compel the idle person to work for his maintenance himself. The conscription has been used in many countries, to take away laborers who supported their families, from their useful work, and maintain them for purposes chiefly of military display at the public expense. Since this has been long endured by the most civilized nations, let it not be thought that they would not much more gladly endure a conscription which should seize only the vicious and idle, already living by criminal procedures at the public expense ; and which should discipline and educate them to labor which would not only maintain themselves, but be serviceable to the commonwealth. The question is simply this :—we *must* feed the drunkard, vagabond, and thief ;—but shall we do so by letting them steal their food, and do no work for it ? or shall we give them their food in

appointed quantity, and enforce their doing work which shall be worth it? and which, in process of time, will redeem their own characters, and make them happy and serviceable members of society?

I find by me a violent little fragment of undelivered lecture, which puts this, perhaps, still more clearly. Your idle people (it says), as they are now, are not merely waste coal-beds. They are explosive coal-beds, which you pay a high annual rent for. You are keeping all these idle persons, remember, at far greater cost than if they were busy. Do you think a vicious person eats less than an honest one? or that it is cheaper to keep a bad man drunk, than a good man sober? There is, I suppose, a dim idea in the mind of the public, that they don't pay for the maintenance of people they don't employ. Those staggering rascals at the street corner, grouped around its splendid angle of public-house, we fancy they are no servants of ours? that we pay them no wages? that no cash out of our pockets is spent over that beer-stained counter!

Whose cash is it then they are spending? It is not got honestly by work. You know that much. Where do they get it from? Who has paid for their dinner and their pot? Those fellows can only live in one of two ways—by pillage or beggary. Their annual income by thieving comes out of the public pocket, you will admit. They are not cheaply fed, so far as they are fed by theft. But the rest of their living—all that they don't steal—they must beg. Not with success from you, you think. Wise as benevolent, you never gave a penny in "indiscriminate charity." Well, I congratulate you on the freedom of your conscience from that sin, mine being bitterly burdened with the memory of many a sixpence given to beggars of whom I knew nothing, but that they had pale faces and thin waists. But it is not that kind of street beggary that the vagabonds of our people

chiefly practice. It is home beggary that is the worst beggars' trade. Home alms which it is their worst degradation to receive. Those scamps know well enough that you and your wisdom are worth nothing to them. They won't beg of you. They will beg of their sisters, and mothers, and wives, and children, and of any one else who is enough ashamed of being of the same blood with them to pay to keep them out of sight. Every one of those blackguards is the bane of a family. *That* is the deadly "indiscriminate charity"—the charity which each household pays to maintain its own private curse.

133. And you think that is no affair of yours? and that every family ought to watch over and subdue its own living plague? Put it to yourself this way, then: suppose you knew every one of those families kept an idol in an inner room—a big-bellied bronze figure, to which daily sacrifice and oblation was made; at whose feet so much beer and brandy was poured out every morning on the ground: and before which, every night, good meat, enough for two men's keep, was set, and left, till it was putrid, and then carried out and thrown on the dunghill;—you would put an end to that form of idolatry with your best diligence, I suppose. You would understand then that the beer, and brandy, and meat, were wasted; and that the burden imposed by each household on itself lay heavily through them on the whole community? But, suppose farther, that this idol were not of silent and quiet bronze only;—but an ingenious mechanism, wound up every morning, to run itself down in automatic blasphemies; that it struck and tore with its hands the people who set food before it; that it was anointed with poisonous unguents and infected the air for miles round. You would interfere with the idolatry then, straightway? Will you not interfere with it now, when the infection that the venomous idol spreads is not merely death—but sin?

134. So far the old lecture. Returning to cool English, the end of the matter is, that sooner or later, we shall have to register our people ; and to know how they live ; and to make sure, if they are capable of work, that right work is given them to do.

The different classes of work for which bodies of men could be consistently organized, might ultimately become numerous ; these following divisions of occupation may at once be suggested : —

(1) *Road-making.* — Good roads to be made, wherever needed, and kept in repair ; and the annual loss on unfrequented roads, in spoiled horses, strained wheels, and time, done away with.

(2) *Bringing in of waste land.* — All waste lands not necessary for public health, to be made accessible and gradually reclaimed ; chiefly our wide and waste seashores. Not our mountains nor moorland. Our life depends on them, more than on the best arable we have.

(3) *Harbor-making.* — The deficiencies of safe or convenient harborage in our smaller ports to be remedied ; other harbors built at dangerous points of coast, and a disciplined body of men always kept in connection with the pilot and life-boat services. There is room for every order of intelligence in this work, and for a large body of superior officers.

(4) *Porterage.* — All heavy goods, not requiring speed in transit, to be carried (under preventive duty on transit by railroad) by canal-boats, employing men for draught ; and the merchant-shipping service extended by sea ; so that no ships may be wrecked for want of hands, while there are idle ones in mischief on shore.

(5) *Repair of buildings.* — A body of men in various trades to be kept at the disposal of the authorities in every large town, for repair of buildings, especially the houses of

the poorer orders, who, if no such provision were made, could not employ workmen on their own houses, but would simply live with rent walls and roofs.

(6) *Dressmaking*.—Substantial dress, of standard material and kind, strong shoes, and stout bedding, to be manufactured for the poor, so as to render it unnecessary for them, unless by extremity of improvidence, to wear cast clothes, or be without sufficiency of clothing.

(7) *Works of Art*.—Schools to be established on thoroughly sound principles of manufacture, and use of materials, and with sample and, for given periods, unalterable modes of work; first, in pottery, and embracing gradually metal work, sculpture, and decorative painting; the two points insisted upon, in distinction from ordinary commercial establishments, being perfectness of material to the utmost attainable degree; and the production of everything by hand work, for the special purpose of developing personal power and skill in the workman.

The two last departments, and some subordinate branches of the others, would include the service of women and children.

I give now, for such farther illustration as they contain of the points I desire most to insist upon with respect both to education and employment, a portion of the series of notes published some time ago in the *Art Journal*, on the opposition of Modesty and Liberty, and the unescapable laws of wise restraint. I am sorry that they are written obscurely;—and it may be thought affectedly:—but the fact is, I have always had three different ways of writing; one, with the single view of making myself understood, in which I necessarily omit a great deal of what comes into my head:—another, in which I say what I think ought to be said, in what I suppose to be the best words I can find for it (which is in reality an affected style—be it good or

bad) ; and my third way of writing is to say all that comes into my head for my own pleasure, in the first words that come, retouching them afterwards into (approximate) grammar. These notes for the *Art Journal* were so written ; and I like them myself, of course ; but ask the reader's pardon for their confusedness.

135. "Sir, it cannot be better done."

We will insist, with the reader's permission, on this comfortable saying of Albert Durer's, in order to find out, if we may, what Modesty is ; which it will be well for painters, readers, and especially critics, to know, before going farther. What it is ; or, rather, who she is ; her fingers being among the deftest in laying the ground-threads of Aglaia's Cestus.

For this same opinion of Albert's is entertained by many other people respecting their own doings—a very prevalent opinion, indeed, I find it ; and the answer itself, though rarely made with the Nuremberger's crushing decision, is, nevertheless, often enough intimated, with delicacy, by artists of all countries, in their various dialects. Neither can it always be held an entirely modest one, as it assuredly was in the man who would sometimes estimate a piece of his unconquerable work at only the worth of a plate of fruit, or a flask of wine—would have taken even one "fig for it," kindly offered ; or given it royally for nothing, to show his hand to a fellow-king of his own, or any other craft—as Gainsborough gave the "Boy at the Stile" for a solo on the violin. An entirely modest saying, I repeat, in him—not always in us. For Modesty is "the measuring virtue," the virtue of *modes* or limits. She is, indeed, said to be only the third or youngest of the children of the cardinal virtue, Temperance ; and apt to be despised, being more given to arithmetic, and other vulgar studies (Cinderella-like) than her elder sisters ; but she is useful in the household, and arrives at great results with her yard-meas-

ure and slate-pencil — a pretty little Marchande des Modes, cutting her dress always according to the silk (if this be the proper feminine reading of “coat according to the cloth”), so that, consulting with her carefully of a morning, men get to know not only their income, but their inbeing — to know *themselves*, that is, in a gauger’s manner, round, and up and down — surface and contents ; what is in them, and what may be got out of them ; and, in fine, their entire canon of weight and capacity. That yard-measure of Modesty’s, lent to those who will use it, is a curious musical reed, and will go round and round waists that are slender enough, with latent melody in every joint of it, the dark root only being soundless, moist from the wave wherein —

“ Null’ altra pianta che facesse fronda
O indurasse, puote aver vita.”¹

But when the little sister herself takes it in hand, to measure things outside of us with, the joints shoot out in an amazing manner ; the four-square walls even of celestial cities being measurable enough by that reed ; and the way pointed to them, though only to be followed, or even seen, in the dim starlight shed down from worlds amidst which there is no name of Measure any more, though the reality of it always. For, indeed, to all true modesty the necessary business is not inlook, but outlook, and especially *uplook* ; it is only her sister, Shamefacedness, who is known by the drooping lashes — Modesty, quite otherwise, by her large eyes full of wonder ; for she never contemns herself, nor is ashamed of herself, but forgets herself — at least until she has done something worth memory. It is easy to peep and potter about one’s own deficiencies in a quiet immodest discontent ; but Modesty is so pleased with other people’s doings, that she has no leisure to lament

¹ *Purgatorio*, I. 103.

her own; and thus, knowing the fresh feeling of contentment, unstained with thought of self, she does not fear being pleased, when there is cause, with her own rightness, as with another's, saying calmly, "Be it mine, or yours, or whose else's it may, it is no matter;—this also is well." But the right to say such a thing depends on continual reverence, and manifold sense of failure. If you have known yourself to have failed, you may trust, when it comes, the strange consciousness of success; if you have faithfully loved the noble work of others, you need not fear to speak with respect of things duly done, of your own.

136. But the principal good that comes of art's being followed in this reverent feeling, is vitally manifest in the associative conditions of it. Men who know their place, can take it and keep it, be it low or high, contentedly and firmly, neither yielding nor grasping; and the harmony of hand and thought follows, rendering all great deeds of art possible—deeds in which the souls of men meet like the jewels in the windows of Aladdin's palace, the little gems and the large all equally pure, needing no cement but the fitting of facets; while the associative work of immodest men is all jointless, and astir with wormy ambition; putridly dissolute, and forever on the crawl; so that if it come together for a time, it can only be by metamorphosis through flash of volcanic fire out of the vale of Siddim, vitrifying the clay of it, and fastening the slime, only to end in wilder scattering; according to the fate of those oldest, mightiest, immodestest of builders, of whom it is told in scorn, "They had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar."¹

137. The first function of Modesty, then, being this recognition of place, her second is the recognition of law, and delight in it, for the sake of law itself, whether her part be to assert it, or obey. For as it belongs to all immodesty

¹ Genesis xi. 3.

to defy or deny law, and assert privilege and license, according to its own pleasure (it being, therefore, rightly called “*insolent*,” that is, “custom-breaking,” violating some usual and appointed order to attain for itself greater forwardness or power), so it is the habit of all modesty to love the constancy and “*solemnity*,” or, literally, “*accustomedness*,” of law, seeking first what are the solemn, appointed, inviolable customs and general orders of nature, and of the Master of nature, touching the matter in hand; and striving to put itself, as habitually and inviolably, in compliance with them. Out of which habit, once established, arises what is rightly called “*conscience*,” not “*science*” merely, but “*with-science*,” a science “*with us*,” such as only modest creatures can have — with or within them — and within all creation besides, every member of it, strong or weak, witnessing together, and joining in the happy consciousness that each one’s work is good; the bee, also, being profoundly of that opinion; and the lark; and the swallow, in that noisy, but modestly upside-down, Babel of hers, under the eaves, with its unvolcanic slime for mortar; and the two ants who are asking of each other at the turn of that little ant’s-foot-worn path through the moss, “*lor via e lor fortuna*”; and the builders also, who built yonder pile of cloud-marble in the west, and the gilder who gilded it, and is gone down behind it.

138. But I think we shall better understand what we ought of the nature of Modesty, and of her opposite, by taking a simple instance of both, in the practice of that art of music which the wisest have agreed in thinking the first element of education; only I must ask the reader’s patience with me through a parenthesis.

Among the foremost men whose power has had to assert itself, though with conquest, yet with countless loss, through peculiarly English disadvantages of circumstance, are

assuredly to be ranked together, both for honor and for mourning, Thomas Bewick and George Cruikshank. There is, however, less cause for regret in the instance of Bewick. We may understand that it was well for us once to see what an entirely powerful painter's genius, and an entirely keen and true man's temper, could achieve, together, unhelped, but also unharmed, among the black banks and wolds of Tyne. But the genius of Cruikshank has been cast away in an utterly ghastly and lamentable manner: his superb line-work, worthy of any class of subject, and his powers of conception and composition, of which I cannot venture to estimate the range in their degraded application, having been condemned, by his fate, to be spent either in rude jesting, or in vain war with conditions of vice too low alike for record or rebuke, among the dregs of the British populace. Yet perhaps I am wrong in regretting even this: it may be an appointed lesson for futurity, that the art of the best English etcher in the nineteenth century, spent on illustrations of the lives of burglars and drunkards, should one day be seen in museums beneath Greek vases fretted with drawings of the wars of Troy, or side by side with Durer's "Knight and Death."

139. Be that as it may, I am at present glad to be able to refer to one of these perpetuations, by his strong hand, of such human character as our faultless British constitution occasionally produces, in out-of-the-way corners. It is among his illustrations of the Irish Rebellion, and represents the pillage and destruction of a gentleman's house by the mob. They have made a heap in the drawing-room of the furniture and books, to set first fire to; and are tearing up the floor for its more easily kindled planks: the less busily-disposed meanwhile hacking round in rage, with axes, and smashing what they can with butt-ends of guns. I do not care to follow with words the ghastly truth of the picture

into its detail ; but the most expressive incident of the whole, and the one immediately to my purpose, is this, that one fellow has sat himself at the piano, on which, hitting down fiercely with his clenched fists, he plays, grinning, such tune as may be so producible, to which melody two of his companions, flourishing knotted sticks, dance, after their manner, on the top of the instrument.

140. I think we have in this conception as perfect an instance as we require of the lowest supposable phase of immodest or licentious art in music ; the "inner consciousness of good" being dim, even in the musician and his audience ; and wholly unsympathized with, and unacknowledged, by the Delphian, Vestal, and all other prophetic and cosmic powers. This represented scene came into my mind suddenly, one evening, a few weeks ago, in contrast with another which I was watching in its reality ; namely, a group of gentle school-girls, leaning over Mr. Charles Hallé as he was playing a variation on "Home, Sweet Home." They had sustained with unwonted courage the glance of subdued indignation with which, having just closed a rippling melody of Sebastian Bach's (much like what one might fancy the singing of nightingales would be if they fed on honey instead of flies), he turned to the slight, popular air. But they had their own associations with it, and besought for, and obtained it ; and pressed close, at first, in vain, to see what no glance could follow, the traversing of the fingers. They soon thought no more of seeing. The wet eyes, round-open, and the little scarlet upper lips, lifted, and drawn slightly together, in passionate glow of utter wonder, became picture-like,—porcelain-like,—in motionless joy, as the sweet multitude of low notes fell in their timely infinities, like summer rain. Only La Robbia himself (nor even he, unless with tenderer use of color than is usual in his work) could have rendered some image of that listening.

141. But if the reader can give due vitality in his fancy to these two scenes, he will have in them representative types, clear enough for all future purpose, of the several agencies of debased and perfect art. And the interval may easily and continuously be filled by mediate gradations. Between the entirely immodest, unmeasured, and (in evil sense) unmannered, execution with the fist; and the entirely modest, measured, and (in the noblest sense) mannered, or moraled, execution with the finger; between the impatient and unpracticed doing, containing in itself the witness of lasting impatience and idleness through all previous life, and the patient and practiced doing, containing in itself the witness of self-restraint and unwearied toil through all previous life; — between the expressed subject and sentiment of home violation, and the expressed subject and sentiment of home love; — between the sympathy of audience, given in irreverent and contemptuous rage, joyless as the rabidness of a dog, and the sympathy of audience given in an almost appalled humility of intense, rapturous, and yet entirely reasoning and reasonable pleasure; — between these two limits of octave, the reader will find he can class, according to its modesty, usefulness, and grace, or becomingness, all other musical art. For although purity of purpose and fineness of execution by no means go together, degree to degree (since fine, and indeed all but the finest, work is often spent in the most wanton purpose — as in all our modern opera — and the rudest execution is again often joined with purest purpose, as in a mother's song to her child), still the entire accomplishment of music is only in the union of both. For the difference between that "all but" finest and "finest" is an infinite one; and besides this, however the power of the performer, once attained, may be afterwards misdirected, in slavery to popular passion or childishness, and spend itself, at its sweetest,

in idle melodies, cold and ephemeral (like Michael Angelo's snow statue in the other art), or else in vicious difficulty and miserable noise — crackling of thorns under the pot of public sensuality — still, the attainment of this power, and the maintenance of it, involve always in the executant some virtue or courage of high kind ; the understanding of which, and of the difference between the discipline which develops it and the disorderly efforts of the amateur, it will be one of our first businesses to estimate rightly. And though not indeed by degree to degree, yet in essential relation (as of winds to waves, the one being always the true cause of the other, though they are not necessarily of equal force at the same time), we shall find vice in its varieties, with art-failure, — and virtue in its varieties, with art-success, — fall and rise together: the peasant-girl's song at her spinning-wheel, the peasant-laborer's "to the oaks and rills," — domestic music, feebly yet sensitively skillful, — music for the multitude, of beneficent, or of traitorous power, — dance-melodies, pure and orderly, or foul and frantic, — march-music, blatant in mere fever of animal pugnacity, or majestic with force of national duty and memory, — song-music, reckless, sensual, sickly, slovenly, forgetful even of the foolish words it effaces with foolish noise, — or thoughtful, sacred, healthful, artful, forever sanctifying noble thought with separately distinguished loveliness of belonging sound, — all these families and gradations of good or evil, however mingled, follow, in so far as they are good, one constant law of virtue (or "life-strength," which is the literal meaning of the word, and its intended one, in wise men's mouths), and in so far as they are evil, are evil by outlawry and unvirtue, or death-weakness. Then, passing wholly beyond the domain of death, we may still imagine the ascendant nobleness of the art, through all the concordant life of incorrupt creatures, and a continually deeper harmony of

"*puissant* words and murmurs made to bless," until we reach —

"The undisturbed song of pure consent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne."

142. And so far as the sister arts can be conceived to have place or office, their virtues are subject to a law absolutely the same as that of music, only extending its authority into more various conditions, owing to the introduction of a distinctly representative and historical power, which acts under logical as well as mathematical restrictions, and is capable of endlessly changeful fault, fallacy, and defeat, as well as of endlessly manifold victory.

143. Next to Modesty, and her delight in measures, let us reflect a little on the character of her adversary, the Goddess of Liberty, and her delight in absence of measures, or in false ones. It is true that there are liberties and liberties. Yonder torrent, crystal-clear, and arrow-swift, with its spray leaping into the air like white troops of fawns, is free enough. Lost, presently, amidst bankless, boundless marsh — soaking in slow shallowness, as it will, hither and thither, listless, among the poisonous reeds and unresisting slime — it is free also. We may choose which liberty we like, — the restraint of voiceful rock, or the dumb and edgeless shore of darkened sand. Of that evil liberty, which men are now glorifying, and proclaiming as essence of gospel to all the earth, and will presently, I suppose, proclaim also to the stars, with invitation to them *out of* their courses, — and of its opposite continence, which is the clasp and *χρυσέη περόνη*¹ of Aglaia's cestus, we must try to find out something true. For no quality of Art has been more powerful in its influence on public mind ; none is more frequently the subject of popular praise, or the end of vulgar effort, than what we call "Freedom." It is

¹ Golden buckle.

necessary to determine the justice or injustice of this popular praise.

144. I said, a little while ago, that the practical teaching of the masters of Art was summed by the O of Giotto "You may judge my masterhood of craft," Giotto tells us "by seeing that I can draw a circle unerringly." And we may safely believe him, understanding him to mean, that — though more may be necessary to an artist than such a power — at least *this* power is necessary. The qualities of hand and eye needful to do this are the first conditions of artistic craft.

145. Try to draw a circle yourself with the "free" hand, and with a single line. You cannot do it if your hand trembles, nor if it hesitates, nor if it is unmanageable, nor if it is in the common sense of the word "free." So far from being free, it must be under a control as absolute and accurate as if it were fastened to an inflexible bar of steel. And yet it must move, under this necessary control, with perfect, untormented serenity of ease.

146. This is the condition of all good work whatsoever. All freedom is error. Every line you lay down is either right or wrong: it may be timidly and awkwardly wrong, or fearlessly and impudently wrong: the aspect of the impudent wrongness is pleasurable to vulgar persons; and is what they commonly call "free" execution: the timid, tottering, hesitating wrongness is rarely so attractive; yet sometimes, if accompanied with good qualities, and right aims in other directions, it becomes in a manner charming, like the inarticulateness of a child: but, whatever the charm or manner of the error, there is but one question ultimately to be asked respecting every line you draw, Is it right or wrong? If right, it most assuredly is not a "free" line, but an intensely continent, restrained, and considered line; and the action of the hand in laying it is just as decisive,

and just as "free" as the hand of a first rate surgeon in a critical incision. A great operator told me that his hand could check itself within about the two-hundredth of an inch, in penetrating a membrane ; and this, of course, without the help of sight, by sensation only. With help of sight, and in action on a substance which does not quiver nor yield, a fine artist's line is measurable in its proposed direction to considerably less than the thousandth of an inch.

A wide freedom, truly !

147. The conditions of popular art which most foster the common ideas about freedom, are merely results of irregularly energetic effort by men imperfectly educated ; these conditions being variously mingled with cruder mannerisms resulting from timidity, or actual imperfection of body. Northern hands and eyes are, of course, never so subtle as Southern ; and in very cold countries, artistic execution is palsied. The effort to break through this timidity, or to refine the bluntness, may lead to a licentious impetuosity, or an ostentatious minuteness. Every man's manner has this kind of relation to some defect in his physical powers or modes of thought ; so that in the greatest work there is no manner visible. It is at first uninteresting from its quietness ; the majesty of restrained power only dawns gradually upon us, as we walk towards its horizon.

There is, indeed, often great delightfulness in the innocent manners of artists who have real power and honesty, and draw, in this way or that, as best they can, under such and such untoward circumstances of life. But the greater part of the looseness, flimsiness, or audacity of modern work is the expression of an inner spirit of license in mind and heart, connected, as I said, with the peculiar folly of this age, its hope of, and trust in, "liberty." Of which we must reason a little in more general terms.

148. I believe we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house fly. Nor free only, but brave; and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any philosophy exalt himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand; and to him, the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be, if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim. That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to his fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence — one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters; not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends; and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do — no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his digging; the bee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning net-work; the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber — a black incarnation of caprice — wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back-yard, and from the galled place on your cab-horse's back, to the brown spot in the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs

him, he rises with angry republican buzz — what freedom is like his?

149. For captivity, again, perhaps your poor watch-dog is as sorrowful a type as you will easily find. Mine certainly is. The day is lovely, but I must write this, and cannot go out with him. He is chained in the yard, because I do not like dogs in rooms, and the gardener does not like dogs in gardens. He has no books, — nothing but his own weary thoughts for company, and a group of those free flies, whom he snaps at, with sullen ill success. Such dim hope as he may have that I may yet take him out with me, will be, hour by hour, wearily disappointed ; or, worse, darkened at once into a leaden despair by an authoritative “No” — too well understood. His fidelity only seals his fate ; if he would not watch for me, he would be sent away, and go hunting with some happier master : but he watches, and is wise, and faithful, and miserable : and his high animal intellect only gives him the wistful powers of wonder, and sorrow, and desire, and affection, which embitter his captivity. Yet of the two, would we rather be watch-dog, or fly ?

150. Indeed, the first point we have all to determine is not how free we are, but what kind of creatures we are. It is of small importance to any of us whether we get liberty ; but of the greatest that we deserve it. Whether we can win it, fate must determine ; but that we will be worthy of it, we may ourselves determine ; and the sorrowfullest fate, of all that we can suffer, is to have it, *without* deserving it.

151. I have hardly patience to hold my pen and go on writing, as I remember (I would that it were possible for a few consecutive instants to forget) the infinite follies of modern thought in this matter, centered in the notion that liberty is good for a man, irrespectively of the use he is likely to make of it. Folly unfathomable ! unspeakable ! unendurable to look in the full face of, as the laugh of a

cretin. You will send your child, will you, into a room where the table is loaded with sweet wine and fruit—some poisoned, some not?—you will say to him, “Choose freely, my little child! It is so good for you to have freedom of choice: it forms your character—your individuality! If you take the wrong cup, or the wrong berry, you will die before the day is over, but you will have acquired the dignity of a Free child?”

152. You think that puts the case too sharply? I tell you, lover of liberty, there is no choice offered to you, but it is similarly between life and death. There is no act, nor option of act, possible, but the wrong deed or option has poison in it which will stay in your veins thereafter forever. Never more to all eternity can you be as you might have been, had you not done that—chosen that. You have “formed your character,” forsooth! No; if you have chosen ill, you have De-formed it, and that forever! In some choices, it had been better for you that a red hot iron bar had struck you aside, scarred and helpless, than that you had so chosen. “You will know better next time!” No. Next time will never come. Next time the choice will be in quite another aspect—between quite different things,—you, weaker than you were by the evil into which you have fallen; it, more doubtful than it was, by the increased dimness of your sight. No one ever gets wiser by doing wrong, nor stronger. You will get wiser and stronger only by doing right, whether forced or not; the prime, the one need is to do *that*, under whatever compulsion. And then you are a Man.

153. “What!” a wayward youth might perhaps answer, incredulously; “no one ever gets wiser by doing wrong? Shall I not know the world best by trying the wrong of it, and repenting? Have I not, even as it is, learned much by many of my errors?” Indeed, the effort by which partially

you recovered yourself was precious ; that part of your thought by which you discerned the error was precious. What wisdom and strength you kept, and rightly used, are rewarded ; and in the pain and the repentance, and in the acquaintance with the aspects of folly and sin, you have learned *something* ; how much less than you would have learned in right paths, can never be told, but that it *is* less is certain. Your liberty of choice has simply destroyed for you so much life and strength, never regainable. It is true you now know the habits of swine, and the taste of husks : do you think your father could not have taught you to know better habits and pleasanter tastes, if you had stayed in his house ; and that the knowledge you have lost would not have been more, as well as sweeter, than that you have gained ? But “it so forms my individuality to be free !” Your individuality was given you by God, and in your race ; and if you have any to speak of, you will want no liberty. You will want a den to work in, and peace, and light—no more,—in absolute need ; if more, in anywise, it will still not be liberty, but direction, instruction, reproof, and sympathy. But if you have no individuality, if there is no true character nor true desire in you, then you will indeed want to be free. You will begin early ; and, as a boy, desire to be a man ; and, as a man, think yourself as good as every other. You will choose freely to eat, freely to drink, freely to stagger and fall, freely, at last, to curse yourself and die. Death is the only real freedom possible to us : and that is consummate freedom,—permission for every particle in the rotting body to leave its neighbor particle, and shift for itself. You call it “corruption” in the flesh ; but before it comes to that, all liberty is an equal corruption in mind. You ask for freedom of thought ; but if you have not sufficient grounds for thought, you have no business to think ; and if you have sufficient grounds, you have no business to

think wrong. Only one thought is possible to you, if you are wise — your liberty is geometrically proportionate to your folly.

154. "But all this glory and activity of our age; what are they owing to, but to our freedom of thought?" In a measure, they are owing — what good is in them — to the discovery of many lies, and the escape from the power of evil. Not to liberty, but to the deliverance from evil or cruel masters. Brave men have dared to examine lies which had long been taught, not because they were *free*-thinkers, but because they were such stern and close thinkers that the lie could no longer escape them. Of course the restriction of thought, or of its expression, by persecution, is merely a form of violence, justifiable or not, as other violence is, according to the character of the persons against whom it is exercised, and the divine and eternal laws which it vindicates or violates. We must not burn a man alive for saying that the Athanasian creed is ungrammatical, nor stop a bishop's salary because we are getting the worst of an argument with him; neither must we let drunken men howl in the public streets at night. There is much that is true in the part of Mr. Mill's essay on Liberty which treats of freedom of thought; some important truths are there beautifully expressed, but many, quite vital, are omitted; and the balance, therefore, is wrongly struck. The liberty of expression, with a great nation, would become like that in a well-educated company, in which there is indeed freedom of speech, but not of clamor; or like that in an orderly senate, in which men who deserve to be heard, are heard in due time, and under determined restrictions. The degree of liberty you can rightly grant to a number of men is in the inverse ratio of their desire for it; and a general hush, or call to order, would be often very desirable in this England of ours. For the rest, of any good or evil extant, it is

impossible to say what measure is owing to restraint, and what to license where the right is balanced between them. I was not a little provoked one day, a summer or two since, in Scotland, because the Duke of Athol hindered me from examining the gneiss and slate junctions in Glen Tilt, at the hour convenient to me; but I saw them at last, and in quietness; and to the very restriction that annoyed me, owed, probably, the fact of their being in existence, instead of being blasted away by a mob-company; while the "free" paths and inlets of Loch Katrine and the Lake of Geneva are forever trampled down and destroyed, not by one duke, but by tens of thousands of ignorant tyrants.

155. So, a Dean and Chapter may, perhaps, unjustifiably charge me twopence for seeing a cathedral;—but your free mob pulls spire and all down about my ears, and I can see it no more forever. And even if I cannot get up to the granite junctions in the glen, the stream comes down from them pure to the Garry; but in Beddington Park I am stopped by the newly erected fence of a building speculator; and the bright Wandel, divine of waters as Castaly, is filled by the free public with old shoes, obscene crockery, and ashes.

156. In fine, the arguments for liberty may in general be summed in a few very simple forms, as follows:—

Misguiding is mischievous: therefore guiding is.

If the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch: therefore, nobody should lead anybody.

Lambs and fawns should be left free in the fields; much more bears and wolves.

If a man's gun and shot are his own, he may fire in any direction he pleases.

A fence across a road is inconvenient; much more one at the side of it.

Babes should not be swaddled with their hands bound

down to their sides : therefore they should be thrown out to roll in the kennels naked.

None of these arguments are good, and the practical issues of them are worse. For there are certain eternal laws for human conduct which are quite clearly discernible by human reason. So far as these are discovered and obeyed, by whatever machinery or authority the obedience is procured, there follow life and strength. So far as they are disobeyed, by whatever good intention the disobedience is brought about, there follow ruin and sorrow. And the first duty of every man in the world is to find his true master, and, for his own good, submit to him ; and to find his true inferior, and, for that inferior's good, conquer him. The punishment is sure, if we either refuse the reverence, or are too cowardly or indolent to enforce the compulsion. A base nation crucifies or poisons its wise men, and lets its fools rave and rot in its streets. A wise nation obeys the one, restrains the other, and cherishes all.

157. The best examples of the results of wise normal discipline in Art will be found in whatever evidence remains respecting the lives of great Italian painters, though unhappily, in eras of progress, but just in proportion to the admirableness and efficiency of the life, will be usually the scantiness of its history. The individualities and liberties which are causes of destruction may be recorded ; but the loyal conditions of daily breath are never told. Because Leonardo made models of machines, dug canals, built fortifications, and dissipated half his art-power in capricious ingenuities, we have many anecdotes of him ; — but no picture of importance on canvas, and only a few withered stains of one upon a wall. But because his pupil, or reputed pupil, Luini, labored in constant and successful simplicity, we have no anecdotes of him ; only hundreds of noble works. Luini is, perhaps, the best central type of the

highly-trained Italian painter. He is the only man who entirely united the religious temper which was the spirit-life of art, with the physical power which was its bodily life. He joins the purity and passion of Angelico to the strength of Veronese : the two elements, poised in perfect balance, are so calmed and restrained, each by the other, that most of us lose the sense of both. The artist does not see the strength, by reason of the chastened spirit in which it is used ; and the religious visionary does not recognize the passion, by reason of the frank human truth with which it is rendered. He is a man ten times greater than Leonardo ; — a mighty colorist, while Leonardo was only a fine draughtsman in black, staining the chiaroscuro drawing, like a colored print : he perceived and rendered the delicatest types of human beauty that have been painted since the days of the Greeks, while Leonardo depraved his finer instincts by caricature, and remained to the end of his days the slave of an archaic smile : and he is a designer as frank, instinctive, and exhaustless as Tintoret, while Leonardo's design is only an agony of science, admired chiefly because it is painful, and capable of analysis in its best accomplishment. Luini has left nothing behind him that is not lovely ; but of his life I believe hardly anything is known beyond remnants of tradition which murmur about Lugano and Saronno, and which remain ungleaned. This only is certain, that he was born in the loveliest district of North Italy, where hills, and streams, and air, meet in softest harmonies. Child of the Alps, and of their divinest lake, he is taught, without doubt or dismay, a lofty religious creed, and a sufficient law of life, and of its mechanical arts. Whether lessoned by Leonardo himself, or merely one of many, disciplined in the system of the Milanese school, he learns unerringly to draw, unerringly and enduringly to paint. His tasks are set him without question day

by day, by men who are justly satisfied with his work, and who accept it without any harmful praise, or senseless blame. Place, scale, and subject are determined for him on the cloister wall or the church dome ; as he is required, and for sufficient daily bread, and little more, he paints what he has been taught to design wisely, and has passion to realize gloriously : every touch he lays is eternal, every thought he conceives is beautiful and pure : his hand moves always in radiance of blessing ; from day to day his life enlarges in power and peace ; it passes away, cloudlessly, the starry twilight remaining arched far against the night.

158. Oppose to such a life as this that of a great painter amidst the elements of modern English liberty. Take the life of Turner, in whom the artistic energy and inherent love of beauty were at least as strong as in Luini : but, amidst the disorder and ghastliness of the lower streets of London, his instincts in early infancy were warped into toleration of evil, or even into delight in it. He gathers what he can of instruction by questioning and prying among half-informed masters ; spells out some knowledge of classical fable ; educates himself, by an admirable force, to the production of wildly majestic or pathetically tender and pure pictures, by which he cannot live. There is no one to judge them, or to command him: only some of the English upper classes hire him to paint their houses and parks, and destroy the drawings afterwards by the most wanton neglect. Tired of laboring carefully, without either reward or praise, he dashes out into various experimental and popular works — makes himself the servant of the lower public, and is dragged hither and thither at their will ; while yet, helpless and guideless, he indulges his idiosyncrasies till they change into insanities ; the strength of his soul increasing its sufferings, and giving force to its errors ; all the purpose of life degenerating into instinct ; and the

web of his work wrought, at last, of beauties too subtle to be understood, his liberty, with vices too singular to be forgiven — all useless because magnificent idiosyncrasy had become solitude, or contention, in the midst of a reckless populace, instead of submitting itself in loyal harmony to the Art-laws of an understanding nation. And the life passed away in darkness ; and its final work, in all the best beauty of it, has already perished, only enough remaining to teach us what we have lost.

159. These are the opposite effects of Law and Liberty on men of the highest powers. In the case of inferiors the contrast is still more fatal : under strict law, they become the subordinate workers in great schools, healthily aiding, echoing, or supplying, with multitudinous force of hand, the mind of the leading masters : they are nameless carvers of great architecture—stainers of glass—hammerers of iron — helpful scholars, whose work ranks round, if not with, their master's, and never disgraces it. But the inferiors under a system of license for the most part perish in a miserable effort ;¹ a few struggle into pernicious eminence—harmful

¹ As I correct this sheet for press, my *Pall Mall Gazette* of last Saturday, April 17th, is lying on the table by me. I print a few lines out of it : —

"AN ARTIST'S DEATH.—A sad story was told at an inquest held in St. Pancras last night by Dr. Lankester on the body of . . . , aged fifty-nine, a French artist, who was found dead in his bed at his rooms in . . . Street. M. . . ., also an artist, said he had known the deceased for fifteen years. He once held a high position, and being anxious to make a name in the world, he five years ago commenced a large picture, which he hoped, when completed, to have in the gallery at Versailles ; and with that view he sent a photograph of it to the French Emperor. He also had an idea of sending it to the English Royal Academy. He labored on this picture, neglecting other work which would have paid him well, and gradually sank lower and lower into poverty. His friends assisted him, but being absorbed in his great work, he did not heed their advice, and they left him. He was, however, assisted by the French Ambassador, and last Saturday he (the witness) saw deceased, who was much depressed in spirits, as he

alike to themselves and to all who admire them ; many die of starvation ; many insane, either in weakness of insolent egotism, like Haydon, or in a conscientious agony of beautiful purpose and warped power, like Blake. There is no probability of the persistence of a licentious school in any good accidentally discovered by them ; there is an approximate certainty of their gathering, with acclaim, round any shadow of evil, and following *it* to whatever quarter of destruction it may lead.

160. Thus far the notes on Freedom. Now, lastly, here is some talk which I tried at the time to make intelligible ; and with which I close this volume, because it will serve sufficiently to express the practical relation in which I think the art and imagination of the Greeks stand to our own ; and will show the reader that my view of that relation is unchanged, from the first day on which I began to write, until now.

THE HERCULES OF CAMARINA.

Address to the Students of the Art School of South Lambeth,
March 15th, 1869.

161. AMONG the photographs of Greek coins which present so many admirable subjects for your study, I must speak for the present of one only : the Hercules of Camarina. I expected the brokers to be put in possession for rent. He said his troubles were so great that he feared his brain would give way. The witness gave him a shilling, for which he appeared very thankful. On Monday the witness called upon him, but received no answer to his knock. He went again on Tuesday, and entered the deceased's bedroom and found him dead. Dr. George Ross said that when called in to the deceased he had been dead at least two days. The room was in a filthy dirty condition, and the picture referred to — certainly a very fine one — was in that room. The post-mortem examination showed that the cause of death was fatty degeneration of the heart, the latter probably having ceased its action through the mental excitement of the deceased."

rina. You have, represented by a Greek workman, in that coin, the face of a man, and the skin of a lion's head. And the man's face is like a man's face, but the lion's skin is not like a lion's skin.

162. Now there are some people who will tell you that Greek art is fine, because it is true ; and because it carves men's faces as like men's faces as it can.

And there are other people who will tell you that Greek art is fine because it is not true ; and carves a lion's skin so as to look not at all like a lion's skin.

And you fancy that one or other of these sets of people must be wrong, and are perhaps much puzzled to find out which you should believe.

But neither of them is wrong, and you will have eventually to believe, or rather to understand and know, in reconciliation, the truths taught by each ;—but for the present, the teachers of the first group are those you must follow.

It is they who tell you the deepest and usefulness truth, which involves all others in time. *Greek art, and all other art, is fine when it makes a man's face as like a man's face as it can.* Hold to that. All kinds of nonsense are talked to you, now-a-days, ingeniously and irrelevantly about art. Therefore, for the most part of the day, shut your ears, and keep your eyes open : and understand primarily, what you may, I fancy, understand easily, that the greatest masters of all greatest schools—Phidias, Donatello, Titian, Velasquez, or Sir Joshua Reynolds—all tried to make human creatures as like human creatures as they could ; and that anything less like humanity than their work, is not so good as theirs.

Get that well driven into your heads ; and don't let it out again, at your peril.

163. Having got it well in, you may then farther understand, safely, that there is a great deal of secondary work in pots, and pans, and floors, and carpets, and shawls, and

architectural ornament, which ought, essentially, to be *un-like* reality, and to depend for its charm on quite other qualities than imitative ones. But all such art is inferior and secondary—much of it more or less instinctive and animal, and a civilized human creature can only learn its principles rightly, by knowing those of great civilized art first—which is always the representation, to the utmost of its power of whatever it has got to show—made to look as like the thing as possible. Go into the National Gallery, and look at the foot of Correggio's Venus there. Correggio made it as like a foot as he could, and you won't easily find anything liker. Now, you will find on any Greek vase something meant for a foot, or a hand, which is not at all like one. The Greek vase is a good thing in its way, but Correggio's picture is the best work.

164. So, again, go into the Turner room of the National Gallery, and look at Turner's drawing of "Ivy Bridge." You will find the water in it is like real water, and the ducks in it are like real ducks. Then go into the British Museum, and look for an Egyptian landscape, and you will find the water in that constituted of blue zigzags, not at all like water; and ducks in the middle of it made of red lines, looking not in the least as if they could stand stuffing with sage and onions. They are very good in their way, but Turner's are better.

165. I will not pause to fence my general principle against what you perfectly well know of the due contradiction,—that a thing may be painted very like, yet painted ill. Rest content with knowing that it *must* be like, if it is painted well; and take this farther general law:—Imitation is like charity. When it is done for love it is lovely; when it is done for show, hateful.

166. Well, then, this Greek coin is fine, first, because the face is like a face. Perhaps you think there is something

particularly handsome in the face, which you can't see in the photograph, or can't at present appreciate. But there is nothing of the kind. It is a very regular, quiet, commonplace sort of face ; and any average English gentleman's, of good descent, would be far handsomer.

167. Fix that in your heads also, therefore, that Greek faces are not particularly beautiful. Of the much nonsense against which you are to keep your ears shut, that which is talked to you of the Greek ideal of beauty, is among the absolutest. There is not a single instance of a very beautiful head left by the highest school of Greek art. On coins, there is even no approximately beautiful one. The Juno of Argos is a virago ; the Athena of Athens grotesque ; the Athena of Corinth is insipid ; and of Thurium, sensual. The Siren Ligeia, and fountain of Arethusa, on the coins of Terina and Syracuse, are prettier, but totally without expression, and chiefly set off by their well-curled hair. You might have expected something subtle in Mercuries ; but the Mercury of Aenus is a very stupid-looking fellow, in a cap like a bowl, with a knob on the top of it. The Bacchus of Thasos is a drayman with his hair pomatumed. The Jupiter of Syracuse is, however, calm and refined ; and the Apollo of Clazomenae would have been impressive, if he had not come down to us much flattened by friction. But on the whole, the merit of Greek coins does not primarily depend on beauty of features, nor even, in the period of highest art, that of the statues. You may take the Venus of Melos as a standard of beauty of the central Greek type. She has tranquil, regular, and lofty features ; but could not hold her own for a moment against the beauty of a simple English girl, of pure race and kind heart.

168. And the reason that Greek art, on the whole, bores you (and you know it does), is that you are always forced

to look in it for something that is not there ; but which may be seen every day, in real life, all round you ; and which you are naturally disposed to delight in, and ought to delight in. For the Greek race was not at all one of exalted beauty, but only of general and healthy completeness of form. They were only, and could be only, beautiful in body to the degree that they were beautiful in soul (for you will find, when you read deeply into the matter, that the body is only the soul made visible). And the Greeks were indeed very good people, much better people than most of us think, or than many of us are ; but there are better people alive now than the best of them, and lovelier people to be seen now, than the loveliest of them.

169. Then, what *are* the merits of this Greek art, which make it so exemplary for you ? Well, not that it is beautiful, but that it is Right.¹ All that it desires to do, it does, and all that it does, does well. You will find, as you advance in the knowledge of art, that its laws of self-restraint are very marvelous ; that its peace of heart, and contentment in doing a simple thing, with only one or two qualities, restrictedly desired, and sufficiently attained, are a most wholesome element of education for you, as opposed to the wild writhing, and wrestling, and longing for the moon, and tilting at windmills, and agony of eyes, and torturing of fingers, and general spinning out of one's soul into fiddlestrings, which constitute the ideal life of a modern artist.

Also observe, there is entire masterhood of its business up to the required point. A Greek does not reach after other people's strength, nor out-reach his own. He never tries to paint before he can draw ; he never tries to lay on flesh where there are no bones ; and he never expects to find the bones of anything in his inner consciousness. Those

¹ Compare above, § 101.

are his first merits — sincere and innocent purpose, strong common sense and principle, and all the strength that comes of these, and all the grace that follows on that strength.

170. But, secondly, Greek art is always exemplary in disposition of masses, which is a thing that in modern days students rarely look for, artists not enough, and the public never.. But, whatever else Greek work may fail of, you may be always sure its masses are well placed, and their placing has been the object of the most subtle care. Look, for instance, at the inscription in front of this Hercules of the name of the town—Camarina. You can't read it, even though you may know Greek, without some pains ; for the sculptor knew well enough that it mattered very little whether you read it or not, for the Camarina Hercules could tell his own story ; but what did above all things matter was, that no K or A or M should come in a wrong place with respect to the outline of the head, and divert the eye from it, or spoil any of its lines. So the whole inscription is thrown into a sweeping curve of gradually diminishing size, continuing from the lion's paws, round the neck, up to the forehead, and answering a decorative purpose as completely as the curls of the mane opposite. Of these, again, you cannot change or displace one without mischief : they are almost as even in reticulation as a piece of basket-work ; but each has a different form and a due relation to the rest, and if you set to work to draw that mane rightly, you will find that, whatever time you give to it, you can't get the tresses quite into their places, and that every tress out of its place does an injury. If you want to test your powers of accurate drawing, you may make that lion's mane your *pons asinorum*. I have never yet met with a student who didn't make an ass in a lion's skin of himself, when he tried it.

171. Granted, however, that these tresses may be finely placed, still they are not like a lion's mane. So we come back to the question,— if the face is to be like a man's face, why is not the lion's mane to be like a lion's mane? Well, because it can't be like a lion's mane without too much trouble;— and inconvenience after that, and poor success, after all. Too much trouble, in cutting the die into fine fringes and jags; inconvenience after that,— because fringes and jags would spoil the surface of a coin; poor success after all,— because, though you can easily stamp cheeks and foreheads smooth at a blow, you can't stamp projecting tresses fine at a blow, whatever pains you take with your die.

So your Greek uses his common sense, wastes no time, loses no skill, and says to you, "Here are beautifully set tresses, which I have carefully designed and easily stamped. Enjoy them; and if you cannot understand that they mean lion's mane, heaven mend your wits."

172. See then, you have in this work, well-founded knowledge, simple and right aims, thorough mastery of handicraft, splendid invention in arrangement, unerring common sense in treatment,— merits, these, I think, exemplary enough to justify our tormenting you a little with Greek Art. But it has one merit more than these, the greatest of all. It always means something worth saying. Not merely worth saying for that time only, but for all time. What do you think this helmet of lion's hide is always given to Hercules for? You can't suppose it means only that he once killed a lion, and always carried its skin afterwards to show that he had, as Indian sportsmen send home stuffed rugs, with claws at the corners, and a lump in the middle which one tumbles over every time one stirs the fire. What *was* this Nemean Lion, whose spoils were evermore to cover Hercules from the cold? Not merely a large specimen of *Felis Leo*, ranging the fields of Nemea, be sure of that. This Nemean

cub was one of a bad litter. Born of Typhon and Echidna,—of the whirlwind and the snake,—Cerberus his brother, the Hydra of Lerna his sister,—it must have been difficult to get his hide off him. He had to be found in darkness too, and dealt upon without weapons, by grip at the throat—arrows and club of no avail against him. What does all that mean?

173. It means that the Nemean Lion is the first great adversary of life, whatever that may be—to Hercules, or to any of us, then or now. The first monster we have to strangle, or be destroyed by, fighting in the dark, and with none to help us, only Athena standing by, to encourage with her smile. Every man's Nemean Lion lies in wait for him somewhere. The slothful man says, there is a lion in the path. He says well. The quiet *unslothful* man says the same, and knows it too. But they differ in their farther reading of the text. The slothful man says I shall be slain, and the unslothful, IT shall be. It is the first ugly and strong enemy that rises against us, all future victory depending on victory over that. Kill it; and through all the rest of life, what was once dreadful is your armor, and you are clothed with that conquest for every other, and helmed with its crest of fortitude forever more.

Alas, we have most of us to walk bare-headed; but that is the meaning of the story of Nemea,—worth laying to heart and thinking of, sometimes, when you see a dish garnished with parsley, which was the crown at the Nemean games.

174. How far, then, have we got, in our list of the merits of Greek art now?

Sound knowledge.

Simple aims.

Mastered craft.

Vivid invention.

Strong common sense.

And eternally true and wise meaning.

Are these not enough? Here is one more then, which will find favor, I should think, with the British Lion. Greek art is never frightened at anything, it is always cool.

175. It differs essentially from all other art, past or present, in this incapability of being frightened. Half the power and imagination of every other school depend on a certain feverish terror mingling with their sense of beauty;—the feeling that a child has in a dark room, or a sick person in seeing ugly dreams. But the Greeks never have ugly dreams. They cannot draw anything ugly when they try. Sometimes they put themselves to their wits' end to draw an ugly thing,—the Medusa's head, for instance,—but they can't do it,—not they,—because nothing frightens them. They widen the mouth, and grind the teeth, and puff the cheeks, and set the eyes agoggling; and the thing is only ridiculous after all, not the least dreadful, for there is no dread in their hearts. Pensiveness; amazement; often deepest grief and desolateness. All these; but terror never. Everlasting calm in the presence of all fate; and joy such as they could win, not, indeed, in a perfect beauty, but in beauty at perfect rest! A kind of art this, surely, to be looked at, and thought upon sometimes with profit, even in these latter days.

176. To be looked at sometimes. Not continually, and never as a model for imitation. For you are not Greeks; but, for better or worse, English creatures; and cannot do, even if it were a thousands times better worth doing, anything well, except what your English hearts shall prompt, and your English skies shall teach you. For all good art is the natural utterance of its own people in its own day.

But, also, your own art is a better and brighter one than ever this Greek art was. Many motives, powers, and

insights have been added to those elder ones. The very corruptions into which we have fallen are signs of a subtle life, higher than theirs was, and, therefore, more fearful in its faults and death. Christianity has neither superseded, nor, by itself, excelled heathenism ; but it has added its own good, won also by many a Nemean contest in dark valleys, to all that was good and noble in heathenism ; and our present thoughts and work, when they are right, are nobler than the heathen's. And we are not reverent enough to them, because we possess too much of them. That sketch of four cherub heads from an English girl, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, at Kensington, is an incomparably finer thing than ever the Greeks did. Ineffably tender in the touch, yet Herculean in power ; innocent, yet exalted in feeling ; pure in color as a pearl ; reserved and decisive in design, as this Lion crest,—if *it* alone existed of such,—if it were a picture by Zeuxis, the only one left in the world, and you built a shrine for it, and were allowed to see it only seven days in a year, it alone would teach you all of art that you ever needed to know. But you do not learn from this or any other such work, because you have not reverence enough for them, and are trying to learn from all at once, and from a hundred other masters besides.

177. Here, then, is the practical advice which I would venture to deduce from what I have tried to show you. Use Greek art as a first, not a final, teacher. Learn to draw carefully from Greek work ; above all, to place forms correctly, and to use light and shade tenderly. Never allow yourselves black shadows. It is easy to make things look round and projecting ; but the things to exercise yourselves in are the placing of the masses, and the modeling of the lights. It is an admirable exercise to take a pale wash of color for all the shadows, never reinforcing it everywhere, but drawing the statue as if it were in far distance, making

all the darks one flat pale tint. . Then model from those into the lights, rounding as well as you can, on those subtle conditions. In your chalk drawings, separate the lights from the darks at once all over ; then reinforce the darks slightly where absolutely necessary, and put your whole strength on the lights and their limits. Then, when you have learned to draw thoroughly, take one master for your painting, as you would have done necessarily in old times by being put into his school (were I to choose for you, it should be among six men only—Titian, Correggio, Paul Veronese, Valasquez, Reynolds, or Holbein). If you are a landscapist, Turner must be your only guide (for no other great landscape painter has yet lived); and having chosen, do your best to understand your own chosen master, and obey *him*, and no one else, till you have strength to deal with the nature itself round you, and then, be your own master, and see with your own eyes. If you have got masterhood or sight in you, that is the way to make the most of them ; and if you have neither, you will at least be sound in your work, prevented from immodest and useless effort, and protected from vulgar and fantastic error.

And so I wish you all, good speed, and the favor of Hercules and of the Muses ; and to those who shall best deserve them, the crown of Parsley first and then of the Laurel.

ANNOTATIONS.

I.

Page 283, note.—**Bellerophon**: a youth who was commanded by Iobā'tes, king of Lycia, to destroy the Chima'e'ra, a monster with a lion's head, a goat's body, and a dragon's tail. Athena gave him a golden bridle with which he was able to control the winged horse Pegasus, mounted upon which he swooped down upon the Chimaera, and vanquished the monster.

2. **Lerna**: an allusion to the second great labor of Hercules,—the destruction of the seven-headed serpent, Hydra, that infested the marsh of Lerna.

4. **The Red Cross Knight**: the allegorical representation of Holiness in the first book of Spenser's "Faery Queene."

The Dragon: the form under which Spenser symbolizes Error with its numerous forms.

Knight of the Garter: an order of honor instituted by King Edward III.

George and the Dragon: St. George is the patron saint of England. He fought against the Saracens, and while in Libya killed a huge dragon to whom a damsel was daily given for food. Sabra, the king's daughter, whom he thus rescued, became his wife.

9. **Pindar**: the greatest of Greek lyric poets.

Aeschylus: the earliest of the three great tragic dramatists of Greece.

11. **Pros'erpine**: daughter of Deme'ter (Ceres), goddess of agriculture, was stolen by Pluto, king of the lower world (Hades), and made his queen. There she had, as Perseph'one, control over the Furies, the avengers of murder.

A demigod of agriculture: Triptol'emus, whose life had been saved by Deme'ter and who was taught by her the use of the plough, and who himself taught men to practice agriculture.

12. **Nē'reus**: an old man of the sea, distinguished for his prophetic gifts, and his love of truth and justice. By the nymph Doris, he became the father of fifty daughters, of whom **Thetis** was one.

Leucothe'a: Ino, wife of Athamas, who, to escape the insane fury of her husband, sprang, with her child Melicert'es in her arms, from a cliff into the sea. The gods made her a goddess of the sea under the name *Leucothea*, and her son a god under that of Palae'mon.

The fountain Ar'ethuse: See Milton's *Lyc'idas*. According to the myth, Ar'ethusa, a sea-nymph, pursued by Alpheus, a sea-god, was rescued by plunging into the earth. She was carried over to Sicily, where she returned to earth in the shape of a fountain.

Min'cius: a river of Italy, on whose banks the poet Virgil was born.

13. Hephaestus: Vulcan, god of fire and the forge ; he presides over metallurgy.

15. Parthenon: the great temple of Pallas Athena which crowns the Acropolis of Athens. Athena is the tutelary deity of Athens.

Gorgonian cold: the glance of the Gorgon Medusa turned into stone (icy death) all who looked upon her face.

16. Ache of Heart: Achilles, hero of the "Iliad."

Odysseus: Ulysses, hero of the "Odyssey."

17. Horace: a distinguished Latin poet, contemporary with Virgil.

Chrysip'pus: a Greek philosopher of the Stoic school whose acuteness obtained for him the designation of "the sword for the knot of academicians."

Crantor: an academic philosopher and first commentator on Plato. He flourished at the close of the 4th century B.C.

He'siod: one of the earliest Greek poets, supposed to be a contemporary of Homer.

Keats: a gifted English poet of the first quarter of the present century.

Reynolds and Gainsborough: great English portrait painters of the 18th century.

Morris (William): a distinguished living English author.

19. Ae'olus: god of the winds.

Hippotades: a title applied to Aeolus, son of Hippota. The allusion is to these lines in Milton's *Lycidas*:

"Sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed."

Dan'aë: mother of Perseus. She and her son were imprisoned by her father, Acrisius, because an oracle had declared that the son of Danae would cause his grandfather's death.

Diodorus: a Latin historian of the time of Caesar and Augustus.

20. Boreas: the north wind. He carried off Oreithyia, beautiful daughter of the king of Attica. When the Athenians were in sore distress during a war with the Persians, they called on Boreas for aid, and a terrible north wind destroyed the Persian fleet. The grateful Athenians erected an altar to Boreas.

Ili'sus: a river of Attica.

Harpies: foul creatures, with heads of maidens, and the bodies, wings, and claws of birds. Their office was to punish crime by defiling the food of their victims, or by carrying it off, or by devouring it.

21. **Charyb'dis:** a whirlpool on the Sicilian side of the strait between Italy and Sicily ; it was a great terror to sailors. Thrice each day the water rushed into the frightful chasm, and was thrice disgorged.

22. **Sirens:** three sea-nymphs who, by their melodious singing, enticed sailors to their island, and then killed them.

23. **Tan'talus:** a king of Phrygia who had been received at the table of the gods by his father Jupiter ; but he attempted to deceive the gods into eating the roasted flesh of his own son, *Pelops*. The gods restored Pelops to life and punished Tantalus by consigning him to Tartarus, where he was afflicted with a raging thirst, which was forever unsaked, the waters of the lake in which he stood always receding when he stooped to drink.

Panda'reos: he stole from the temple of Jupiter in Crete the golden dog that Vulcan had made, and carried it to Tantalus, who, when Jupiter demanded the dog, declared that it was not in his possession.

Cerberus: a three-headed, serpent-tailed dog that guarded the wide gate of Hades.

“*Facilis descensus*”: the descent (to hell) is easy.

Icarius: an Athenian whom Bacchus taught to cultivate the vine. Some peasants having become intoxicated by wine which Icarus had given them, slew him, because they thought that he had poisoned them. Icarus was raised to the heavens and became the Star Arcturus, or Boötes.

Actaeon: a famous hunter who was changed to a stag by Diana, and in that form was torn to pieces by his dogs.

Hecuba: wife of Priam, king of Troy. She was taken captive by the Greeks, and according to Euripides, killed the children of a Greek who had caused the death of her last surviving son.

Cynosar'ges: a gymnasium sacred to Hercules, outside Athens, for the use of those who were not of pure Athenian blood.

24. **Ar'temis**: Diana, twin sister of Apollo; a virgin goddess, the ideal of modesty, grace, and maidenly vigor.

He'ra: Juno, queen of heaven, the type of matronly virtues and dignity.

Aphrodit'e: Venus, goddess of love and beauty.

Polygnotus: a celebrated Greek painter belonging to the 5th century B.C.

Penelope: see *Queens' Gardens*.

25. **Pro'teus**: an attendant of Neptune. He had the gift of prophecy and the power of changing his shape at will.

Hermes: Mercury, the winged messenger of the gods.

26. **Argus**: the hundred-eyed giant whom Mercury lulled to sleep by his melodious telling of stories, and then killed him and released Io, who had been placed under his watch by Juno. His eyes were transferred to the tail of the peacock, which is sacred to Juno.

"*The herald Mercury*," etc. These lines are from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

27. **Di'omed**: one of the Greek heroes who fought in the Trojan war.

28. **Autol'ycus**: see *Unto This Last*.

Hippom'edon: one of the Seven who fought against Thebes.

29. **Phrixus and Helle**: children of Athamas and Neph'ele. To save them from the unkind treatment of Ino, the second wife of Athamas, their mother put them on the back of a ram with golden fleece who carried them through the air across the Black Sea. On the way, Helle fell into the sea, which is called from her Hellespont.

Salmo'neus: son of Aeolus, who was destroyed by Jupiter for his presumption in assuming equality with himself.

Glaucus: grandson of Aeolus, whose fate was brought about by the anger of Venus.

Sis'yphus: father of Glaucus and king of Corinth. He was fraudulent and avaricious and was punished in the lower world by being compelled to roll up hill a huge marble block, which, as soon as it reached the top, always rolled down again.

Ixi'on: for wooing Juno, he was bound to a wheel which revolved constantly.

Aristoph'anes: the greatest Greek writer of comedy. The "Clouds" is one of his best dramas.

30. **Sem'ele**: a mortal maiden who was beloved by Jupiter. Jealous Juno induced her to gain Jupiter's consent to visit her in his god-like splendor. Sem'ele, unable to endure the dazzling sight, was consumed by the lightning, but she was made immortal by Jupiter.

Perseus: son of Jupiter and Danae; one of the most celebrated of Greek heroes, who slew the Gorgon Medusa while she was asleep.

Gra'iae: three gray-haired witches with one eye between them, which they used in turn. By capturing this eye while it was passing from one to another, Perseus compelled them to aid him in his search for Medusa.

32. **The Modern Athens**: Edinburgh.

Ares: Mars, god of war.

Camilla: virgin queen of the Volscians, famous for her fleetness of foot. The line quoted is from Pope's *Essay on Criticism*.

34. **Menelaus**: king of Lacedaemon and husband of Helen, whose abduction by Paris caused the Trojan war.

Hector: the son of Priam and the flower of the Trojan heroes. He was killed by Achilles.

37. **Atrid'es**: Agamemnon, leader of the Greeks in the Trojan war.

Patro'clus: the friend of Achilles who was killed by Hector while he was fighting in the armor of Achilles.

38. "*Io sono Aglauro, chi divenne sasso*": 'I am Aglaurus who became a stone.'

Erichtho'nius: son of Vulcan. He was reared secretly by Minerva, who entrusted him to the care of the nymphs of the dew. They disobeyed Minerva's command and opened the chest in which he was concealed. On seeing the child in the folds of a serpent, they destroyed themselves. He is said to have introduced the worship of Minerva into Athens.

Panathena'ic games: festivals held once in four years in honor of Minerva.

Erechthe'um: a temple built by Erichthonius in honor of Minerva.

The chief Agonia of humanity: see Luke xxii. 39-44.

Antioch : see Acts xi. 26.

39. **Aristotle**: one of the greatest of Greek philosophers (384-322 B.C.).

Magna Graecia: Great Greece, a name given to the southern districts of Italy which were inhabited by the Greeks. Tarentum was one of its principal cities.

Ari'on : an ancient Greek bard and player on the Cithara, or harp. The story is that, having won valuable prizes in a musical contest, his life was threatened by the covetous sailors in whose vessel he was returning to Greece. He invoked the gods in heavenly strains and then threw himself into the sea. The song-loving dolphins rescued him, and carried him to Corinth in safety.

Aeneas: son of Priam, king of Troy, and mythical founder of the Italian nation.

Merlin : a great enchanter, who belongs to the stories of King Arthur.

Laoc'oön: a Trojan priest who, with his two sons, was crushed to death by serpents.—See Virgil's "Aeneid," II. 201-227.

Scylla: a dangerous rock on the strait of Messina, opposite the whirlpool of Charybdis.

Polyphemus: chief of the race of giants called Cyclops, who had but one eye and that in the middle of the forehead. He dwelt in a cave near Mt. Aetna. Ulysses plied him with drink and then bored out his eye with the sharp point of a heated stick.

40. **Pentecost** : see Acts ii. 2.

41. **Pan**: god of woods and fields, of flocks and shepherds. He is said to have invented the shepherd's pipe or syrinx, upon which he played.

Marsyas: a youth who, having picked up a flute dropped by Minerva, found himself able to make so sweet music that he dared to challenge Apollo to a musical contest. Having been vanquished, he was flayed alive by the wrathful Apollo.

45. **Pisistratus**: An Athenian who seized the government of Athens, 560 B.C. Although a usurper, he was an able ruler.

Antip'aros: an island of the Grecian Archipelago noted for a beautiful stalactite cave.

46. **St. Louis**: Louis IX of France.

The Cid: a popular hero of Spain, who distinguished himself in contests with the Moors.

Chevalier Bayard: a French knight whose purity and honor, added to his distinguished service in war, led to his being considered the beau-ideal of chivalry — the knight “without fear and without reproach.”

II.

53. **Ne'mean lion**: a beast that devoured men, women, and children. Hercules grasped him by the throat and strangled him.

The Python: a monster serpent that infested the region of Mt. Parnassus. It was slain by the arrows of Hercules.

68. “*Vanti Libia con sua rena*”: “Libya boasted with its sandy plain.”

69. **Giganto-machia**: war of the giants or Titans, who attempted to overthrow the power of Jupiter.

70. **Aesculāp'ius**: a mythical Greek physician whose healing power was so great that he offended Jupiter, who launched a thunderbolt at him, but afterwards made him an immortal ; sometimes called the god of medicine.

Hygie'ia: daughter of Aesculapius and goddess of health.

72. **Dracon'ian**: pertaining to Draco, a lawgiver of Athens, who imposed the death penalty for all offenses, great or small ; hence his laws are said to have been written in blood.

75. “*Laetum siliqua quassante legumen*”: “The joyful pulse with rustling pod.”

78.
 “Rosa sempiterna,
 Che si dilata, rigrada, e rideole
 Odor di lode al Sol”

“Rose eternal, which swells, expands, and sends its redolent incense towards the sun.”

82. “*Giglio*”: lily.

87. “*Erba della Madonna*” = the plant sacred to the Virgin.

91. “*Purpureos inter soles, et candida lunae sidera*” = Among the purple suns, and the white light of the moon.

"Pro purpureo poenam solvens scelerata capillo" — The wretch paying the penalty on account of her shining hair.

. 92. **Magenta**: a shade of red tinged with purple, so named from the battle of Magenta, fought June 4, 1859, between the forces of Napoleon III and those of King Victor Emanuel.

94. **Ajax**: one of the bravest of the Greeks who fought at the siege of Troy. The allusion is to the prayer of Ajax that the darkness, which prevented the Greeks from rescuing the dead body of Patroclus, might be dispelled.

“Father Jove, deliver us
From darkness; clear the heavens and give our eyes
Again to see. Destroy us if thou wilt,
But O destroy us in the light of day!”

Iliad, Book XVII.—Bryant's Translation.

Er'ebus: darkness — the name is applied to the dark, gloomy space under the earth.

Pan'darus: a Lycian ally of the Trojans who aimed a shaft at Menelaus, husband of Helen, but failed to kill him.

95. “*A Rock more mighty,*” etc. Sinai.—See Exodus xix. 16.

99. *An altar to a God unknown*: see Acts xvii. 23.

III.

103. **Stonehenge**: a collection of huge stones on Salisbury Plain, England; supposed by some to be the remains of a druidical temple.

Bill Sykes: a ruffian in Dickens's “Oliver Twist.”

The Dodger: the sobriquet given to a boy thief in the same book.

105. **Leonidas**: the Spartan hero who fell resisting the Persians at Thermopyleae.

Valerius: a Roman general who won distinguished victories over the Gauls.

Barbarossa (Redbeard): Frederick I, emperor of Germany, who fought in the third crusade.

Coeur de Lion: Richard I of England, surnamed "The lion-hearted," because of his great valor.

Dandolo: a doge of Venice; he was appointed to that office when he was over 80 years of age, yet in the administration of affairs, he displayed the force and vigor of youth.

108. Giotto (Jotto): called the regenerator of Italian art (1276-1337). His works reflect nature.

For *Michael Angelo* and *Durer*, see notes on *Fors Clavigera*.

117. Dies Irae: Day of Wrath or Judgment.

135. Aglaia's Cestus: the girdle of Aglaia, one of the Graces.

"*Null' altra pianta che facesse fronda
O indurasse, puote aver vita.*"

No other plant that putteth forth the leaf,
Or that doth indurate, can there have life.

Longfellow's Translation.

The plant referred to is the rush, symbol of humility.

137. "Lor via e lor fortuna." The way and the fortune.

138. Thomas Bewick: reviver of the art of wood-engraving in England (1753-1828).

George Cruikshank: an English painter and caricaturist (1792-1878).

140. Sebastian Bach: a great German musician and composer.

155. Castaly: Castalia, a spring at the oracle of Apollo; hence a divine fountain of poetry.

157. Leonardo da Vinci: one of the greatest of Italian painters (1452-1519). The "Last Supper" is one of his most famous pictures.

Luini: an Italian painter of the 16th century who is thought to have been a pupil of Da Vinci.

Tintoret: an eminent painter of the Venetian school (1512-1594).

159. Haydon (Benjamin Robert): an English painter (1786-1846).

Blake (Wm.): a great English artist and poet (1757-1827).

162. Phidias: a renowned Greek sculptor who lived in the 5th century, B. C.

Donatello: an eminent Florentine sculptor (1383-1466).

169. **Correggio**: an illustrious Italian painter (1494-1534). His pictures are distinguished by softness, tenderness, and harmony.

172. **Typhon**: a monster with a hundred dragon heads.

Echidna: a creature half serpent, half woman, who bore to Typhon, Cerberus, the Nemean lion, and the Lernean Hydra.

176. **Zeuxis**: a Greek painter, distinguished for the felicity of his subjects and his masterly execution.

177. **Velasquez**: a Spanish painter (1599-1660).

Holbein: a German artist, distinguished as a historical and portrait painter, and as an engraver on wood.

The crown of Parsley: a garland of parsley was the reward of the victor in the Nemean and Isthmian games.

Laurel: an emblem of victory in battle.

The whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction,— I use the words with their weight in them,— intaking of stores, establishment in vital habits, hopes, and faiths. There is not an hour of it but is trembling with destinies,— not a moment of which, once past, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron. Take your vase of Venice glass out of the furnace and strew chaff over it in its transparent heat, and recover *that* to its clearness and rubied glory when the north wind has blown upon it ; but do not think to strew chaff over the child fresh from God's presence, and to bring the heavenly colors back to him—at least in this world.— *Modern Painters.*

MR. RUSKIN AS A TEACHER.

THE great aim of all Mr. Ruskin's work has been to educate the minds and hearts of the young everywhere by wise training and virtuous discipline.

His belief that the function of art is moral, led him to aid actively in the establishing and conducting of a Working Men's College, in which he, personally, taught night classes in drawing for several years. It is said that, as a teacher, Mr. Ruskin was very engaging. His personal magnetism, combined with his enthusiasm and unselfish devotion to the work, gave him an almost unbounded influence over students. He always sought to incite them to effort by the highest motives,—a desire to make the most of their powers, and to do good work for its own sake, not from expectation of reward. In teaching classes in Drawing, he said that he would not have pupils study nature for the sake of learning to draw, but he would have them draw that they might learn to look at nature.

The emphatic disapproval of the common idea that education is to be sought in order to rise in the world, expressed by him in "Sesame and Lilies," was confirmed by all his teaching. His object in teaching workmen was not to enable the few to become the masters of the many, but to lead them to the purest sources of pleasure, and to enable them to gain that power over their own minds and hands that genuine education always gives.

He did not sympathize with socialism, but he felt it to be of the utmost importance to arouse the educated wealthy and the higher classes to a sense of their duty towards the poor and the lowly born. This was the burden of his lectures to his Oxford classes. His biographer says that "he did useful work which none other could do in the university, and wielded an enormous influence for good."

Ruskin's love of youth, and his willingness to give himself and his possessions in their service, is one of the striking characteristics of his whole life.

"Ethics of the Dust," published in 1865, was the outcome of voluntary teaching on his part in a school for girls. It is intended as an illustration of a method by which the principles of the kindergarten system are carried out in the training of older classes. For the pupils of this school, Mr. Ruskin wrote verses full of deep thought and true feeling, which he set to music, educational in its power to develop pure moral emotion ; and he also devised dances to whose movements these verses should be sung. His ideas concerning the educational value of music are set forth in "The Queen of the Heart."

He believed that the "vital and joyful study of natural history" should be made a principal element in schools for all ages. By that means, he hoped to realize one of his fondest dreams : "that I may succeed in making some of you English youths like better to look at a bird than to shoot it, and even desire to make wild creatures tame, instead of tame creatures wild." He was always actuated by a desire to make the whole world sharers in his appreciative love of the beautiful ; and for the developing of the God-given powers into a high, pure, serviceable manhood and womanhood, he felt that education should be, first of all, moral.

In all his teaching, Mr. Ruskin's effort has been to awaken in each soul the will to do the special work for which his own powers fitted him. "No true disciple of mine," he says, "will ever be a Ruskinian; he will follow, not me, but the instinct of his own soul, and the guidance of its Creator."

SELECTIONS FROM RUSKIN'S WRITINGS,

EXPRESSING HIS VIEWS ON EDUCATION.

"EDUCATION does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual, and difficult work, to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise, but, above all,—by example."

"The main thing which we ought to teach our youth is to *see* something,—all that the eyes which God has given them are capable of seeing."

"It might be matter of dispute what processes have the greatest effect in developing the intellect; but it can hardly be disputed what facts it is most advisable that a man entering into life should accurately know.

I believe, in brief, that he ought to know three things:—

First. Where he is.—That is to say, what sort of a world he has got into; how large it is; what kind of creatures live in it, and how; what it is made of, and what may be made of it.

Secondly. Where he is going.—That is to say, what chances or reports there are of any other world besides this.

Thirdly. What he had best do under those circumstances.—That is to say, what kind of faculties he possesses; what are the present state and wants of mankind; what is his place in society; and what are the readiest means in his power of attaining happiness and diffusing it. The man who knows these things, and who has had his will so subdued in the learning of them that he is ready to do what he knows he ought, I should call educated; and the man who knows them not,—uneducated, though he could talk all the tongues of Babel.”

“The great leading error in modern times is the mistaking erudition for education.

Education is the leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means; the training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others. . . . I believe every man in a Christian kingdom ought to be equally well educated. But I would have education to purpose: stern, practical, irresistible, in moral habits, in bodily strength and beauty, in all faculties of mind capable of being developed under the circumstances of the individual; and especially in the technical knowledge of his own business.”

"It would be part of my scheme of physical education that every youth in the State—from the king's son downwards—should learn to do something finely and thoroughly with his hand, so as to let him know what touch meant; and what stout craftsmanship meant; and to inform him of many things besides, which no man can learn but by some severely accurate discipline in doing."

"Music was, among the Greeks, the first means of education; and it was so connected with their system of ethics and of intellectual training that the God of Music is with them also the God of Righteousness. And the Greeks were incontrovertibly right in this. Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, and the most perfect of all bodily pleasures; it is also the one which is equally helpful to all the ages of man."

"Teaching of truth as a habit will be the chief work the master has to do; and it will enter into all parts of education. First, you must accustom your children to close accuracy of statement; this both as a principle of honor and as an accomplishment of language, making them try always who shall speak truest, both as regards the fact he has to relate or express, and as regards the precision of the words he expresses it in, thus making truth (which indeed it is) the test of perfect language, and giving the intensity of a moral purpose to the study and art of words: then carrying this accuracy into all habits of thought and observation also, so as always to *think* of things as they truly are, and to *see* them as they truly are, as far as in us rests."

"The last part of education will be — whatever is meant by that beatitude of the pure in heart — seeing God rightly. In all phases of education, the main point is that it *should* be a beatitude, and that a man should learn to rejoice rightly. This, then, is the sum of education. All literature, art, and science are vain, and worse, if they do not enable you to be glad ; and glad justly. And I feel it my duty to say that I believe our modern methods of teaching, and especially the institution of severe and frequent examination, to be absolutely opposed to this great end ; and that the result of competitive labor in youth is infallibly to make men know all they learn wrongly, and hate the habit of learning."

"Of schools, in all places, and for all ages, the healthy working will depend on the total exclusion of the stimulus of competition in any form or disguise. Every child should be measured by its own standard, trained to its own duty, and rewarded by its just praise. It is the *effort* that deserves praise, not the success ; nor is it a question for any student whether he is cleverer than others or duller, but whether he has done the best he could with the gifts he has. . . . Therefore, over the door of every school, and the gate of every college, I would fain see engraved the absolute Forbidding :—

"Let *nothing* be done through strife or vain glory."

"Science does its duty, not in telling us the causes of spots in the sun, but in explaining to us the laws of our own life, and the consequences of their violation. Art does its duty, not in filling monster galleries with frivolous, or dreadful, or indecent pictures, but in completing the comforts and refining the pleasures of daily occurrence, and familiar service ; and literature does its duty, not in wasting our

hours in political discussion, or in idle fiction, but in raising our fancy to the height of what may be noble, honest, and felicitous in actual life ;— in giving us, though we may ourselves be poor and unknown, the companionship of the wisest fellow-spirits of every age and country,— and in aiding the communication of clear thoughts and faithful purposes, among distant nations, which will, at last, breathe calm upon the sea of lawless passion, and change into such halcyon days the winter of the world, that the birds of the air may have their nests in peace, and the Son of Man where to lay his head.”

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NOTE. — The references to annotations are indicated by the use of the parenthesis; thus, (63).

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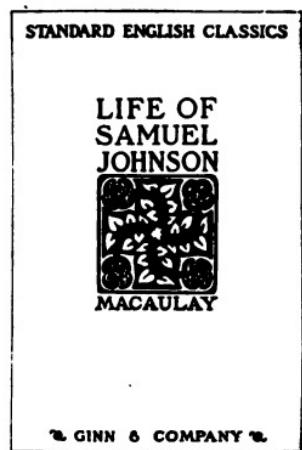
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